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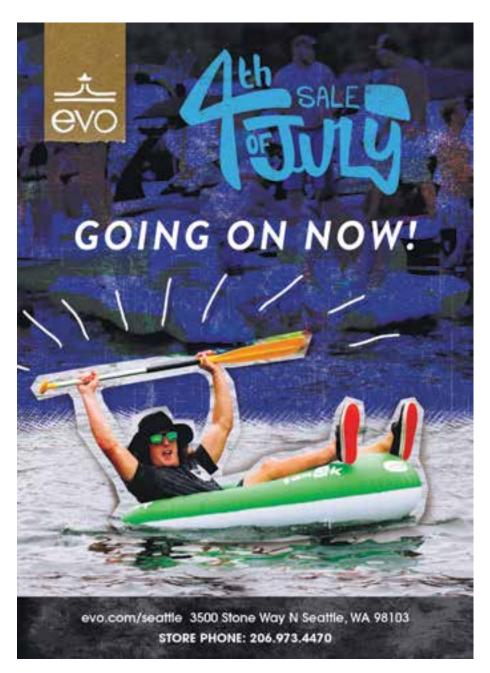
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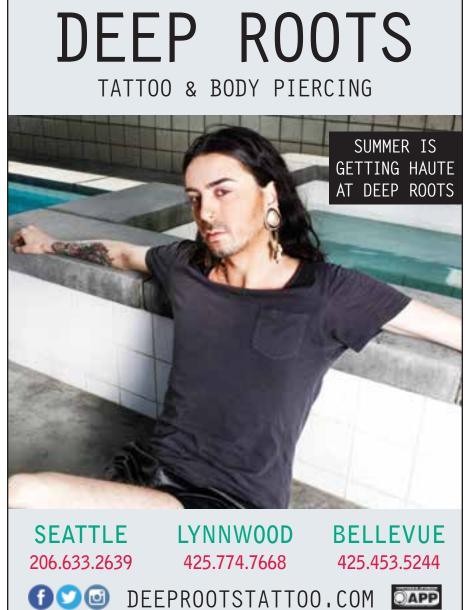


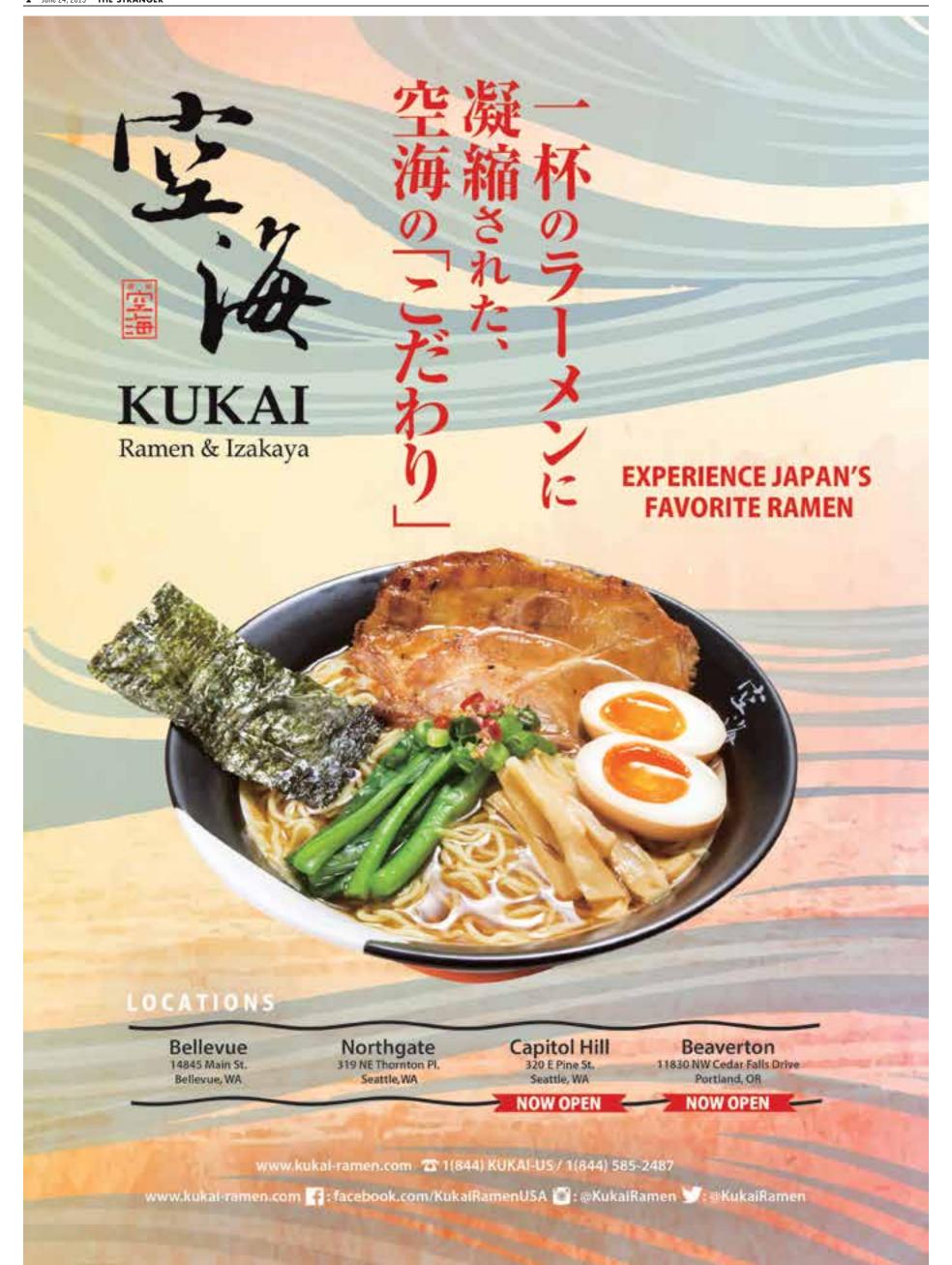


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the Stranger

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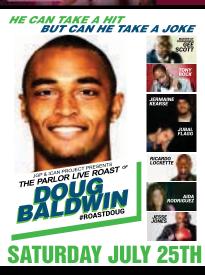




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MONDAY, JUNE 15 This brutally American week of politics, racism, and deadly gun violence kicked off in upstate New York, where earlier this month convicted murderers Richard Matt and David Sweat went missing from the Clinton Correctional Facility, instigating a \$1-million-a-day manhunt that continued throughout this week and beyond. While the killers remain at large, today their alleged accomplice appeared in court. As Reuters reported, 51-year-old prison employee Joyce Mitchell stands accused of providing Matt and Sweat with chisels and hacksaws to aid their escape, as well as agreeing to drive a getaway car (a task the wary Mitchell ultimately flaked out on, leaving the escapees to their ongoing escape-by-foot). On Wednesday, the plot will thicken with allegations that Mitchell and the convicts discussed a murder-for-hire plot targeting Mitchell's husband. "She has pleaded not guilty," reported Reuters. "If convicted, she faces up to eight years in prison."

TUESDAY, JUNE 16 The week continued with the sprouting of gross new bacteria in the political petri dish that is the field of nominees for the Republican presidential nomination. Yesterday in Miami, out-and-proud member of the Bush family Jeb Bush officially launched his bid for the presidency, positioning himself as the would-be GOP nominee who cares about the plight of nonwhites by spiking his speech with a few sentences in Spanish. "Gather our cause of opportunity for all, the cause of all who love freedom and the noble cause of the United States," said the man who

I, ANONYMOUS

To submit an unsigned confession or accusation, send an e-mail to ianonymous@thestranger.com. Please remember to change the names of the innocent and guilty



DEFLATED ON SEVERAL LEVELS

I'm sorry. Yes, I'm truly sorry for what you inspired me to do. I was obeying the traffic laws, on my bicycle with my helmet on, signaling my left turn intention from the left turn lane, when you, frustrated at the long red light, decided to punch the gas pedal, veer left sharply, and nearly take my life. I usually let such incidents go, but then I saw you parking on Eastlake. You looked approachable, so I tried to let you know that you had truly frightened me and to urge you to please look out for cyclists. You incorrectly accused me of making an illegal turn (in fact, that was YOU!). You then had the audacity to say I was harassing you! So... I let the air out of one of your tires. I've regretted it ever since. It was so out of character, but if nothing else, I know what it feels like to be the kind of asshole that you inspire. I've never done anything like that before, and I'll never do it again.

—Anonymous

believes marriage equality will literally ruin America *en español*. But no such multicultural niceties were taken by **Donald Trump**, the unhinged real-estate mogul and reality-TV star who today announced his candidacy with all the gravitas of a cartoon rooster. "I will be the



CARTOON ROOSTER

greatest jobs president that God ever created," spoke the compulsive self-aggrandizer. "I'll bring back our jobs from China," Trump added, conveniently sidestepping the fact that his Donald J. Trump Signature Collection suits are made in China. But Trump's

most shockingly assholey remarks centered on Mexican immigrants, whom Trump seriously denounced as mostly drug addicts and rapists. (Trump's shameless racism will draw not a peep from his GOP comrades, including alleged friend to Latinos Jeb Bush.) Icing on the shit cake: Tomorrow the *Hollywood Reporter* will confirm that a number of those cheering Trump at his announcement ceremony were **professional movie and television extras** paid \$50 apiece if they stayed for the whole thing.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 17 In much worse news, the week continued in Charleston, South Carolina, where this evening an ostentatiously racist young man whose parents recently gave him a gun for his birthday presented himself at the Emanuel African Methodist Episcopal Church, where he sat listening to a Bible study session for an hour before whipping out a gun and opening fire. According to a surviving eyewitness, the gun-wielding white man told the black congregants, "You are raping our women and taking over the country." By the time the shooter fled, nine people lay fatally wounded. Ranging in age from 26 to 87, the victims included recent college graduate Tywanza Sanders, library manager Cynthia Hurd, high-school track coach Sharonda Coleman-Singleton, pastor Myra Thompson, retired community services director Depayne Middleton Doctor, elderly cousins Susie Jackson and Ethel Lance, Reverend Doctor



TERROR TARGET

Daniel Simmons Sr., and pastor and state senator Reverend Clementa C. Pinckney. Fourteen hours after the massacre, police in North Carolina will arrest Dylann Storm Roof, a 21-year-old

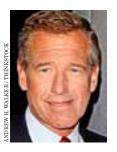
with an active online presence as a pro-segregation racist, who'll reportedly confess to the crime by week's end. "According to sources cited by NBC News, Roof told police that he 'almost didn't go through' with the shooting at Emanuel AME Church in Charleston, South Carolina, 'because everyone was so nice to him," reported Politico. "According to CNN, Roof said he attacked the unarmed worshipers for political purposes... A law enforcement official told CNN that Roof said he did it to start a race war." Roof is charged with nine counts of murder and one count of possessing a firearm in the commission of a deadly crime.

THURSDAY, JUNE 18 Nothing happened today, unless you count the outpouring of **grief**.

GUEST EDITORIAL

Hasn't Brian Williams Suffered Enough?

By Brian Williams



his has been a difficult year for our troubled nation, and I don't think I have to tell you that it doesn't show signs of getting any easier. Racial injustice, climate change, the corporate sleeper hold on the political system—more and more, we've come to accept these dreadful realities as a given, the price of doing business for a crumbling empire set to the percussive soundtrack of late-stage capitalism's death rattle.

It's not my nature to be a Gloomy Gus, but I must confess: I feel it, too, gang. Or at least I did, until I had what my wife, Jane, likes to call one of my "3 a.m. epiphanies."

I sat bolt upright in our bed and reached for the trusty reporter's notebook I always keep on my nightstand in case of just such a eureka moment. My eureka moment consisted of six simple words, which I wrote down with the same scratchy penmanship that bedeviled Mrs. McGillicuddy in that one-room schoolhouse in Elmira, New York. I looked at the words carefully, gave them the same no-BS scrutiny I've applied to all my reporting since I was a Kansas cub. Then I realized I'd left a word out. So I licked the nib of my pen the way my dear grandmother always used to do and added it. The document is reproduced here unaltered, in precisely the way I wrote it that late night less than a week ago:



Now, I don't pretend this will cure all our nation's ills—I may be a world-famous television personality, but I've got enough good old-fashioned horse sense to know the problems we face are bigger than one news anchor's ability to read the news off a teleprompter every night. As I said on *Today*, these past months have been "torture" for me. And if there's one thing I've learned about Americans, it's that we don't condone torture. Sure, we spend a lot of time arguing, rebuking, and shaming each other. But in my experience, nothing makes this country feel better than when we can unite in publicly forgiving a beloved public figure for doing something that we barely even remember what it was, so how bad could it have been, really?

shock, and horror inspired by what happened yesterday. "Once again, innocent people were killed in part because someone who wanted to inflict harm had no trouble getting their hands



WHITE SUPREMACIST BULLSHIT

on a gun," said President Obama, who must have this speech memorized by now. "At some point, we as a country will have to reckon with the fact that this kind of mass violence

does not happen in other advanced countries. It doesn't happen in other places with this kind of frequency. It is in our power to do something about it." Meanwhile in South Carolina, the *Charleston Post and Courier* offset its frontpage "Church Attack Kills 9" headline with a **sticker advertising a gun show**, while the statehouse in Columbia will fly its US and state flags at half-mast while keeping its Confederate flag flying high.

FRIDAY, JUNE 19 The week continued in Seattle, where today supporters of the Black Lives Matter movement came together with United Gang Members of Seattle for a peaceful march against police brutality. Meanwhile in Los Angeles, an unarmed man attempted to flag down a passing police vehicle and wound up shot in the head by cops, who mistakenly believed the towel-wrapped arm the man was waving held a gun.

SATURDAY, JUNE 20 As an intellectual masochist, Last Days cannot resist exposing ourselves to galling idiocy, such as the post-Charleston statements made by NRA board member Charles Cotton, who blamed the tragedy not on an inflamed racist with ready

access to guns but on one of the victims' support for gun control. "Eight of [Sen. Clementa Pinckney's] church members, who might be alive if he had expressly allowed members to carry handguns in church, are dead," said Cotton. "Innocent people died because of his political position on the issue." This idea will be parroted by GOP presidential hopeful Mike Huckabee, cementing his idiocy and inspiring grave pessimism about this nation's future. So thank God for Adam Gopnik, whose bracingly sane "The Simple Truth About Gun Control" was published in 2012 by the NewYorker. "Gun control is not a panacea, any more than penicillin was," wrote Gopnik. "Some violence will always go on. What gun control is good at is controlling guns. Gun control will eliminate gun massacres in America as surely as antibiotics eliminate bacterial infections." After noting the importance of opportunity in any crime and how even small obstacles to gun ownership can save numerous lives, Gopnik went in for the kill: "As I wrote last week, those who oppose [gun control] have made a moral choice: that they would rather have gun massacres of children continue rather than surrender whatever idea of freedom or pleasure they find wrapped up in owning guns or seeing guns owned—just as the faith healers would rather watch the children die than accept the reality of scientific medicine." Thank you, Adam Gopnik. To paraphrase the recently deceased jazz genius Ornette Coleman, let us focus on sanity.

SUNDAY, JUNE 21 The week ended. \blacksquare

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Teaching Tribal History Is Finally Required in **Washington Public Schools**

The Next Fight: Getting Teachers Across the State to Embrace the Curriculum

BY SYDNEY BROWNSTONE

hen Shana Brown was in 11th grade, her US history teacher took a metal wastebasket, flipped it upside down, and started banging on it like a drum. "Go, my son, get an

education! Go, my son, get off the reservation," he sang. Brown had grown up on the Yakama Indian Reservation, but went to public school nearby.

"Yeah," she says, letting several seconds pass after telling that story. We're sitting at a cafeteria table on one of the basketball courts of the Chief Leschi School, a cluster of buildings set among fields of plump Puyallup Valley strawberries, raspberries, and rhubarb. A warm breeze drifts in from a propped-open door in the back.

Brown recounts this memory precisely. patiently, and sitting absolutely straight. She's been teaching for 24 years. For the last seven of those years, Brown has taught language arts and social studies in Seattle Public Schools. But for nearly half the time she's been teaching, she's also been painstakingly crafting a curriculum that aims to correct the marginalizing Pilgrims-and-Indians version of history and Native culture so many kids in this state still learn. That's why she's here at Chief Leschi, a tribal school on the Puyallup Indian Reservation, with more than 30 eager teacher-trainers equipped with big, blue binders that read, "Since Time Immemorial: Tribal Sovereignty Curriculum."

Teachers at the training are anxious about what happens next. In May, Governor Jay Inslee signed a groundbreaking piece of legislation that mandates Washington kids learn history, culture, and government with input from the state's 29 federally recognized tribes. It goes into effect July 24, just in time for the start of the next school year.

Washington is only the second state in the country to require teachings about this country from its indigenous people; Montana was the first. But unlike the \$4.4 million the Montana legislature allocated for its tribal curriculum, Washington's law didn't set aside any funding. Whatever funding there is comes from the tribes themselves, private organizations, and the Office of the Superintendent of Public Instruction's internal budget. Together, they've raised about \$300,000.

Now Brown and trainers like her are tasked with using that money to spread the

curriculum to the state's 295 school districts. "It's a big fucking deal," she says, momen-

tarily breaking her teacher-trained poise.

Aside from limited financial resources. the biggest obstacle for Brown and others in rolling out this new curriculum may be other teachers who lack interest in Native history, culture, and government, or parents who may worry the new curriculum fosters "white guilt" in young kids. They're preparing to take those challenges head-on.

n 2012, a doctoral student named Sarah n 2012, a doctoral student hand.

Shear and three of her colleagues at the University of Missouri wanted to understand how US history curriculums across the country depicted Native Americans. For two years, the four students pored over more than $2,000~\mathrm{K}\text{--}12$ state standards.

The results were shocking. Ninety percent of the texts taught were written by non-Natives. Only half the states actually cared to mention the name of a specific tribe. And 87 percent of all the curriculums had erased or forgotten indigenous people after the year

"It makes some big statements about the state of K-12 social studies and how indigenous people have been relegated to a very distant past," Shear says. Versions of the pre-1900 history weren't much better. Even when Native peoples were mentioned, the impacts of manifest destiny "were very whitewashed."

If Washington kids aren't learning about Native Americans after 1900, they're missing the part about forcing children into abusive, militarized boarding schools that attempted to erase Native cultures, religions, and languages from the United States. They're also missing that it happened in their backyards. In 1909, the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition world's fair, held on the University of Washington campus, put Tulalip students on



FRYF SALO

ye Solon is organized by the Frys Art Museum. The exhibition is funded by the Frys Foundation with the generous support of Free Art Museum members and donors. Sewsonal support is provided by Seattle Office of Arts & Culture and Artsfund. Media sponsorship is provided by The Strenger







the Stranger

initaliation view of Pive Salar, 2015. Pooto: Mark Woods



TEACHING THE TRUTH Educator Shana Brown, in front of Broadview Thomson School in North Seattle. With a shoestring budget, $she's \ helping \ lead \ the \ push for \ accurate \ Native \ American \ history \ in \ Washington's \ public \ schools.$

display for gawking whites.

To this day, some elders who lived through the boarding-school era still don't like crossing the threshold of public schools, Jerry Price, a social studies teacher in the Yelm School District and one of the creators of the curriculum, says. "There's a lot of mistrust and it's rightfully so," Price adds. "[Families have] had a

lot of hurt and they don't want their kids to go through those same experiences.'

Then there's the Native American achievement gap. In 2011, President Obama signed an executive order declaring the "urgent need" to improve educational outcomes for American Indian and Alaska Native kids dropping out of high school at disproportionate rates. In 2012, less than half of the low-income American Indian and Alaskan Native kids enrolled in Washington public schools met the state's fourth- and seventh-grade reading, math, and writing standards, according to the Office of the Superintendent of Public Instruction. American Indian kids are consistently failing more often than their white, Asian, Asian-Pacific

Islander, black, and Hispanic peers.

A growing field of research supports the idea that culturally relevant teaching can help close the achievement gap. And non-Native kids are hungry for more than what's glossed over in their textbooks, too. "When we start these lessons, their eyes are widely open," Brown says. "And, 'Why didn't we know this? How is it that I've reached the eighth grade and haven't heard any of this?"

Taking a look at Seattle Public Schools' potential eighth-grade social studies textbook offerings for the next year provides some clues as to why kids might feel this way. In one, Holt McDougal's United States History: Beginnings to 1914, 10,000 years of history in the Pacific Northwest before the arrival of Europeans is condensed into a single paragraph on totem poles and potlatches. The same book's section on Christopher Columbus fails to mention the fact that he enslaved Arawak Indians and forced teenagers and adults above the age of 14 to mine gold, cutting off their hands if they failed to deliver. Nor does it note that brutal slave labor took thousands of lives.

With most general US history textbooks, you can forget about anything explaining precisely how American Indians agreed to give up the vast majority of their lands to the US government in exchange for the preservation of certain timeless rights, like hunting and fishing in their accustomed areas. Textbooks published in states like Texas tend to cast settling the West and the transcontinental railroad in a holy glow of "manifest destiny" rather than ugly conquests that regularly violated treaties and forced indigenous people off their land. No mention is made of the urban Indians who helped build places like Seattle, or of the American Indian Movement in the '70s. or how cultural centers like Davbreak Star came to be. In these textbooks, contemporary in digenous people—like those currently \blacktriangleright



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CULTURALLY RELEVANT Teens at the Omak Stampede Pow Wow in 2011. A growing field of research shows that culturally relevant teaching can help close the Native American achievement gap.

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"Middle-school kids, unlike any other brand of animal, have an intense, fierce sense of fairness," Brown says. "I haven't in my classroom experienced or witnessed the white guilt that some people have experienced. But it is more along the lines of 'I can't believe that that happened,' and 'What do we do now?"

t's taken a long time to get more Washington public school kids asking those kinds of questions. Back in 2004, state senator John McCoy (D-Tulalip) started pushing for a mandatory tribal curriculum. By 2005, lawmakers were only willing to pass his House Bill 1495 if sponsors changed one word, "required," to "encouraged." Seventeen house Republicans and nine senate Republicans—largely from rural areas—voted against it anyway. Democrats were unanimously in favor of the measure in both houses. After its passage, only two school districts. Marysville and Fife. adopted the tribal sovereignty curriculum. In 2015, legislators successfully inserted the "required" language by passing a new bill. Twenty-two state representatives and seven state senators still voted against it, this time including a handful of non-rural Democrats.

"Now we're just in the beginning stages of 'required," Michael Vendiola, program supervisor for the Office of Native Education and enrolled member of the Swinomish Indian Tribal Community, says. "We're seeing a tremendous response. Folks are asking, 'What's the implementation plan?' 'How do we do this?' you know, so our fall schedule is pretty full. And folks are scrambling to get up to speed."

There's still much to be done. The tribal sovereignty website, indian-ed.org, is now a vast repository of resources for teachers, including recordings of oral history. But it's still not as polished or as consistent as many would like. (The website is down as I'm writing this piece.) And despite the fact that the amended law now requires the curriculum. it didn't attach any state money to the legislation. The \$300,000 that's now behind the curriculum comes, in part, from the Office of the Superintendent of Public Instruction (OSPI), which in 2008 freed up \$20,000 from its internal funds to begin developing the curriculum, then added \$50,000 the following year. Tribes themselves have contributed \$147,000, and private organizations another \$80,000. The Office of Native Education within OSPI provides ongoing support and in-kind contributions. But it's a shoestring budget compared to the \$4.4 million effort in Montana (whose public-school student population adds up to less than a seventh of Washington State's).

Vendiola, also at the Chief Leschi training, crosses and uncrosses his arms when I ask him about the money. It's a challenge, he admits. But his office is also already doing a number of things to get the curriculum rolling, like developing partnerships with a number of local universities to integrate the curriculum into their teacher training.

And the law is on the books. At some point, this means all school districts will have teachers who integrate tribal sovereignty into their lessons and Common Core standards. I ask Vendiola what that means for future generations, or what society might look like when that becomes true.

Vendiola leans back in his seat and, for a few seconds, appears lost for words. The question is making him emotional, he tells me. "I think our Native youth have been

"This isn't going to be the magical key that solves everything, but it certainly is a good step to empowering tribal communities."

so displaced in public education," he says. "They've had a lot of trials and tribulations. This isn't going to be the magical key that solves everything, but it certainly is a good step to empowering tribal communities."

Native kids could begin to see their own cultures valued and reflected back to them in new collaborations with the mainstream, Vendiola says. He cites the US Geological Survey's seven-year partnership with the Coast Salish Nation and Swinomish Indian Tribal Community, one that gathers waterquality data by hitching monitors to tribal canoes when they travel hundreds of miles between the United States and Canada. "The potential of this could be Native science. We don't call it that as indigenous people. We say, 'This is our way of knowing. This is how we were able to survive on this land. This is how we were able to be caretakers of this land.' I'm really excited for that."

When I ask Brown the same question about the future, she also takes a pause. ▶



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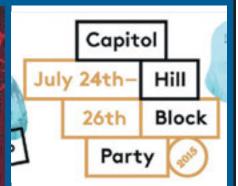
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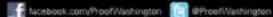
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NOT IN THE BOOKS A pow wow at Seattle's Daubreak Star Center in 2011. Most general history books used in public schools leave out significant aspects of Native American history—particularly the history since the 1900s, which would include the nonviolent occupation that led to the creation of the Daybreak Star Center.

◄ "The next generation is going to be... oh, god." Her voice begins to break. "Our Indian kids are going to be...

"Proud," Brown finally says. "I feel like they need it. And able to demonstrate and share their brilliance and expertise."

eelings other than pride could surface when teaching the curriculum, too. The 364-page training binder for the tribal sovereignty curriculum has a section on "resistance." Brown says you can see resistance, sometimes, in teachers' body language, but Price says he hasn't experienced too much overt hostility. (This is the first year he's gotten an angry letter about it from a parent, for example.)

That said, if recent fights over racist mascots and Columbus Day in Seattle provide any context, there is a strong possibility that confronting ignorance could get ugly. When Native students launched a campaign to urge West Seattle High School's athletics teams to drop their geographically inept Plains Indian mascot and "Indians" nickname in 2002, the alumni association predicted graduates would cut off sponsorships. "Local businesses were posting, 'We're Indians forever," Matt Remle, Native American liaison for the Office of Indian Education in the Marysville School District, remembers. More than a decade later, Remle, who is Lakota, presented the Seattle City Council with a resolution to replace Columbus Day with Indigenous People's Day. His inbox filled up with hate mail, and at one hearing, a group of angry Columbus Day supporters cornered him and compared Sitting Bull to Hitler. So, at the Chief Leschi training, teachers gently practice confrontation.

A beaming middle-aged white woman in a green sleeveless vest and pink tortoiseshell reading glasses turns to me and introduces herself as Kathy Albert, a certified teacher of Native education. We flip to the section on resistance from non-Indian parents. It has questions like "Why are you singling out one ethnic group over another?" and "Why can't my student just have traditional history class just like I had in school?" and "This is revisionist history!" and "You're making my child feel guilty." I dutifully read the gist of all of these to Albert, who always responds first with a smile and "Thank you for asking that question," or "I'm so glad you recognize that."

I ask Albert why teaching the concept of "tribal sovereignty" is important at all. "If we're treating tribes as sovereign nations, we're treating them as equals," she says. "If we are not treating the tribes as sovereign nations, we don't have to respect any of their rights."

"Okay?" she asks, eveing me over her pink frames. I nod. We move on.

'm nervous," Brown tells me later. 'm nervous, Brown come "I'm nervous about how it's going to be received. I always worry that it's not good enough. I always worry that people will find a reason someway, somewhere, somehow to not use it, and I haven't gotten over that vet. Now that it's required, I still haven't gotten over that."

It's clear how much Brown has invested herself in the curriculum. For a segment on the boarding-school era, she personally interviewed a surviving elder, her grandmother. Brown also included a poem about repatriating tribal identity, one she modified so that it serves as an example of repatriating her own identity.

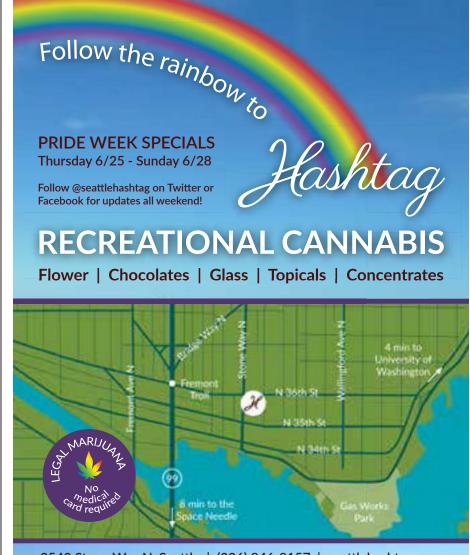
And the curriculum aims to get kids personally invested, too. One of the lesson plans

In one eighth-grade textbook, 10,000 years of history in the Pacific Northwest before the arrival of Europeans is condensed into a single paragraph.

on "sacred spaces" asks that students draw pictures of places that are special to them. A teacher then secretly makes a deal with a student about what happens next: The teacher will compliment a sacred space, pick up the student's picture, and start ripping off pieces while the rest of the class watches on in shock.

The teachers who attended the session at Chief Leschi already know these lesson plans; many of them are Native, and they're familiar faces to the curriculum's creators. Jerry Price, the curriculum cocreator, recognizes that a lot of what he's doing at Chief Leschi is still serving "the true believer aspect." The teachers there want to know about the implementation timeline and are eager to get their districts involved. How widespread that sentiment will be, particularly in rural parts of the state represented by lawmakers who have voted against this curriculum, remains to be seen.

Price is okay with starting out small and simple, though. "I think it's going to get really interesting next year," he says.



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ACCEPT THE APOLOGY, ALREADY

Even Internet Homophobes Deserve the Benefit of the Doubt Sometimes

By Dan Savage

A movement

that's essentially

asking people

to evolve isn't

doing itself any

favors when it

refuses to allow

for learning

or growth or

evolution.

couldn't pick Iggy Azalea out of a lineup. Don't know who she is. never heard her music, not following her on social media. But here's something I learned about Azalea after two minutes on Tumblr: The Australian rapper is insanely, rabidly, outrageously homophobic. The proof? These tweets:

"When guys whisper in each others ears I always think its kinda homo."

"Wondered why my butt felt like it was about 2 grow legs, flip me off & walk away. then i remembered i played soccer yesterday w 4 dyke bitches"

"The most important man in my life is my manager @1GoodDude (no homo)

Azalea was scheduled to perform at Pittsburgh Pride in the Street on June 13. But she canceled the appearance after her booking provoked a firestorm of controversy. Local queer groups have other issues with Pride organizers in Pittsburgh—the inclusion of a notoriously homophobic pop-rap star appears to have been the last straw—and I'm not going to delve into Pittsburgh's queer politics, nor am I the best person to address the charges of racism and cultural appropriation that have also dogged Azalea.

But I would like to address the homophobia charge. Azalea posted the offending tweets in 2010 and 2011, when she was 20 and 21 years old, and she has subsequently deleted and apologized for them. She apologized for them again when she pulled out of Pittsburgh's Pride celebration:

"I am a firm believer in equality," Azalea wrote in a message posted to Twitter. "Unfortunately in the past as a young person, I used words I should not have... I meant no harm and deeply regret ever uttering those words. As an adult I would never use them because I understand they play a detrimental role in the fight for issues that I do

truly believe in. I am sorry to anyone I have offended or disappointed."

Azalea has apologized—more than once—and her Twitter account has been "no homo" and "dyke bitches"-free for four

t's time to accept Nash Grier's apol-

It's time to accept her apology.

ogy, too. Grier is a 17-year-old high-school student with nine million followers on Vine, the video-sharing app. Back in 2013, when he was barely 15 years old and already a Vine "star," Grier posted a clip from a commercial for a home HIV-testing kit. "Testing for HIV. It's not a gay thing,"

the actors in the commercial said. Quick cut to Grier: "Yes it is! FAG!" Grier apologized on Twit-

ter after the video, which he

had deleted, resurfaced. "I apologize for anything negative I've said towards gays," Grier said in a statement posted to Twitter, the public stockade of social media. "I was young, ignorant, stupid, and in a bad place. I've moved on and learned from my mistakes and I am so truly sorry to anyone I

Grier's stupid and misinformed "FAG!" video, like Azalea's mildly homophobic tweets, is passed around

have offended."

daily on social media by people who claim that Grier's remarks could potentially traumatize vulnerable queer peoplehey, let's make sure everyone sees them. Because what good are deleted-but-potentially-traumatizing Vine videos and tweets if vulnerable people don't see them and aren't traumatized by them?

Lesbian YouTuber Arielle Scarcella posted a video called "Nash Grier Is Homophobic & The Unforgiving Gay Community" to her YouTube channel.

"Nash has apologized twice on Twitter

and once on Snapchat, I believe, kissing a gay fan to show that he's learned from the experience," Scarcella says. She decries the inability of so many in the LGBT community to accept an apology and expresses her annoyance with those who insist that Grier's apology couldn't possibly be sincere. (How could they know that?) Scarcella then brings up some stupid shit she did when she was Grier's age—which included making homophobic remarks.

'I want you guys to imagine just for a second if one of your biggest mistakes was recorded and could be replayed at any time, forever, for anyone to see," Scarcella implores her viewers. "We love ripping people apart for making mistakes. In most cases a lot of the same mistakes all of us have made at one point or another in our lives.'

You know who else has made mistakes?

You. Lots of queer people go through a stage where they're more homophobic than their peers. It's a shitty strategy: No one will suspect that you're gay—or lesbian or bi or trans—if you hate gay or lesbian or bi or trans people harder than everybody around you. Likewise, lots of out queers have said stupid shit—out of ignorance—about other kinds of queer people. (Myself included.) Have you apologized? Should your apology be accepted?

Your parents. I have

a friend whose mother looked at him when he came out and said, "I should've had that abortion." Not "an abortion," but "that abortion," the one she seriously contemplated getting. The moment her son came out—when he was vulnerable and could easily be traumatized—his own mother told him she wished he didn't exist and she regretted missing her chance to prevent his existence. His mother long ago apologized to him for the awful thing she said to him when he came out. Should her apology be accepted?

Your president. In 2007, Obama said he opposed gay marriage because "God was in the mix" when a man married a woman (that must have come as a comfort to Laci Peterson's parents), a statement with deeply offensive implications. (Who, exactly, is in the mix when a man marries a man?) That was then, of course, and this is now. But should Obama's apology—if he ever gets around to making one for that remark—be accepted?

Like I said, I don't know who Iggy Azalea is and I don't really care. But a movement that's essentially asking people to evolveto learn about sexual orientation and gender identity and to grow into full acceptance isn't doing itself any favors when it refuses to allow for learning or growth or evolution. To scream, "Look at what you tweeted in 2010! FUCK YOU!" in the face of someone who has long since apologized for what she tweeted in 2010 and who has stopped tweeting shit like that sends a message to others who are still tweeting shit like that: Don't bother apologizing, don't bother changing, don't try to do better. Once the homophobic label is affixed—or the transphobic label or the biphobic label—you might as well double down on hate, since you're never going to be free of the hater label.

What if Azalea's apology is insincere? What if Grier's is?

Sometimes people learn and grow because they actually learn and grow. Sometimes people pretend to learn and grow because they realize they're less marketable as musical acts or political candidates or Vine stars if they hate on us openly. But it's impossible to know whose evolution is sincere and whose growth is self-serving. Is Azalea sincere, or does she just want you to come to her concerts? Is Grier being sincere, or does he just want you to watch his videos? Are your parents sincere, or do they just want you to come home for Christmas? Impossible to know. But it's in the best interest of the movement—and your own best interest—to give everyone the benefit of the doubt.

And you know what? There is something a bit homo about boys whispering in each other's ears. That's what I like about it.



MY WHOLE LIFE ľVF BEEN **ASKED** IF ľM **GIRL** OR BOY

As a Child I Identified as a Pirate Captain— That's All I Can Tell You

By Sarah Galvin

hen I was 5, my family moved to a new house off Aurora on 115th. My dad invented a game in which the house was a ship, I was a sailor, and he was the captain. The purpose of the game was to distract me from my fear of the house and to persuade me to follow rules. I preferred a version of the game I invented in which I was also a captain—the captain of a pirate ship. At first I was Captain Hook from Peter Pan, but through ongoing make-believe,

my pirate persona developed. I wore an increasingly filthy felt tricorn hat and eye patch, and every morning drew a mustache on myself with a black-licorice-scented Magic Marker.

When a relative made me a plaid dress with a matching eye patch, my mom was thrilled, but when she put the dress on me so she could take a picture, I started crying. I remember her saying how pretty I was, which made it worse. I felt humiliated—pirate captains don't wear dresses, I thought. Fortunately, my mom realized something was seriously wrong and never made me wear that dress again, or any other. Within two years, I asked to cut my hair short. In any picture of me from childhood past the age of 5, my wardrobe isn't much different than it is now, except I am now less likely to a wear a poison-dart-frog-print baseball cap, and the substances my clothing is stained with have changed. There are few things I'm more thankful to my parents for than not forcing me to dress and behave "appropriately" for a person with my external sexual characteristics.

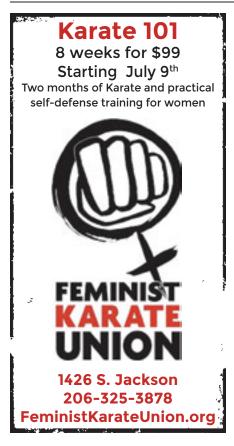
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"Are you a boy or a girl?" is a question I first heard in elementary school, and fairly regularly since, though the wording has changed. To kids at school I said "girl," though my favorite game was one in which my tree house was a castle, I was king, and a girl who lived down the street was queen. My manner of

dress was bizarre, and my family was so poor that we pawned stuff for groceries, but I always had friends and was never picked on. The other kids liked my make-believe games, but I honestly think my popularity had more to do with the confidence my parents cultivated in me—as long as I did well in school and was healthy, they didn't give a shit how I looked.

At 14, I tried wearing dresses and dating a delicate, beautiful boy who shared my interest in clothing design and Marilyn Manson. When he tipped his top hat to me in the hall at school, my legs shook. My first kiss was with him while watching a band called the Cunt Rags at an underage venue in Ballard. He had drunk about a pint of vodka. When he said, "Wanna make out?" I kissed him sloppily and enthusiastically. Seconds later, he fell out of his chair unconscious, as the band hurled a barrage of eggs and dog shit into the audience. That night I listened to "I Wanna Hold Your Hand" on my parents' duct-tapepatched record player late into the night, reveling in what I thought was love and probably the coolest moment of my life. I was confused when later, in his room, he touched my tits through my psychedelic vintage dress (gently and

Continued on page 18 \blacktriangleright









Mostly gay, and far from vanilla, I didn't realize until I was a teenager that the things that turned me on had anything to do with sex.

 \blacktriangleleft respectfully, though awkwardly, having asked permission) and all I felt was ticklish.

Not long afterward, I lost a staring contest with a friend because I noticed the halos of white around the pupils of her blue eyes. Something about how I felt in that moment made me run out of the room. I'd never had that feeling before, though I knew immediately what it was.

hat girl came out as trans later that year, confusing me further—the first girl I had a crush on was a boy. Was I a gay girl? Was I a trans boy? Both? Neither?

All I knew is that I was afraid. So afraid. Part of the fear was a deep-down awareness that the culture assumed things about me because I have a cunt. But it was hard to know who assumed what, and what their assumptions had to do with me. I believe what I told my mom was: "I'm scared that I'm gay." My mom told me most people experience sexual confusion at some point, and that it would probably pass.

But that staring contest was like water leaking through cracks in a dam. Within about a year, girls were all I could think about. I'd never had any interest in shopping or bras or makeup or Hello Kitty phone cases or any of the other things girls talked about in the bathroom in high school. All that talk made me uncomfortable and bored. My friend Tim was the first person whose style I envied or even noticed. A talented painter, Tim was elegant and charming. I admired these qualities, his consistent sexual success, and his perfectly fitting Diesel jeans. I felt entirely comfortable doing things I considered feminine, like styling my hair, even wearing makeup, if I did them the way a man does them.

Tim and our friend Stella and I would get together in one of our bedrooms, dye each other's hair, listen to Gravy Train and Klaus Nomi, and watch John Waters movies. I was obsessed with John Waters—his films were full of bizarre, hilarious people of indeterminate gender unapologetically doing whatever they wanted. After watching Pink Flamingos or Mondo Trasho, I felt like absolutely anything could happen.

At a house show with Tim and Stella, I met Will and witnessed his Casio-based one-man musical act, Sexually Active Corpse. It sounded like a deranged cartoon clown singing along to '90s Nintendo games. Will appeared in the living room wearing a French maid's dress and a wig that looked like he had untangled it from a mass of Ace bandages and mole traps in the darkest corner of the Goodwill bins. "What would your gynecologist think if your penis began to shrink," he sang, circling the living room. The performance involved some Garfield comics whose captions and speech bubbles

he had pornographically altered. At one point, Will and several audience members smoked his pubes out of a pipe made from a tin can. Something was happening to everyone in the room. It was like the masking ceremonies popular in many cultures in which costumes relieve participants of their human identities and responsibilities, rendering them briefly supernatural.

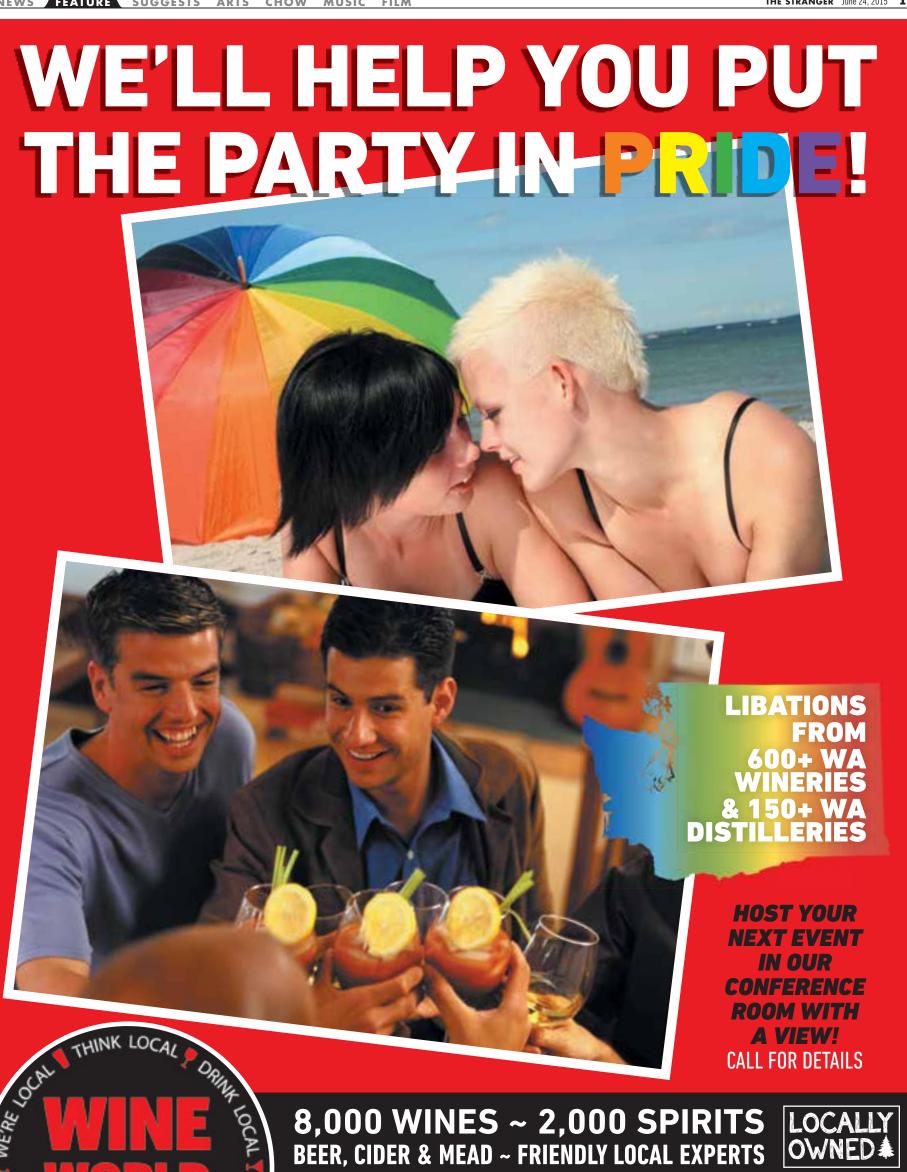
Four people who had been lazily grinding against each other throughout the evening slid onto the floor and started fucking. One of them, who I initially assumed was a drag queen, proved not to be when her period blood spread all over her three friends and the floor at my feet. I watched them, my eyes so wide I feared they'd never close again, moving only to look up when Will crowd-surfed over my head, his balls covered in clothespins.

The only way I can adequately specify what "gender" I am is with a full description of that event. Will was clearly a man, even when his cock and balls were inside a magenta children's glove (an "outfit" he wore to multiple parties), yet he implicitly resisted the gender binary as much as he resisted the idea of reality as we know it. Will was a man, and a woman, and an octopus, and a gasoline-soaked bra, and your dead grandmother. He was legitimately frightening and piss-your-pants funny. One criticism I have heard of comedy, particularly comedy relying on irony, is that it deflates what exists without offering anything in its place; Sexually Active Corpse seemed to offer endless pansexual orgasms, among other things. He was like a cross-faded Walt Whitman in drag with his dick hanging out.

y parents' first explanation of sex, wisely, focused on emotion, but the description of the physical act was limited to heterosexual penetration. For some reason, I thought penetration only happened once, and then the two people involved lay motionless. I remember lying awake when I was very young thinking how awkward that must be. Mostly gay, and far from vanilla, I didn't realize until I was a teenager that the things that turned me on had anything to do with sex. I believed sexual thoughts and feelings were actually dreams leaking into reality. John Waters and Sexually Active Corpse gave me my first glimpse of what I now believe is true—sex is anything and everything. It is less an act than a force that can manifest itself any way.

It seems odd to me now that until my mid 20s, I never noticed the fact that 90 percent of the people I considered role models were male. This may be because I don't consider the qualities I admire most—

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I made a conscious effort to dress and behave like the guys I knew who dated the women I was attracted to. I hadn't consciously thought, "I'm a man," but I didn't feel like a lesbian.

◀ integrity, kindness, courage, creativity—gendered at all. Sometimes, to me, "gender" seems like an aesthetic response to chemical and neurological features.

I became Captain Hook as a child because Captain Hook was powerful—he could do things I had no evidence little girls could. I think the amount of time and energy my relative invested in putting me back in my little-girl costume frightened me. Captain Hook was also violent. This is where things get complicated—one popular theory about why little boys are more aggressive than girls is hormonal differences. I was just as aggressive as any little boy, and I liked games and movies that involved fighting. Did I envy the culturally specific power of a male character (the captain of a ship!) or was I born with actual physical differences—like in my brain and the chemistry of my body—that made me behave more male than female?

The beginning of my passion for clothing and personal style coincided with the realization that I love women. In high school. I made a conscious effort to dress and behave like the guys I knew who dated the women I was attracted to. I hadn't consciously thought, "I'm a man," but I didn't feel like a lesbian. I realized at some point that no matter what I wore, I didn't look like the other guys, and became terrified no one would go out with me. I also felt so different from the girls, I was convinced I couldn't possibly look like them, either. This left me in a bizarre state of having no idea how I physically looked. I felt this way for a couple of years. Paralyzed by self-consciousness, I worried I would never get laid.

When I finally did get laid, it happened in the most glorious way possible. Some alumni on vacation from Sarah Lawrence threw a party at a cabin built by one of their dads, who was an architect. It looked like an object from Tron. There was a lot of vodka and very grown-up Truth or Dare, which eventually inspired everyone in attendance to take their clothes off. The party was women only. I couldn't believe how beautiful evervone was. I hadn't seen a naked woman in person since the pool locker room when I was a kid. I was prepared to wince at my reflection in the house's many mirrors, and shocked to see I looked like everyone else in the room. Oddly, the realization I had the body of a teenage girl didn't make me feel any less masculine. Women's bathing suits did, and still do—they make me feel like I'm a poorly made spandex Betty Boop doll.

Things happened that night I had longed for for years, though oddly, until I touched another person in a sexual way. I was unable to see people as sexual objects. Eventually, dating women, especially very feminine women, felt as natural to me as wearing exclusively men's clothing—I didn't really think about why I loved either. I just did. I was absorbed in figuring out what sorts of personalities are attractive to me and how to have a healthy relationship.

Until I was about 24, I assumed I was just a 100 percent gay woman who happened to like men's clothing. I had several friends who identified as FTM or MTF, people who had known their entire lives the gender they had been assigned at birth based on the type of junk they have was incorrect. But that wasn't my situation. Even though I'm perfectly happy being masculine, I also love having a woman's body. More than anything, I wanted to be David Bowie, but I felt that if David Bowie woke up with the body of a 24-year-old woman, he would rock it.

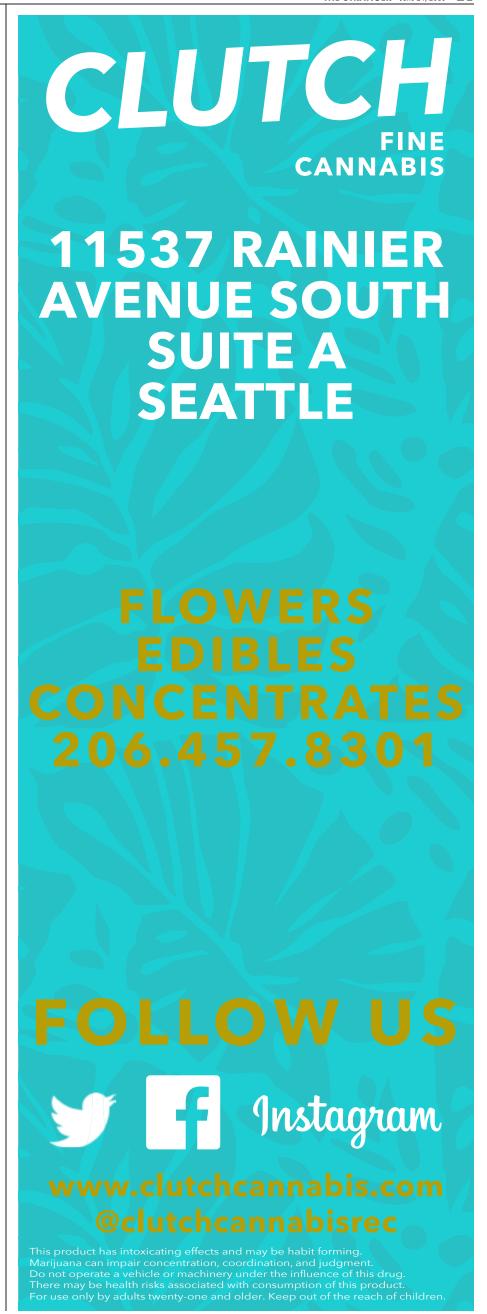
I mentioned that as a kid, people used to ask if I was a boy or a girl, and that these days the wording has changed. Usually today the question is more often "Are you trans?" Even though my attitude has changed about this, now if someone asks me that I say yes—as a female-bodied person far on the masculine end of the gender spectrum, the term completely fits me; after all, trans refers to a whole complicated spectrum rather than a binary. But this is often a tricky conversation—the moment I say "trans" to someone, they assume I'm planning for hormones and surgery. Actually, I'm happy just the way I am. I usually enjoy these exchanges. I suspect it's impossible to understand any individual's gender identity without a real conversation, so I try to encourage respectful conversation as much as possible.

Finding men's clothing that fits my five-foot-four-inch, 105-pound body is hard enough, but finding clothing that communicates exactly the kind of man I am is a real challenge. It delights me when people call me dapper, or a dandy. When I first began to think about personal style, I understood it no more than I understood why it felt good to dress as Captain Hook when I was

For instance, I can't stand women's blouses (on me). When I was 20, I felt nothing more than a vague aversion to them. For some reason, it took years to realize it's the cut of the fabric—the seams on the back and front designed to accentuate the curves of a woman's body—that I dislike. If I had a man's body, I would probably buy some shirts with this cut. A '70s women's blouse might give me sort of a glam look. Many of my physically male friends wear shirts like this, and they look like Bowie or Johnny Thunders. Because I actually have tits, wearing such a shirt would tip the genderpresentation scale and make me look more feminine than I feel is accurate (though I like my tits as much as anyone does). Having good personal style means understanding one's own body as part of a composition.

I've never had the urge to alter my body with surgery or hormones to appear more masculine, and I think this is partly because the slender, angular body I was born with

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The moment I say "trans" to someone, they assume I'm planning for hormones and surgery. Actually, I'm happy just the way I am.

◀ is no obstacle to me as a compositional element. My shoulders are broader than my hips, and my tits are a nice shape when I'm naked, but not very noticeable with clothes on, especially if I'm wearing a distractingly well-designed tie.

have heard the argument that no trans people would want hormone treatment or surgery if societal views of gender were healthier-if, for instance, people were more willing to accept someone's correct gender just because that person fucking tells them that is how they identify. While I absolutely think practicing this kind of acceptance is the right way for people to conduct themselves, I would no more tell someone they don't need surgery to express their true gender than I would tell a child they should wear a dress because they have a vagina. I believe every person has a deep need to manifest their identity in a way perceptible to others, and I would not question their means of doing so unless they were harming someone.

I was having a conversation about gender and trans issues with a straight, cisgender male friend recently, and he said something along the lines of "Thinking about this stuff makes my head hurt." He said it in a way that implied he felt a certain kind of conversation is exclusively the territory of queer people. It made me wonder how many straight people feel this way—like there is "queer" and "straight," and queer people are the only ones whose gender and sexuality are on a spectrum. My reply to my friend was that no one on earth is a man in exactly the same way he is a man, and we eventually agreed that what "man" entails for him is unique and worth thinking about.

It's worthwhile for everyone to consider where they fall on the spectrum. You may not be where you assume you are, and while that discovery can be frightening, it is always enriching. One night when I was 24, I was having drinks with my best friend when I noticed his blue eyes were deep purple in the dim light of the bar. It was the high-school staring contest all over again, complete with my sudden departure from the room, except this time my fear came from the realization of a gradually deepening love I had been oblivious to for almost eight years because I had assumed I was 100 percent lesbian. I fled the room even more abruptly this

I had no idea what to do. Since we met, he and I had a rapport unlike anything I had ever experienced. I was afraid of damaging our friendship, but I was equally afraid of missing out on possibly the most significant romantic relationship of my life. I was also worried I was so gay that the sex

might be the physical equivalent of a sad slide whistle. I spent two years imagining the most romantic and meaningful way I could express my affection, then naturally mauled him one night when we were both fucked up to a Hunter Thompson degree on whiskey and pills.

The sex was actually great, though since the only cock I had touched prior to that was airborne and covered in clothespins, it was kind of like a benevolent encounter with a deep-sea fish. There is a facet of every person that is fully visible only during sex, and his sexual side was the closest thing I had ever encountered to a force of pure good.

"You fuck like a boy," he said the next morning (he had slept with a few). And it had felt like the gayest experience I'd ever had. I am sure we are the same gender. That was when, finally, I knew—I'm far closer to "man" on the gender spectrum than "woman."

It wasn't too horrible when it ended, after only a few months, since I knew we would be friends forever. There was just one crushing moment—I noticed an electrical meter against the lace of cracked gray paint on a cement wall, and realized I would see it totally differently if I hadn't met him. Over a decade, our visions of beauty had grown together.

I had wondered if when I slept with a man, a veil would be lifted as it had after that party at the cabin with all those women when I was 18. Would I now be checking out guvs' asses on the street? No. That didn't happen. I did feel a new warmth toward cis male people, because my experience of male sexuality had been so positive, and because I felt like I finally knew what I was. I was someone who was unafraid to explore. I wasn't a pirate, I was an explorer. I am an explorer. That is my true nature. I'm a mostly straight guy who's also a woman. As a teenager, I had been tortured by an inability to relate to either gender (not yet familiar with the idea of a gender continuum), but after that romance, I could clearly see that I'm basically female outside and male inside.

And in a very glam-rock way, I enjoy being both simultaneously.

Thankfully these days, because of the company I keep, I'm asked whether I'm a man or a woman much less frequently than which pronouns I prefer, or whether I've ever thought about choosing a man's name. You can use whatever pronoun you like. I respond to both. My favorite Johnny Cash song is "A Boy Named Sue." I, personally, like being a man named Sarah. I also like being a woman strangers think is a guv. In the supernatural spirit of John Waters and Sexually Active Corpse, it thrills me to embody what most would consider a state of flux, and hopefully to remind people that we all exist on continuums and that absolutely anything can happen. ■



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IF YOU'RE AGAINST SEX WORK, YOU'RE A BIGOT

How Anti-Sex Activists Use the Tactics of Homophobes and Racists to Marginalize, Criminalize, and Oppress Decent People

By Conner Habib



This isn't about me, it's about you.

should start an essay like this by telling you about how great sex workers are, how important sex workers' rights are. I should "create sympathy in the reader" for anyone who takes their clothes off and performs sexuality. I should show you porn stars saving cats stuck in trees, sex workers volunteering at soup kitchens, strippers just trying to make it work for their families.

I should tell you about how it feels to deal with anti-sex-work stigma every day. But this essay isn't about us.

It's about the demand to prove we're worth sympathy. It's about how if that sympathy shows up, it's wrapped up in deliberate misunderstandings. It's about the people who make the demand. It's about how "Show us your humanity!" is more belittling and damaging than "Show us your

It's about the people we should no longer respond to with anything other than protest or dismissal.

In other words, it's about bigotry. It's

I'll refer to anti-sex-work and anti-porn campaigners here for clarity and honesty as "anti-sex bigots." When that word gets tiring, I'll call them "anti-sex activists."

Why? Because sex is what makes sex work so special for them. Sex makes this line of work a singular profession, mystically distinguished from other jobs. But their analyses and understandings of sex lack depth. There is no substance to their arguments. Their tactics are strung together not with understanding or data, but with hate. Their bigotry is visceral, and their goals are

- 1. Distort and destroy consent.
- 2. Create a framework of good vs. evil.
- 3. Cherry-pick voices
- 4. Play the victim while holding the
- 5. Create apocalyptic urgency.

This list might sound like an exaggeration to outsiders. To sex workers, it's exhaustingly and overwhelmingly familiar.

Distort and Destroy Consent

ust a few miles from where I grew up in Pennsylvania, there was this guy, just some guy, at a spa. The Shiatsu Spa was, you know, one of those massage places people talk about, nudge-nudge. One day in 2006, a masseuse offered the guy sexual services after his massage. Unable to afford her services, and angry that he wasn't getting them for free, he reported her and the spa to the Pennsylvania State Police. After he offered his services as an informant, the police gave him money to have sex. Camaraderie!

With his new state wad of money, he had sex with employees of the spa on four separate occasions. The information he gathered provided no new or important facts about the spa, just "proof" of what was already known, that yes, yes, okay, some of the women at the spa offered sexual services for money. What ensued was what polite people like to refer to as a "scandal."

After two years, a judge dropped the case, citing the police's "outrageous"

"Outrageous" or routine? Earlier that vear in Pennsylvania, similar methods were employed in at least two other cases. And after the ruling about the 2006 incident being "outrageous," there wasn't a significant change of police policy in Pennsylvania. In 2013, Homestead, Pennsylvania, police detective Ronald DePellegrin received oral sex from a prostitute. After he put his penis in her mouth, he arrested her.

"In the course of officers doing undercover work, sometimes they have to do what they have to do to effectuate an arrest," a

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Effectuate?

Police and informants can consent to having government-funded spa sex vacations, effectuating as often as they'd like, so long as they're willing to consent to turn their effectuatees over to the state when they're finished with them.

Sex workers, on the other hand, can't consent to sex at all, no matter how clear the terms are.

The exchange of money is the iconic mo- ment of sex work. In movies, in the cultural conversation, and in arrests, the money exchange is the moment things go wrong and become illegal. But what is money if not a symbol of consent? While money is not the be-all and end-all of consent, it can symbolize and clarify it. Sex workers and their clients use money as a component of mutual understanding.

When it comes to sex workers in the eyes of the law, that all changes: The thing that symbolizes and clarifies consent is the exact thing that gets you arrested. It's a familiar scene from movies and TV: Money in a sex worker's hands is quickly replaced by hand- ${\it cuffs.}\ No\ matter\ what,\ sex\ workers\ cannot$ consent, anti-sex bigots say. Not by saying they consent. Not by symbolizing consent. Not by being happy or healthy. There's no $such \ thing \ as \ consent \ for \ a \ sex \ worker.$

"It does not, therefore, matter whether women claim the right or choice to be prostituted or whether they see themselves as victims of men's abuse." —Anti-sex bigot (1)

Distorting and destroying consent is the foundation of anti-sex activism. It has to be, because otherwise the bigots have no ground to stand on when sex workers state, again and again, they are working out of

This is the precedent anti-sex bigots want to set; outsiders calling the shots on who does and doesn't get to consent.

Christopher Columbus's men could (and did) rape "New World" women freely. In the long tradition of raping the conquered, the victors faced few consequences. Slave owners forced sex onto their slaves well into the 19th century. Not so long ago, men were allowed to force sex on their wives whenever they wanted, since the men determined the consent. "To have and to hold," as the vow goes, which is why women then would sometimes turn to prostitution, to escape marriage.

In Europe and the United States in the 17th and 18th centuries, religious belief turned inward, and so, too, did sexual life. Sexual consent was up to individuals, but only within the ideological framework of what the church said was permitted or not permitted. Don't have too much sex with your spouse. Don't do this act or that one. If you must choose to be attracted to that sort of person, know that there will be social consequences. There was a fear that people would be swept up in "pagan" impulses.

Sex workers are still often seen as pagans or heretics, swept up in the culture of pagan lust. Whenever someone deviates from the kind of sex an anti-sex activist believes should be practiced, when someone is "too" promiscuous, when someone engages with desires "deviant" from what is "normal," well then, they must be compulsive in some way and therefore outside consent. So arrest them. Deny them autonomy. Dehumanize them. Pin them down and force them to take a "normal" definition of consent whether they consent to it or not.

Wait a second, wait a second, I can hear the fumbling voices of protest. Stop $talking\ about\ bigotry.\ I\ mean,\ after\ all,$ we're not talking about race, right? We're not talking about something people can't change. That's what makes speech against those groups hate speech. Sex workers, well,

What? Were you finally going to say we choose our careers?

Listen, nice try. I almost got distracted. But remember: This isn't about sex workers. Whether anti-sex activists think of themselves as bigots or not, they fall in with bigots' tactics. I'm not even naming anti-sex bigots in this piece, because I think we should ignore them and stop giving them a platform for their hateful views. But if you really want to know who they are, see the endnote.

2. Create a Framework of Good vs. Evil

hen the sex war is won, prostitutes should be shot as collaborators for their terrible betrayal of all women." —Anti-sex bigot (2)

The world is full of essentially evil people, and the funny thing is, you might be one of them. You might be caught up in evil if you don't agree with this statement: "Maybe there's a difference between a blowjob and a slice of pie... To acknowledge that sex work is exploitative—that it involves a particularly intimate form of male privilege, which bleeds into other areas of life—would be too sentimental, and too disturbing." (3)

Here's an alternate version of the same sentiment:

"Jihad as warfare against non-believers in order to institute 'Sharia' worldwide... is a constant element of mainstream Islamic theology." That's Robert Spencer writing in the Emory Wheel, February 21, 2007.

Many anti-sex bigots are also Islamophobes. On the right, Muslims (often conflated with all Arabs) and sex workers are attacked because they are supposedly inherently evil: The "they're all towelheads and whores" argument. (What a pleasure that I get to be both!) On the left, the way of life and the framework of identity are attacked. Hate the sin, love the sinner.

Lately, people who love "essential evil" stuff are promoting the "Swedish" or "Nordic" model of controlling sex workers. The idea behind the Swedish model is this: Those poor prostituted women need $our\ help,\ let's\ stop\ arresting\ them\ and$ $start\ rounding\ up\ those\ horrible\ johns\ who$ pay their wages. The model sends a false message that sex work is wrong and harmful to sex workers, while at the same time obfuscating how the model itself is causing them harm.

The effect of "end demand" policies has been to abruptly destroy sex workers' abilities to be selective about clients. It has led to impoverishment for sex workers unable to keep things extra-secret, extraclandestine.

And as far as johns go, in the eyes of anti-sex bigots, they might as well be bodies to be confiscated by the state until they are programmed properly.

To brainwash johns into thinking like anti-sex bigots, some cities boast "iohn schools." Seattle is one of them. The antisex facilitator of Seattle's court-mandated program for arrested johns says, "Prostitution is not a victimless crime... there's a lot of harm that's involved in the commercial

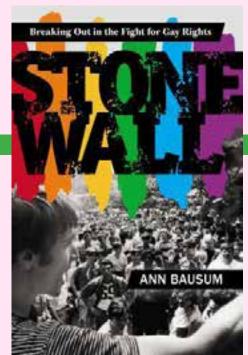
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If it were not merely bigotry in action, a john school would educate on differences between distinct forms of sex work, intersections of class/race/gender and sex work, differences between sex work and trafficking, problems with anti-sex-work laws, and so on.

Let's reprioritize with actual sex workers in mind, not theoretical ones. Let's reeducate police who have sex with sex workers before arresting them. Let's reeducate legislators implementing stab-in-the-dark policies not rooted in reality, written after listening to anti-sex activists. Let's stop magically linking sex work, as the facilitator of the john school does, to statistics like "one in four women will be raped in her lifetime." Anti-sex bigots trying to ban porn do similar sleight-of-hand tricks, equating porn with rape, demeaning both sex workers and actual rape victims. Let's reeducate about how serious rape is instead of throwing it around as a bid for more followers. I can say with certainty that if we asked rape victims what the painful, frequently traumatic experience of being raped is like, few would say, "Like being paid for consensual sex."

Does this rant from an anti-sex activist sound familiar?

"The insistence that there's nothing unusual in 'work' that involves male strangers penetrating your body and ejaculating inside of you goes right along with the 'sex positivity' popular with young Leftists. Women are likely to sustain injury (vaginal tearing) during heterosexual intercourse if we are not genuinely aroused (rather than performing for an audience); we are more likely to contract infections and diseases than our male partners; we are more likely to be harmed by male sexual partners (who are almost always larger and stronger than we are); and we are 100% more likely than our male partners to face unwanted pregnancy." —Anti-sex bigot (5)

Compare that to this, from a video called "Medical Dangers of Anal Sex" posted by Christofer L, an antigay Christian You-Tuber:

"Let's look at some simple biological truths... The rectum... [is designed] strictly for the removal of waste, moving it outward away from the body. This is why the blood vessels in the rectum break when a phallic object goes against the natural flow of movement by its muscles. Believe it or not, this causes rectal/anal damage. Many sexual experts and medical personnel discourage anal sex because of the danger... Safe sex? Mechanical damage to the rectum will happen regardless of the safe-sex measures."

Same gesture, same hate, same simplifications.

When it comes to sex work, professionals who are generally invested in keeping their bodies healthy often know better than most how to avoid damage. Sex-worker-advocacy groups provide sexual-health resources, like the Adult Performer Advocacy Committee's Porn 101 video and in-person services like the sex-worker-operated St. James Infirmary in San Francisco. And sex workers aren't repeating the same sex acts over and over. Many clients want different things.

The deeper problem here isn't that there is no such thing as rough sex or anal tearing. The problem is moral crusades like these dressed up in science.

Here's porn performer Stoya addressing this on her Twitter feed in June of 2015:

"Performing in porn is work that you use your body for. Maybe upper & upper middle class should also examine their ideas about manual labor? My grandpa destroyed his back as a stone mason. A football player might get tackled. Sometimes at work I injure my cunt."

Biological "proof" stuff is nothing new for bigots. In the early 20th century, bigoted scientists argued only certain groups of people should be allowed to procreate. It was quite a sensation: Race-mixing would create undesirable babies with repulsive characteristics that would erode society.

Take out the factor of having a baby: Only certain people are allowed to have certain kinds of sex with certain other people. If we don't obey this "scientific" maxim, we'll have a class of damaged people and a society that's falling apart at the seams.

The "damaged pussy" argument is eugenics for anti-sex bigots.

3. Cherry-Pick Voices

utside Boston, there's a private university that wanted me to give a lecture about porn, and then didn't want me to give a lecture about porn. At that point, I'd been a university instructor for three years; I'd been in porn for years as well as in sex-worker-advocacy work. I knew hundreds of porn performers. I'd also published many articles on sex and culture. But according to a health education staffer blocking my appearance, I was missing a key component:

"Read Linda Lovelace's book *Ordeal...* about the sexual enslavement and 'pimping' of women in the porn industry. Until that is understood and addressed by this multibillion dollar industry, it is difficult to give it any voice."

Until I read Linda Lovelace's book, I guess, I couldn't, like, *know* know about porn. I assured my contact at the school that I did of course know Linda Lovelace's deal, or, excuse me, ordeal, and that I'd be happy to address that in my talk.

The invitation was withdrawn in a fever of I'm-sorry-buts.

*

One of the most exploitative things antisex bigots do is select voices of former sex workers who've had terrible experiences and prop those voices up as representative of the entire population, even though they're not.

Cherry-picking is common among bigots and takes many forms. Fundamentalist clerics and misogynists cite the voices of women who support female genital mutilation in Northern Africa and the Middle East as representative of all women in those regions. In India under colonial rule, cultural mimics—Indian people who opportunistically mimicked British customs and oppressive belief systems—were held up as the true voice of Indian citizenry.

Anti-sex activists "prove" their points by similar gestures, making "exited" women, who are now anti-sex-work, representative. Of course, if you only listen to people who left a job because they hate it or had bad experiences in it, you're not going to get a representative sample.

Listening to sex workers' voices is key. Sex-worker activists and allies like the Rose Alliance and the Adult Performer Advocacy Committee, not to mention the Sex Workers Project and Amnesty International, are constantly working to improve the conditions of sex work, to support each other, and to take into account the voices of women and men who have reported negative or damaging conditions.

But anti-sex bigots, like fundamentalist

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women in favor of female genital mutilation, allow no other voices to be heard. The vast majority of sex workers I know do not have terrible experiences overall. Many are happy doing what they do or are at least willing to continue to consensually engage in sex work and make the best of it.

To the anti-sex bigots, these people may as well not exist.

"Pimps, traffickers, and buyers of sex revel in the misguided notion that individuals sexually exploited for commercial gain are willing or consenting 'sex workers' a term invented by the sex industry to normalize its exploitative and violent multi-billion dollar business." —Anti-sex bigots (6)

What's more dehumanizing: showing your butt cheeks to an audience or having someone tell you that you don't exist?

We need a varied, active, and dynamic picture of sex workers, not a muffled, stunted one. I started porn after going to grad school for writing and biology and being a college English instructor. I know plenty of porn performers with other jobs: meteorology, fashion design, dairy farming. law, freelance writing, directing, nursing, nonprofit organizing. Those are just off the top of my head. Yes, there are porn performers who-like many writers, actors, etc.—have no other job and are struggling. And there are other sex workers working out of various causes of necessity. The point isn't that doing sex work out of need doesn't exist. Nor is the point that we have to absolutely love sex work to do it. Not everyone loves their job, and sex workers should not be singled out and forced to simply because of the "sex" in their work. The point is, your picture of who sex workers are must be multifaceted. It's a picture that's ineluctably complex, yet anti-sex activists want us to hear one voice and will symbolically kill the rest of us to achieve the effect.

Play the Victim While **Holding the Power**

ere's poor multimillionaire Pat Robertson talking about LGBT people and lamenting about how hard they

"It doesn't matter what custom you've got... they're gonna make you conform to them. You're going to say you like anal sex, you like oral sex, you like bestiality... and sooner or later, you're gonna have to conform your religious beliefs to the group of some aberrant thing." That's from a You-Tube video called "Gays Will Force You to Like Anal Sex, Bestiality.'

Another example: A celebrity anti-sex activist, whose net worth is something like 10 million to Robertson's reported 200million, was scolded on the internet and her dedication to feminism was questioned after she tried to popularize the hashtag #stopactinglikewhores.

"When I first started talking about the 'pornification' of our culture, I was accused of being antifeminist—which both hurt my feelings and felt inaccurate." —Anti-sex bigot (8)

After this, she went on to make a popular anti-porn film filled with factual inaccuracies and direct slut-shaming of sex

Hold up, hold up, everyone! Bigots, even rich ones, have feelings, too!

In 2013, I was invited to speak at Corning Community College in New York by the on-campus LGBTQI group (EQUAL). The contract was signed, the talk was confirmed... and then the administration canceled my talk in a flurry of anti-sex activism. Students protested and told me members of the administration began to intimidate them. Keep in mind these are LG-BTQI students in a small town. They said members of the administration instructed them not to approach any media outlets with the story. "I hope you are grasping that this issue is bigger than you," an administration member reportedly said to the student organizer. The student told me it was "an absolutely intimidating conversation."

I went anyway and spoke at an off-campus location. After I left, flyers condemning EQUAL started to show up around campus. The message on the flyers wasn't written by students opposing my talk, but by a professor. Once an adviser to EQUAL, she'd been asked by student members of the group to resign after she'd sided with the administration's anti-sex views and their decision to cancel my talk.

The flyers that appeared on campus stated that EQUAL had "alienated an OPENLY LESBIAN FEMINIST FACULTY member (me) simply because she supported the president's decision... ignored and silenced... lesbian feminists, who since the Second-Wave of the Feminist Movement have argued that the pornography industry demeans women, men, and children and leads to rape and aggression, mostly against women and children... I find ironic that a group so quick to point out that its free speech has been violated has also been so quick to silence opposing voices... I still find indefensible (as in... without a shadow of a doubt) the participation in an industry that degrades and dehumanizes individuals and is also part of a capitalistic system that oppresses and lulls the masses.'

That my talk was canceled by the administration wasn't enough. Nor was the alleged intimidation of the students. Now LGBTQI students were being told that it was unfair to not work with a professor whose interests directly contradicted their own. This was a person in a position of power, a college professor, with considerable influence over her students, insulting them publicly.

This isn't about sex workers silencing anyone who disagrees. There are plenty of disagreements to be had within our community and among allies. This also isn't about mere ignorance or misunderstanding. Of course, ignorance is one foundation of bigotry. But ignorance is miles away from people who make careers of attacking sex workers—people who have anti-sexwork laws, lawmakers, cultural stigma, media, and money on their side.

They are not powerless victims. And their words are not mere "ideas" or "opinions."

If someone called me a "faggot sand nigger whore eroding American society, traditional marriage, and the right to be monogamous," I wouldn't gently avoid hurting his or her feelings by saying: "I can see how you feel that way. I believe this informative website will key you in to the points where we differ. Let me know what

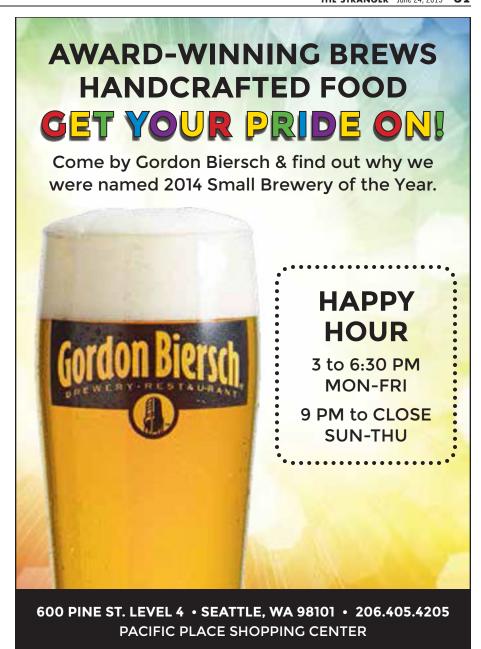
I'd protest. I'd shun. I'd say, I don't want anyone I'm associated with funding your message of hate. I'd say, you are not a

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◀ victim. And then I'd stop engaging.

Create Apocalyptic Urgency

ornography Is What the End of the World Looks Like," reads the title of one anti-porn rant.

Whose world is ending?

What world are they talking about?
Like almost everyone who wants to save the world, anti-sex bigots have to fabricate a fake world that's being destroyed first.
KKK members fabricate the idea of a pure white race that's being destroyed, fundamentalist Christians fabricate pure heterosexuality corrupted by gays, US warmongers fabricate pure democracy threatened by Muslims, and so on.

The end is near! Anti-sex activists create a world in danger from sex work, though our world without sex work never existed. To make sure the end is *always* near, they shift the goalposts. It's not the porn, goes one argument, it's the distribution!

The 1965 anticommunist, antigay, antiporn video *Perversion for Profit* states:

"Pornography and sex deviation have always been with mankind. This is true. But now consider another fact... High-speed presses, rapid transportation, mass distribution all have combined to put the vilest obscenities in the reach of every man, woman, and child in the country."

In 2015, an anti-sex activist proclaimed with the certainty she was saying something new when she said that "porn 15 years ago is basically *Playboy* and *Penthouse*, which as sexist as it was... those are the good old days. Today pornography has shifted rapidly, and it's shifted because of the internet... [the internet has made porn] affordable, accessible, and anonymous..." (9)

We must act urgently! To save our neuropathways from online porn! To save young men's desires! To save women! To save anyone we want to control!

All—yes, all—of the adverse conditions sex workers face are created or exacerbated by anti-sex bigots who directly harm sex workers or indirectly harm them by silencing them, spreading misinformation, blocking paths to sexual health education, and cultivating stigma.

"We're here to save you!" sounds promising, until the statement is completed honestly: "We're here to save you... from the damaging conditions we've created and continue to perpetuate."

Sex workers often see the great pain the distortion of sex has caused so many people

in our culture. We work to transmute that pain others feel into pleasure. Sometimes the pain is slight and everyday; it's merely a longing a john feels or a pang of desire before a porn viewer discharges it. Other times it's a client locked into a restrictive relationship, or someone who doesn't know how to ask for sex without the framework of a paid environment, or a person with disabilities in constant care with little access to sex without the assistance of a sex worker.

Anti-sex activists, on the other hand, find their pleasure not by transmuting the pain of the world, but by wallowing in it.

In one of hundreds of interviews she's given—this one just under 50 minutes, but this is how she *always* talks about these issues—a notorious anti-sex bigot talks about porn using the following phrases:

- "...[in porn] women are filthy dirty sluts and whatever you do to them, not only do they enjoy but they actually seek out and they deserve...
- "...[I watched a porn with] a woman with semen smeared all over her face to the point where she can't open her eyes.

 Exhausted, crying, gagging, vomiting..."
- "...in order [for women] to be noticed or as I like to say 'fuckable"
- "...the best porn you have is... when you can take that bitch whore slut whatever you want to call her and totally... drill her 'til there's nothing left."

"...when I was watching porn for my book... I literally didn't know what to do with myself. I was almost weeping on the floor. There was one scene... where you've got a guy with a woman's head down a toilet and he's penetrating her from behind, and people should just know there's a sort of trigger alert here, and he's got her head in the toilet and he's flushing it and he's screaming at her, I am gonna fuck you 'til your motherfucker comes up from the fucking grave... I couldn't do anything, I literally just rendered... I was like, I was like paralyzed." (10)

This is why the bigots will always be unreachable, illogical, and not worth engaging with. Their fake, substanceless ideologies represent a void they prefer to keep. It's misery delighting in itself, crying on the floor because it feels good. It's staged victimhood that never wants to end.

Sex workers, queers, allies: Refuse to interact with or give a platform to antisex bigots. They are too invested in the pleasure of their misery to hear you. Your participation gives them a partner, it validates them, it pleases them. They will take their misery out on you, forcibly, without stopping, without your consent.

Don't engage. Or, if you decide to, recognize them for who they are and what they want, and charge them for your time. ■

The anti-sex bigots in this piece are:

- 1. SHEILA JEFFREYS, The Idea of Prostitution
- 2. JULIE BURCHILL, en.wikiquote.org/wiki/Talk:Julie_Burchill
- ${\tt 3.~KATHA~POLLITT,~thenation.com/article/179147/why-do-so-many-leftists-want-sexwork-be-new-normal \#}$
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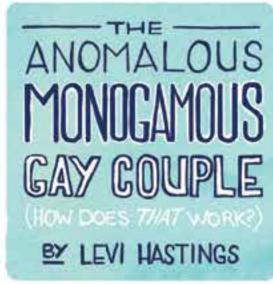
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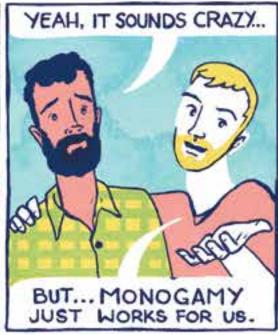














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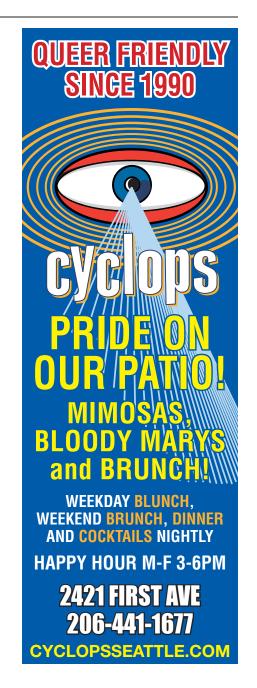
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TREATMENT

WHAT IS PUPPY PLAY AND WHY IS IT SO POPULAR?



A Primer on the Kink That Involves Puppy Hoods, Wagging Tails, Fetching Bones, and Barking— But Not Necessarily Sex

By Matt Baume

ast weekend, I was hanging out at the Cuff, the leather bar at 13th and Pine, when a man to my left pulled out a pink rubber ball. He held it up in the air, and around the patio half a dozen guys suddenly dropped what they were doing and turned to stare. He swaved his arm a few times, the men in front of him following every move with their eyes—and then, with a quick flick, he tossed the ball into the middle of the crowd, provoking furious barks as they all clambered over each other, desperate to snatch the ball and return it to him, or maybe just retreat to a corner to blissfully chew on it.

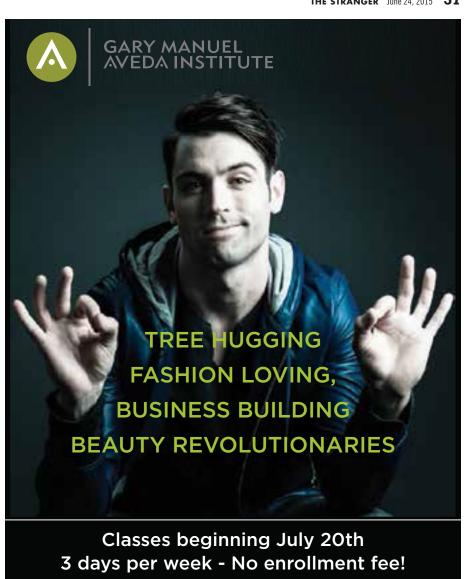
This was the scene at the monthly mosh held by Seattle Pups and Handlers (SEA-PAH), our local puppy-play group. Surely you've heard of puppy play: It's surging in popularity among the gays, and, if history

is any guide, will be surging among the straights in five years when we've moved on to something else.

Let's be clear about this. Puppy play means role-playing as a dog, down on all fours and barking, and yes, it's weird. Of course it is. But I know you're not the sort of person who uses "weird" as a pejorative term, because you're reading The Stranger. You weirdo.

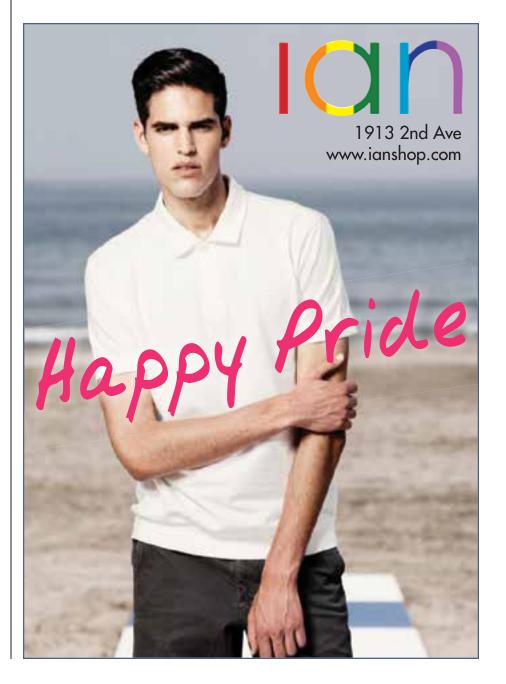
If you're having trouble understanding the appeal of puppy play, just imagine how amazing it would be if there were a form of group relaxation where you could empty your mind of all your cares, forget all of your responsibilities, lower all of your defenses, and bypass small talk forever. Now imagine that vigorous cuddling and praise are key components of this relaxation technique. And did I mention snacks?

Continued on page 39 ▶



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Making friends, calming nerves, overcoming fears, understanding yourself puppy play seems to serve a psychological function that other kinks don't always reach.

◀ You get snacks. Awesome. Why aren't we pupping right now?

The rules are simple: There aren't any. "The entry level is so low and nonthreatening," SEA-PAH vice president pup Amp told me. All a puppy has to do, he explained, is relax and switch their brain from that of a logical calculator to a reactive animal. When he's in pup mode, he said, he has "no real inner monologue. Just me at my rawest form. Affectionate and loving and sharing myself."

One of Amp's first encounters with pups was on a camping trip with some friends, two of whom were a puppy and his daddy. "I'd never seen that relationship outside of a bar," he said. "They had a bond that you couldn't explain. They could be themselves 100 percent of the time. A lot of people, when they go into a relationship, they tend to hide off parts of themselves that they're embarrassed about. But puppies are out there, they're always themselves, their personalities and their emotions are on their sleeves.

Pups can't maintain much guile, and that honesty is a big draw for pups like Fosse and Chance, two friends I met at the mosh. Fosse identifies as a "therapy pup," going down on all fours to cuddle and nurture and comfort. (Prior to this, he studied to become a pastor.)

Chance's sir brought him to his first puppy mosh last Valentine's Day. He initially had reservations. "What if the other pups don't want to play with me because I'm trans?" he worried. But he was welcomed into the group, and now he sets aside every Tuesday for hormone shots followed by pupping and cuddling and watching $Battle star\ Galactica.$

"I was looking for something that would be fun and playful and a release," pup Tugger said. He was a crowd favorite this year at International Mr. Leather, where he exploded assumptions about leathermen by strutting onto the stage in high femme stiletto heels, a corset, and a fur wrap. It was a stunning show of bravado, but just a few years ago, he struggled with debilitating anxiety. Then he met a dom who flew him out to Oklahoma for a pup vacation, and Tugger discovered that his unease melted away when he was a poodle.

It took practice. His first time, "I put on a hood and I was trying a little too hard. And finally the dom looked at me and said, 'You're still thinking. You're thinking about how to do this and worried about looking dumb. Let go. Just react. Just play."

Learning to let go, reacting to the world instead of staying in his head, and just playing helped change Tugger from a nervous shy-guy to the proud leatherpoodle who turned every head at this year's IML. These days, Tugger serves as Mr. Phoenix Leather and is a voice for puppies of all stripes, including cuddly nuzzle pups, watchdogs who guard the group from the

sidelines, playful pups who like to pounce, and wrestlers who push each other over to establish dominance.

As for himself, he said, "I'm very proud of the fact that I'm a standard poodle." In other words, he presents as fluffy and effeminate, but he's also loval and oriented toward stereotypically masculine endeavors like hunting (though not necessarily for

Making friends, calming nerves, overcoming fears, understanding yourselfpuppy play seems to serve a psychological function that other kinks don't always reach. (You'll note that we haven't even talked about sex.) But why pretend to be a dog? Why not just listen to Enya and squeeze a stress ball? That's harder to answer, but I suspect that some pups just need a more forceful way to relax, or maybe the structure of puppy play, loose though it may be, provides permission to unwind.

Whatever the case, puppy play has exploded in popularity over the last few years

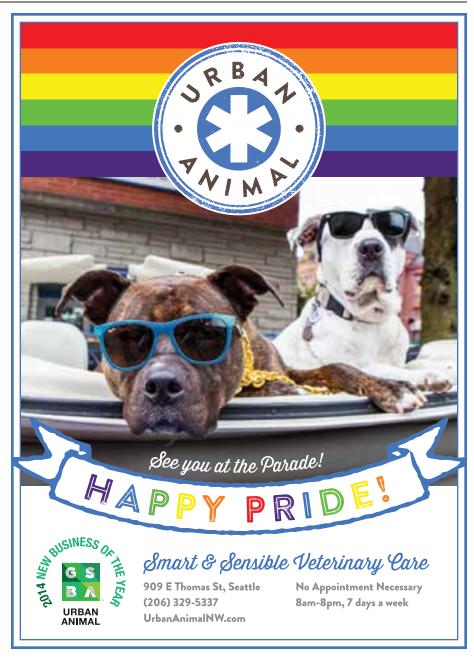
"We tend to have waves," said Daddy Jeff, owner of Doghouse Leathers on Pike Street. "A dozen years ago, it was all about boy empowerment." Whatever the current trend, it's just one more way for people to get along. "It's become a community," he said. "You get newbies, or people around to lend a helping paw, or people who look out for wolves. It's taking care of each other."

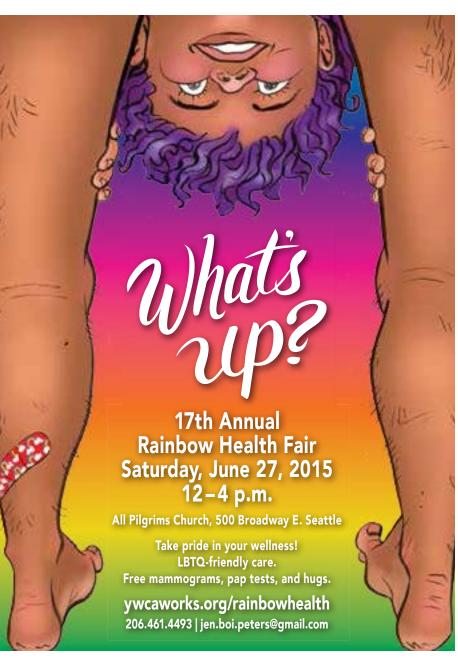
Doghouse just opened a new expansion, featuring more electro gear, superhero singlets, a permanent bootblack stand-and, of course, more pup gear, from hoods to tails to mitts. These accessories play a crucial role in getting into the pup headspace, serving as positive meditation triggers in the same way that other people might use a ringing gong or cucumber mask.

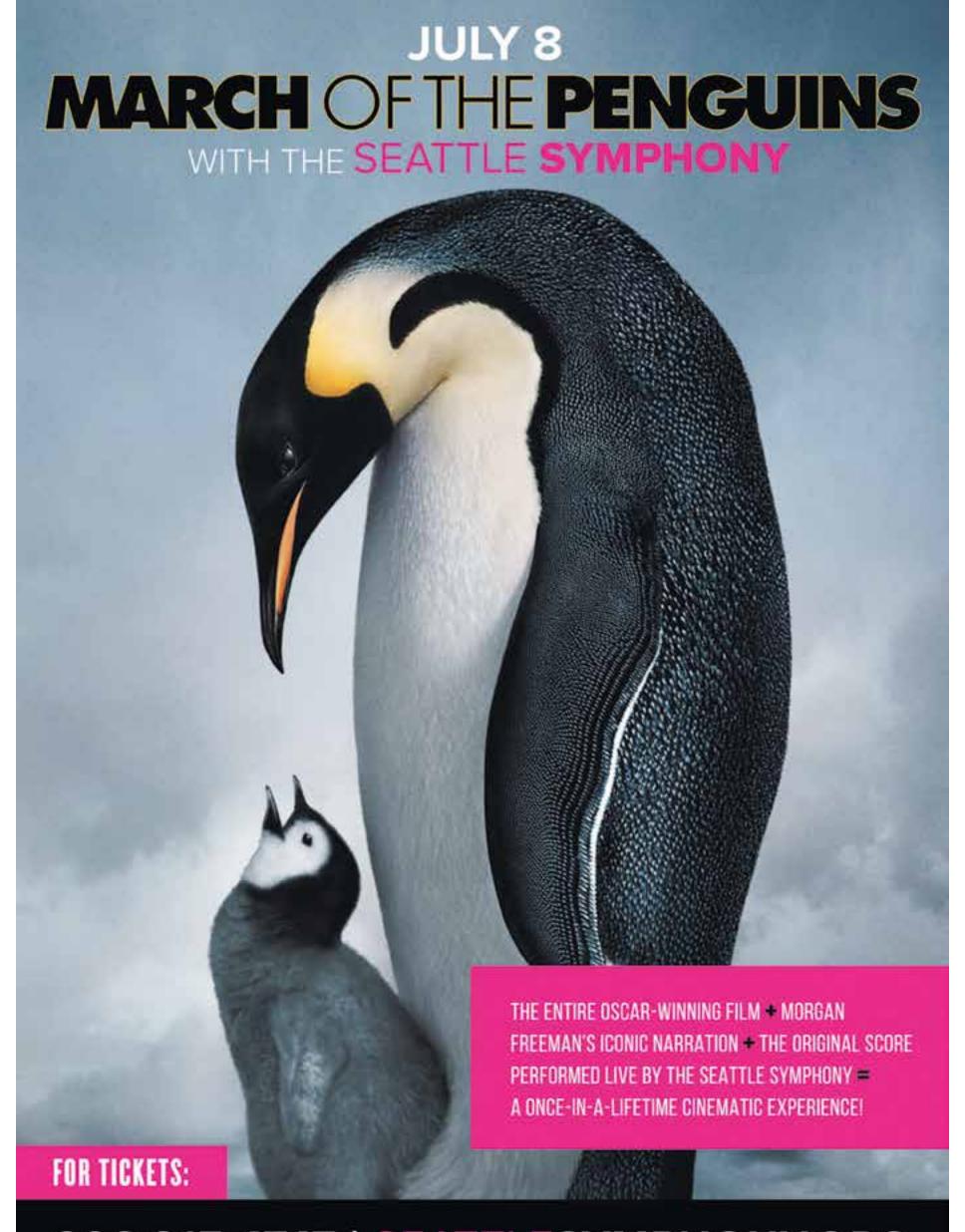
"I have a few friends that get home from work, and their life is puppy," said SEA-PAH president Nightcat. "They take an hour when they get through the door, and they progress down into puppy mode. A lot of these people work in jobs where they run things," he added. "It's not having to think about work, e-mail, calendars. That's all left

Other pups take a more integrated approach. "I use my pup parts in everyday life," said Fosse, the former theology student who now identifies as a sheepdog. (Calling himself a shepherd, he said, felt a little too presumptuous after all that religious instruction.) These days, Fosse runs training programs at a corporate day job: by night, he's often rounding up his fellow burlesque performers to put on a show.

"There are always sheep that need their heels nipped at," he said, looking down as Chance nuzzled his shoulder. Chance's eves were closed and he was gently vipping.

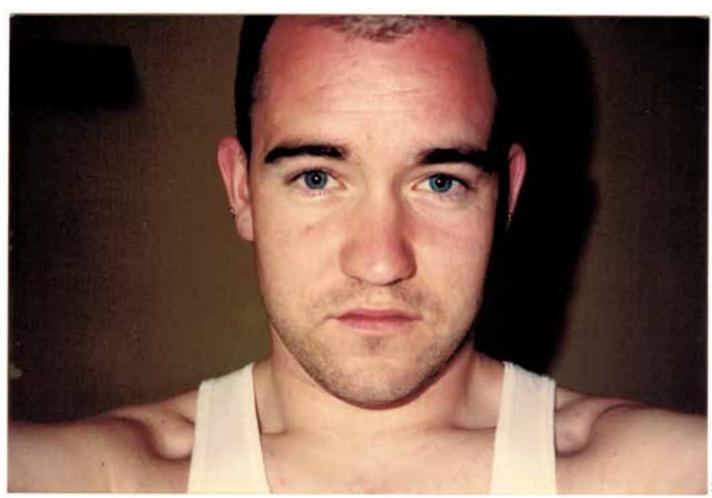






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Dale Peck in 1994.

LITERATURE'S BIGGEST ASSHOLE SHOWS HIS SOFT SIDE

Dale Peck's Visions and Revisions Is a Brilliant Memoir About the Spectral Horrors of AIDS—and It's Touched by the Magic Voice of Joan Didion

By Christopher Frizzelle

It would take

more than 7,000

9/11s to equal

the number of

people who've

died of AIDS.

How do you

exaggerate that?

ale Peck is one of those writers who's infamous among literary types and unheard of among normal people. His book reviews 10 years ago were all anvone

could talk about. They were mean and unpredictable. He called Rick Moody "the worst writer of his generation" in the NewRepublic, the same magazine in which he compared *Ulysses* to diarrhea. He was a grandstander and a flamethrower, which made him fun to read, but it was fun in the sense that a demolition derby is "fun." You experienced the fun while distrusting anyone who would go to such lengths to make it fun. The suspense in Hatchet Jobs, Peck's book of collected takedowns, was in watching him bring every weapon he's ever owned to the task of "proving" good writers $\,$ were bad writers. He seemed to have endless energy for that project.

Those essays bothered people, but they didn't bother me. (Especially because the very last essay in the book does nothing but praise Rebecca Brown.) Anyone who's read vicious reviews by Dorothy Parker, Virginia Woolf, Mary McCarthy, Pauline Kael, or Joan Didion would be able to see

that Peck's pieces are part of a long tradition: non-hetero-white-men ripping apart hetero-white-male work. Peck's essays were more reckless and shameless than, say, McCarthy's piece on J.D. Salinger, but just as elegant. Literary folks were scandalized and aghast, but literary folks love to be scandalized and aghast. (Can you believe someone would exaggerate

In April, Dale Peck published a book that doesn't consist of Dale Peck going around telling everyone what their problem is. Visions and Revisions is about being gay and living through the "hothouse" period of AIDS, from the mid-1980s to the mid-1990s. It's full of previously pub-

lished chunks of journalism

in print? My word.)

and memoir that have been submerged in molten time, and then hardened and cooled into Literature. It's funny and full of sex, in addition to being sad and full of ghosts.

AIDS is the perfect subject for a born exaggerator like Peck. Tens of millions of people have died worldwide of AIDS. It's dumb to compare calamities, but in sheer numbers, it would take at least 200 $9/11\mathrm{s}$ to equal the number of Americans who've died of AIDS. Worldwide, it would take

more than 7,000 9/11s to equal the number of people who've died of AIDS. How do you exaggerate that? His instinct toward provocation, rather than being merely flashy, is productive, leading him to poke holes in all sorts of received wisdom. "Conservatives will tell you that it was, in fact, the sexual revolution that made AIDS possible, if not

inevitable," he writes, "but the truth of the matter is that people have always fucked in ways not sanctioned by political authority, and if you want to blame the plague on anyone—besides vour elected leaders—then blame the Wright brothers."

The AIDS crisis is also a perfect topic for Peck because he lived through it. He lived in New York City and gave "thirty or so hours of

my time each week" to the cause, appearing in "meetings and marches; at actions and demos; working phone trees; xeroxing and stapling flyers..." He marched in the street during the memorial service for the artist David Wojnarowicz. He was present when "the cremated remains of people who had died of AIDS were thrown over the fence that surrounded the Bush White House." He watched friends die—people he used to fuck, people he'd always hoped to fuck, fa-

mous artists, everyone. His reflections have the ability to show gay people what it was like to be alive then versus now, which is important for the younger generation, guys to whom "the AIDS crisis" means about as much as "the savings and loan crisis" means to my generation. (Nothing.) He's been grappling with death since his very first piece of writing—a short story he wrote after a dream he had about the "mysterious circumstances" surrounding his mother's death. She died when he was 3. His literary mind was calibrated toward visions.

There are flaws here or there in Visions and Revisions, for instance didactic statements like "HIV prevention requires more than theorizing, monitors, or laws: it requires condoms." That sentence was unquestionably true in 2013, when the book was written, but in 2015, it looks obviously dated. It's not true that HIV prevention "requires condoms," not in a world that contains PrEP, also known as Truvada, which prevents the transmission of HIV even among unprotected partners. But that's a small thing. By and large, Visions and Revisions is powerfully written and hard to criticize, an openhearted, vivid, funny book that pulls off the neat trick of being fearful and fearless simultaneously. And as I mentioned, the subject matter fits Peck's proneness toward exaggeration perfectly.

Continued on page 43



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◀ AIDS as a mortal crisis is beyond the realm of measured statements—so the guy who compared *Ulysses* to diarrhea in the *New Republic* is the man for the job.

In place of grandstanding and flamethrowing, Visions and Revisions gives us intense flashes of intimacy, revelations most writers wouldn't have the balls to put on paper. The former macho literary punk is now writing about his weaknesses and susceptibilities, his shortcomings and compulsions, and every one of his disclosures adds to his credibility. "It's not that I wanted to visit a sex club: I felt compelled to," he writes. "The gay identity I was adopting as both a man and a writer was epicurean, libertine, and quite possibly not good for me. In lieu of discrete acts of missionary monogamy, sex had become vertical, social, with innumerable partners coalescing and drifting apart in scenarios that could go on for hours, days even, though none of the players at the end might have been present at the beginning." When he describes the anonymous-sex-filled back room at Limelight, a New York City dance club, he's like a courtroom sketch artist, painting a scene we would otherwise never see. As he stands in the club:

Some hairy-chested dude with poppersglazed eyes pinches my nipple while someone else whose face I haven't really seen applies his mouth to my cock, and for a moment the scene is reduced to its physical parameters. My body; his—and his, and his. There's a dick in each of my hands. Wait, let me rephrase that: there's a dick in each of my hands! One goes with the hairy chest, but I'm not sure what the other's connected to. I

Wisions and

Visions and

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This is something you don't hear described much, something too intimate to talk about with most people, the kind of human truth that

sucking myself, but my

lips are chapped and the bottom one might have a

small cut, so no kissing for

me, let alone sucking.

cries out for literary treatment: that waver of worry in an HIV-negative gay man's mind about the small cut he "might" have. The "might" slays me—such was the state of anxiety among gay men in the 1980s and '90s that it included worrying about problems that didn't even exist.

That particular agony is starting to feel—faintly, finally—dated. Faintly. When AIDS was a death sentence, gay men were trapped in their own personal holocausts, lowercase h, to each a hell of himself, the sick shot through with shame, the well shot through with terror that any move might be fatal. Even a minor misstep vis-à-vis a cut on one's lip could result in being covered in purple taunts while one's insides turned terminal. In the hypothetical, that cut on the lower lip—that possible cut—becomes a portal to another world, a potential future, a future in which one is dving of AIDS. I have experienced this panic in life before, but I haven't experienced it many times in literature.

Nor has there been enough written about the fluid, ever-changing, medical-advances-dependent dance between HIV-negative guys and HIV-positive guys—a stigma within the gay community amplified by the stigma outside it. For the people who never got HIV and the people who survived it, there is also the question of guilt. "It's morbid," Peck writes after the scene with all those dicks in his hands, "but I can't help

wondering how many gay men went out for a night as equivocal as the one I just had and died for it."

Even though the subtitle of the book (Coming of Age in the Age of AIDS) makes it clear that this is an AIDS book, the first 50 pages are all about gay serial killers. The grim logic is clear—AIDS made "gay sex" connote "death"—but Peck takes the thought a step further, demonstrating the media's complicity in creating that connotation. "At some point during the 1970s or 1980s," he writes, "serial murder became a spectator sport, and gay serial killers, with their clueless wives and teenage accomplices, their necrophilia and cannibalism, their clown paintings and torture chambers... became America's favorite gladiators." That's a brilliant reconfiguration of the era—the heyday of lurid daytime talk shows, the era of politicians laughing at AIDS deaths, the age of pastors raking in money with snake-oil ex-gay schemes. Peck once told the New York Times that his favorite writer is Joan Didion, and her scent is everywhere, including in the scenes where Peck flies out to Milwaukee to see the bars where Jeffrey Dahmer picked up men. Here's a Didionesque gravity roll of a sentence describing signs Peck saw hanging in one of Dahmer's old haunts:

I found signs when I went to another bar, the Block, posted in the corner where sex, when it happened, happened, informing a crowd of men whose activities didn't seem much affected that, because of the serial killer, "reporters might be present."

us intense flashes

of intimacy,

revelations most

writers wouldn't

have the balls to

put on paper.

Charles Manson and Jim Jones make appearances in Didion's *The White Album*, but that was published in 1979. By the time Dahmer was eating people, Didion had moved on to presidents. One service the book provides is that fans of Joan Didion finally get to see what it might have sounded like if she ever did writing on Dahmer. It's not just her self-consciousness, her dry-

ness, and her wit that he channels, but also the way she has of bludgeoning the reader with a crucial unexpected phrase toward the end of a sentence. Here's Peck doing that very thing with Thomas Mulcahy, a closeted businessman murdered in New York City:

Though ostensibly in New York City to give a sales presentation on July 8, 1992, he went first, on July 7, to the Townhouse, a restaurant on the Upper East Side with a reputation as a hustler bar, and from there, at 11:30 pm, to an automated teller machine, and then, rather than return to his room at the Barbizon Hotel, he went at some unknown time with the person or persons who eventually dumped seven plastic garbage bags containing pieces of his body, and an eighth that contained his briefcase, along two highways in Ocean County, New Jersey.

The whiplash is impressive, the way the line itself jerks you back, makes you flinch: Though he was supposedly there for this reason, in fact he was dead before that reason could take place. That was written by someone who's digested a lot of Didion.

When Peck writes about a London serial killer who posed as a man interested in casual BDSM sex as a cover for a crime

Continued on page 45 \blacktriangleright









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OWN HALL CIVICS SCIENCE ARTS & CULTURE COMMUNITY

WWW.TOWNHALLSEATTLE.ORG TOWN HALL CIVICS SCIENCE ARTS & CULTURE COMMUNITY ◀ spree of torturing men to death, Peck demonstrates a pronounced (and profound) sensitivity to context. If he has to use his own body—and his own suite of sexual tastes—to get you to understand that fixating literally on the overlap between activities involved in BDSM and activities involved in torturing someone to death is just completely wrong, a category error, he will do it:

Unlike the New York murders, there was, for me, a sexual ambiguity in the London murders that wasn't based on race or youth but instead on a straightforward erotic affinity with both the killer and his real and potential victims, and this ambiguity, this affinity, checked my pen whenever I tried writing about what had happened. Exposing men who concealed themselves in a costume of leather or rubber or military uniform or skin regalia to set themselves apart not just from the average straight person or the average gav person but, if only for a few hours, their average, everyday selves in order to engage in a stylized pick-up and sexual ritual that might involve blindfolds, gags, bondage, roleplaying, pissing, shitting, bloodletting, fistfucking, asphyxiation, and no small amount of pain—open palms, closed fists, boots, belts, crops, whips, clamps, needles, brands—meant writing about things that I had done or might do, and that I did to distinguish myself from "average" straight people and "average" gay people and my "average" everyday self. It meant taking a specialbecause-secret activity and exposing it, thus robbing it, at least temporarily, of secrecy and distinction. It meant admitting to reporters from the Sunday Times that there are in fact many things gay men who "practice sadomasochism" do in bed that leave them open to attack, if the person they have gone home with happens to be a murderer. And in the process of trying to explain in rational terms an irrational activity, it meant feeling more than a little silly.

And speaking of silliness: There's also humor in Visions and Revisions. I don't think it's too crazy to assume Peck is taking a page from Edmund White's book here. White is the author of, among other things, a masterpiece of an AIDS novel called \overline{The} Farewell Symphony—which is amazing in part because of how little it dwells on AIDS. It's a tour de force of anecdotal hilarious ness dwelling on everything but AIDS. White once told an interviewer for the Guardian that the humor in The Farewell Symphony was "a means of disarming the reader and softening him up for the kill. [Humor] seemed to me a way of getting 'round people's quite natural defenses. If you announce from the beginning you're writing an AIDS book, then people just don't get around to reading that book."

Peck gets around readers' defenses with asides like this:

When I got crabs when I was thirty-five, I was like, I can't believe you waited so long! They made quite an entrance though—I discovered them on the plane back from Barcelona. Sorry, Delta!

Throughout the book, he upends taboos with glee, like the scene where he talks about getting aroused while getting an STD checkup:

When my doctor's office took a swab, the Q-tip in my urethra was less uncomfortable than the effort to avoid an erection while the hot nurse practitioner "milked" my penis to push what little discharge there was toward the tip.

If that seems shocking to you, well, there's a whole lineage of scenes like that in gay literature, the best of which is probably in *The Farewell Symphony* itself. Here's the narrator, a stand-in for White, going to get an STD treated and describing what happened next:

I'd contracted gonorrhea in my penis. After the doctor gave me two horse shots of penicillin, which he stuck me with as painfully as possible, he said, "Wanna fuck me now?"

"But I've got the clap!" I protested.

"I'll give myself a shot as soon as
we're finished." He dropped his pants
but did not remove his white doctor's
smock or stethoscope. The strange setting and kinky situation excited me as I
climbed onto the examining table behind
his bare, lean ass. I caught a glimpse
of his legendarily big penis, which had
never been seen erect. It dangled, as did
his stethoscope, on the table.

When White was pressed by that Guardian interviewer about his view that AIDS books ought to be funny, he explained that AIDS literature has "become awfully kitschy—all those terrible plays by Larry Kramer and Tony Kushner, with angels and lovers who have deathbed marriages." The Normal Heart and Angels in America are sacred cows to Peck, beyond criticism. White is happy to slaughter them.

White's slights strike me as edgier comments on literature than anything Peck might have said in his meanest review. After all, White himself has HIV and counts several AIDS deaths among his closest lovers. Meanwhile, Peck genuflects at the feet of Kramer and Kushner. Visions and Revisions refers to Angels in America as "the most significant literary response to the AIDS epidemic" in existence, and it calls Kramer "the only man I have ever known whom I consider a hero." Peck has his reverences, it turns out, along with his incapacities and blind spots, like everyone else

The best moments in *Visions and Revisions* come when Peck's punchy genius fails, when a ghost suddenly steps into his writing room, when the know-it-all puts down his sword and admits he doesn't know how to say what he wishes he could say. Here he is starting to tell you about someone he knew who died of AIDS and then catching himself, stopping himself, unsure of himself:

I remember this one time... Fuck. That's how you talk about dead people, isn't it, after the emotions have dulled and the specifics faded. After twenty-three years have gone by. "I remember this one time," you say, knowing that at the time it hadn't been an "experience" of a memory, let alone a symbol. It had been life. Yours. Theirs.

This is a writer stabbing at writing itself. He's lamenting writing's power to reduce people. That is not the same problem with writing that Joan Didion built *The White Album* around, although it's not unrelated. Didion wrote about stories never being true, about the false narratives and false redemptions writing creates. A story can't *help* but reduce someone to particulars, Peck is saying, but in light of someone who is no longer alive, someone who no longer gets to be, reduction to a few particulars is unacceptable. And yet we reduce. We tell stories. We tell ourselves stories in order to live.



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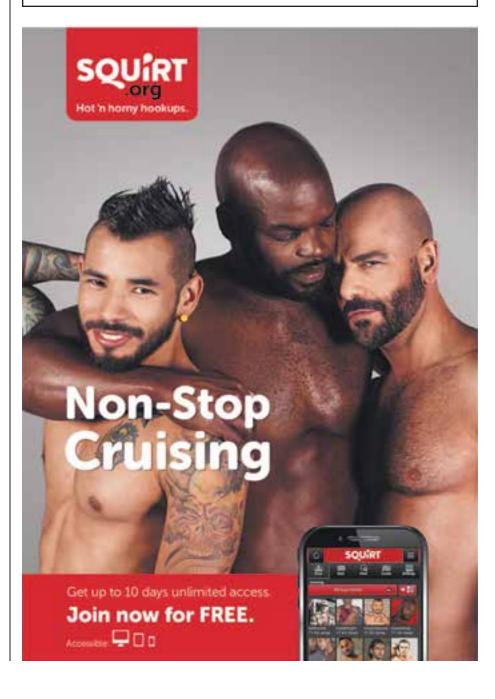
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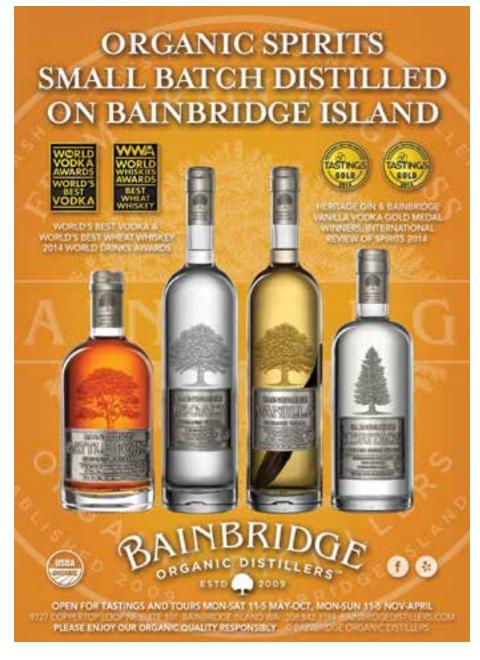


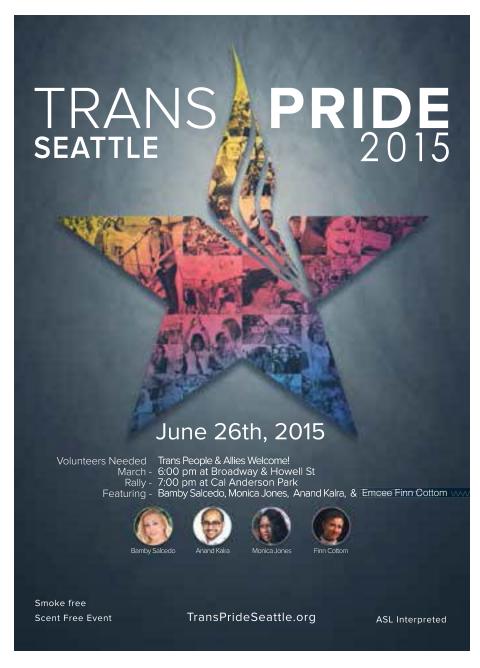
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YES, I'M STILL ON PREP, AND YES, I STILL THINK OF IT AS A GODSEND

Seriously, Why Are More Gay Men Not Taking PrEP? And Why Has the Straight Community Practically Never Heard of It?

By Evan J. Peterson

HIV—and the

anxieties it

inspires—won't

stop me from

bonding with

someone new,

however I choose

to do that.

few weeks ago, I met a guy at Shade in Seattle. We chatted about books, Vonnegut in particular, and then we kissed for a while. When I found out he was only visiting Seattle for the weekend, I suggested he come home with me. He withdrew a bit and said, "Well, I should let you know. I'm poz."

I leaned in and said, "We're in luck. I'm on PrEP."

Bingo. We talked a bit more about other STIs, recent tests, etc. when we got to my house, and then we had a lovely time.

This is exactly why I take Truvada pills as PrEP (pre-exposure prophylaxis): I can make sure HIV—and the anxieties it inspires—won't stop me from bonding with someone new, however I choose to do that.

However, since my essay in The Stranger last fall, "The Case for PrEP, or How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love HIV-Positive Guys," new concerns have arisen. My greatest concern is not whether Truvada works; I believe it does, especially when reinforced with condom use.

I'm most concerned about the widespread ignorance about the very

existence of PrEP. While gay men, at least in urban areas, have caught on to PrEP's effectiveness, straight people commonly remain oblivious to the treatment. I've talked with science teachers, Peace Corps volunteers just back from treating HIV in Africa, and health-care workers here in Seattle, and they've had no clue about PrEP.

How is this possible? How can there finally be an HIV-prevention method that is $99\ \mathrm{percent}$ effective when taken daily, and most people haven't heard of it? It's more reliable and arguably easier to use than condoms. It's covered by many insurance providers, with coverage supplemented by newly emerging drug-assistance programs (including one here in Washington State, along with one from the drug's manufacturer, Gilead). PrEP is even endorsed by the World Health Organization and the US Centers for Disease Control and Prevention.

It's as though we're living in a post-HIV world, yet we haven't cured the virus. Much like the ludicrous idea that the recent victories for same-sex marriage signal the end of homophobia, there's a mostly unspoken sentiment that if people aren't dying en masse from AIDS, then HIV isn't a problem. Queer and straight people alike have lapsed into a

lull in caring about the disease.

Part of this is generational. People in their mid 30s and younger have grown up in a world in which HIV has always been with us, like any other common but "preventable" hazard—like drunk-driving accidents. It wasn't a sneak-attack plague that turned our worlds inside out. Now that advancements in treatment have ensured that HIV is no longer a death sentence when treated carefully, it's easy for many to disregard HIV.

2015

Even many members of the medical profession are unfamiliar with the use of Truvada as a daily pre-exposure treatment. When I called my insurance provider's consulting nurse service about flu-like symptoms, the nurse encouraged me not to rule out seroconversion (i.e., becoming

HIV-positive), even though I assured her that I had taken Truvada religiously for six months, had not had sex in more than a month, and tested negative for HIV two weeks prior. A nurse has to be cautious, of course, but I got the impression that she really didn't understand the nature of PrEP. I eventually found out that my chart lists "exposure to HIV," leading one friend to joke that I have

the word "slut" written in red across my file. While this joke makes light of prejudice against both promiscuous people and HIVpositive people, it hits the exact nature of the lingering distrust of PrEP. Simply put, there's still a widespread prejudice among LGBT and straight folks alike that the people who contract HIV somehow bring it on themselves. After ignorance about the drug, the greatest barrier to more common usage of PrEP is a belief that taking it announces a surrender to sexual recklessness.

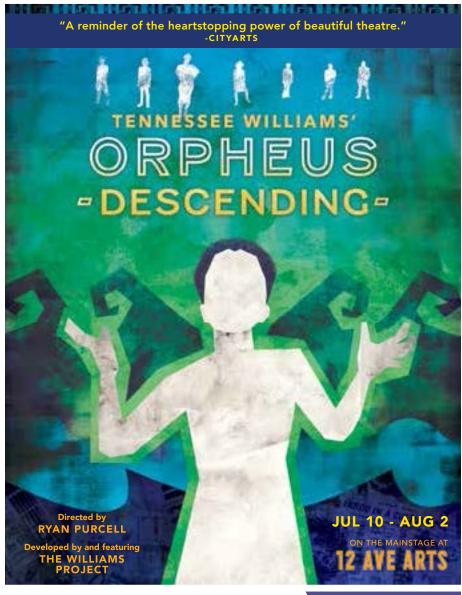
This is berserk.

Taking PrEP is precisely an act of responsibility for sexual health. The idea that using Truvada indicates some sort of "failure" to use other methods of HIV prevention is dangerous hogwash. Not everyone needs to rush out and get a prescription, but for those of us who have HIV-positive partners or frequent new partners, it's a godsend.

I have no idea how long I'll stay on Truvada. Right now, I need it. I'm single, I'm definitely not abstinent, and I refuse to reject anyone simply because of worries about HIV. I have more peace of mind and increased confidence because of PrEP. I wish you the same, however you come by it.

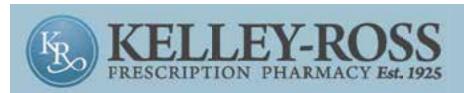








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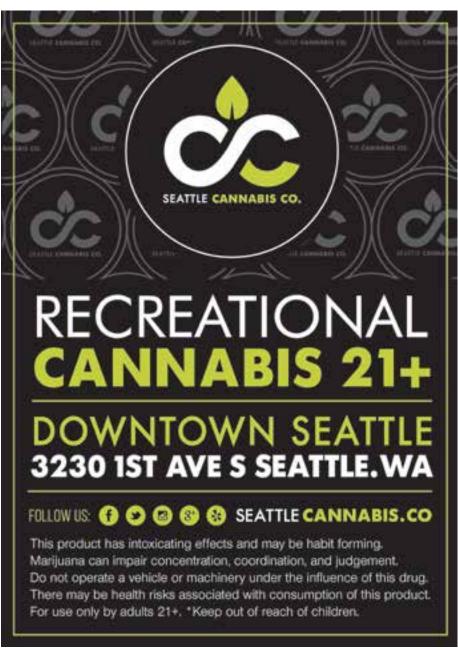
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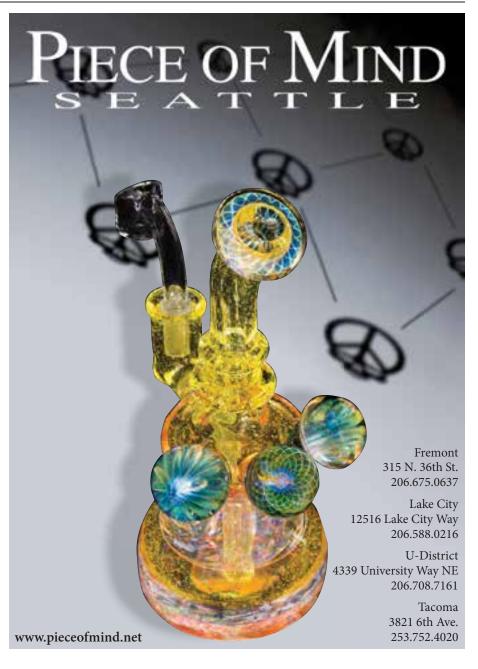
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"SO YOU REPRODUCE LIKE A STARFISH?"

And Other Misconceptions About Asexuality

By Katie Allison

ow our culture thinks and talks about gender and sexuality has evolved a lot in recent years. The marriage-equality dominoes are falling fast, more and more transgender people are telling their stories, and homophobic bullying is being addressed in schools nationwide. While we still have a long way to go, we've made extraordinary progress in the last decade.

But as it becomes more accepted to be attracted to men, women, genderqueer people, or all of the above, we're still only starting to talk about "none of the above," or asexuality.

Put simply, asexuality is a lack of sexual attraction to anyone. Asexual people can experience romantic attraction (or not), have high or low libidos, and identify as any gender. Though very little research on the subject exists at this point, one large-scale study estimated that 1 percent of people are asexual. That equates to about 70 million people worldwide, all essentially invisible in pop culture and discussions of sexuality.

Erin is a 26-year-old asexual woman who was gracious enough to share some of her experiences and perceptions with The Stranger, along with some misconceptions she'd like to clear up. She grew up in a liberal area, with parents and a community who she knew would support her if she were gay, but for a long time she had no idea there were any other possibilities. "I had been trying to fit into the norm of being a teen, dating and figuring out whether I fit into the two categories that were generally accepted at the time (straight or gay)," Erin wrote in an email. "Any romantic relationships I had felt pretend, and the few times I actually dated, I was left feeling upset, depressed, and generally gross. I didn't enjoy kissing or talking about boys or girls."

As her peers became increasingly preoccupied with sex and dating, Erin started to worry that something was wrong with her. A friend's offhand joke was her first introduction to the term "asexual," and she immediately started researching it. She soon found the website AVEN (Asexual Visibility and Education Network), and things started to make sense. "Finding out that I was not broken or 'just a late bloomer' was a big deal for me," she says. "Right now, society is more likely to tell you that you just haven't found the right person or that you are gay and in denial, or ask you if you had a horrible past sexual experience, rather than accept what you are.'

Experiences like Erin's will be familiar to a lot of queer people: expecting your life to follow a certain "normal" narrative, worrying something is wrong with you when it doesn't, feeling alienated from friends to whom it comes naturally. Whether asexuals are part of the queer community has been a topic of disagreement, but more people are

starting to sav ves.

In a 2013 Huffington Post article, AVEN founder David Jay was optimistic about the progress toward asexual inclusion, saying: "We've been getting really powerful support from [the LGBT community]. As movements, we really have a lot to contribute to one another."

An important part of increasing asexual visibility and acceptance is clearing up some common misconceptions:

Asexuality is the same as celibacy. Nope! Asexuality is an orientation, while celibacy is a behavior, and not all asexuals are celibate.

It's probably a hormone problem or other physical malady. False! The available research indicates that asexuals go through normal puberty, their hormone levels are healthy, and even their physical arousal responses are similar to those of sexual people.

Asexuals are just immature or scared of sex. Insulting! There are asexuals of all ages, including many who (surprise!) have had sex or are in happily sexual relationships, and dismissing their orientation as immaturity is deeply disrespectful. Erin says, "People seem to think that because I

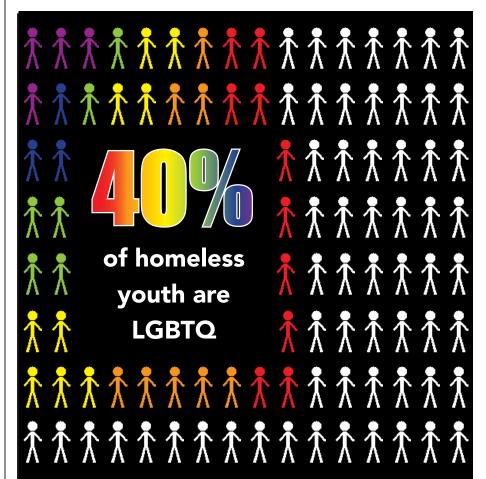
do not experience sexual attraction, I am somehow innocent or simple, like a child." She's frustrated by having to struggle to be taken seriously.

As we start to talk more about asexuality, it's important to remember that just like any other orientation or gender identity, you don't have to understand it to respect it. Even if

it doesn't make sense to you, remember the thousands of people with stories like Erin's who've been through years of pain and confusion suddenly clarified by learning about asexuality.

I asked Erin what she would say to any young person who's wondering if they might be asexual. "Coming out as asexual is difficult because it is so underrepresented and misunderstood," she says.

"People have a hard time understanding that someone can just not be interested in sex, because it has been thought of as a natural part of being human. I would like to tell my younger self not to worry, you don't need to be stressed out about not understanding when others talk about crushes or who is hot. I would like to tell anyone questioning their sexuality not to worry about labeling yourself unless it feels right... You are the only person who knows how you feel. Don't ever feel pressured into coming out no matter your orientation. If someone comes out to you as any orientation, please understand that they have shown lots of courage to do so, and be respectful if you don't understand or have questions." ■



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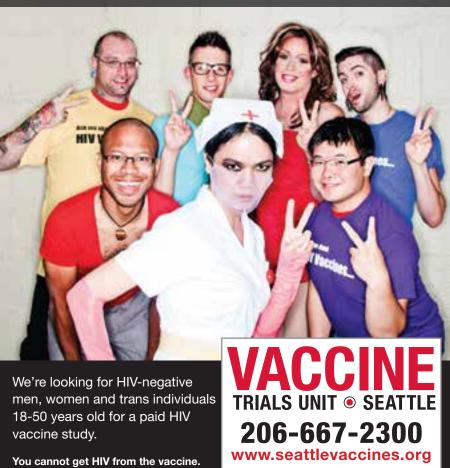
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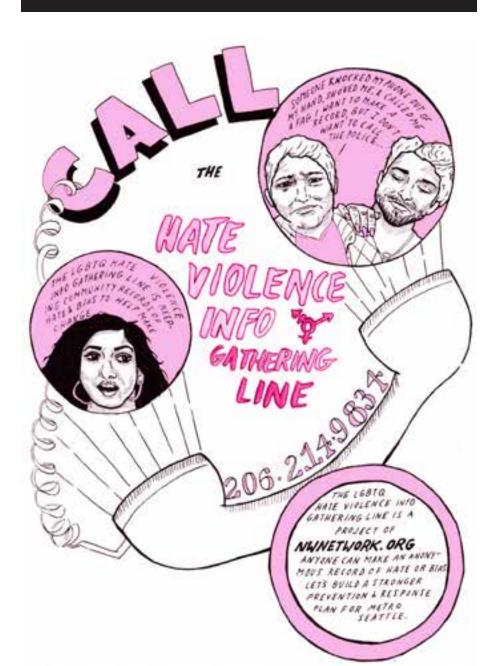
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WED 6/24

All the Letters in the Rainbow: LGBTQI Writers Pride Month Showcase

It's Pride month! Hear from LGBTQI writers, including celebrated Seattle poet Sarah Galvin, former Made at Hugo House fellow poet Matthew Schnirman, Hugo House instructor poet Anastacia Tolbert, and Lambda Award-winning memoirist Mattilda Sycamore. Hugo House, 1634 11th Ave, hugohouse.org,

★ Arthaus Final Battle Royale

free, 7 pm.

The final Arthaus—see which house reigns notorious. Featuring performances by none other than Purple Crush from LA, as well as Ursula Major and DieAna Dae, plus tunes by DJ Ozma Otacava. The winner tonight will get a spot of prominence in the Pride Parade and on the Qulture Qreative stage at PrideFest. Kremwerk, 1809 Minor Ave #10, 8 pm-2 am.

★ Bloodlust

Pony's Bloodlust night focuses on the darker and sexier end of the spectrum, with goth and new wave reigning supreme. Plus, it's Pride week, so expect extra-heavy dollops of blood and lust. Pony, 1221 E Madison St, ponyseattle. com, free.

★ Gender Blender

Featuring Adore Delano, Miss Fame, and Violet Chachki of RuPaul's Drag Race fame, and hosted by BenDeLaCreme, this is the "big gay sucker punch of the year" and a fundraiser for the indispensable Gay City Health Project. There will also be portraits from Michael Horwitz, DJs Rob Winter & Shelrawka, and, obviously, go-go dancers. Neighbours, 1509 Broadway, neighboursnightclub.com, \$35/\$70 VIP, 9 pm.

Julia's Queen of the Brunch Drag Show

Brunch starts at noon, and starting at 2 p.m., Kristie Champagne hosts the show, themed after the Broadway musical *Priscilla* and featuring lots of '80s disco tunes. *Julia's Restaurant, 300 Broadway E, juliasrestaurantseattle.com, \$20/\$30 VIP, through June 28, noon.*

Newlywed Game with Pride

Go play the Pride edition of the Newlywed Game at South Seattle mainstay Maxim's. Maxim's, 5608 Rainier Ave S, free, 7 pm.

★ PFFF: Pridefest Film Festival

With events happening at Central Cinema, Northwest Film Forum, SIFF Cinema Egyptian, and even the Pacific Science Center laser dome (Gayzer Laser, for real). Individual tickets are also available. Various locations, across Capitol Hill, \$30 (series pass), through June 27.

Pozseattle Monthly Social

One of two monthly gatherings presented by POZSeattle, an organization that plans and promotes events for HIV-positive men in the Seattle area. C. C. Attle's, 1701 E Olive Way, pozseattle.com, \$3 suggested donation (no one turned away), 6-8 pm.

Pride Burlesque

Amy Bodnar leads a burlesque fitness class in celebration of Pride week. No experience necessary, all clothing and genders welcome. Belltown Community Centre, 415 Bell St, \$5, 6-7:30 pm.

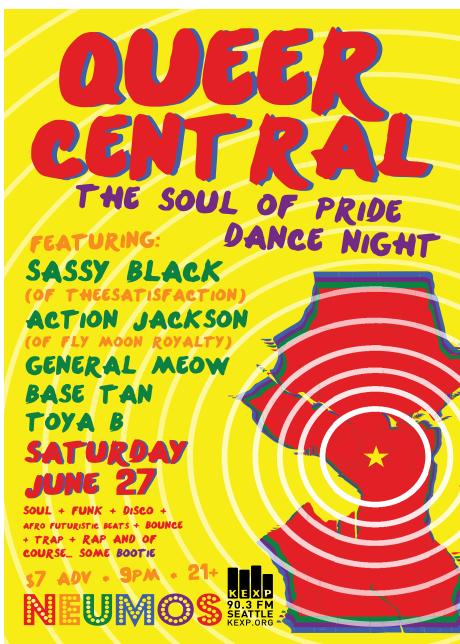
R Place Pride

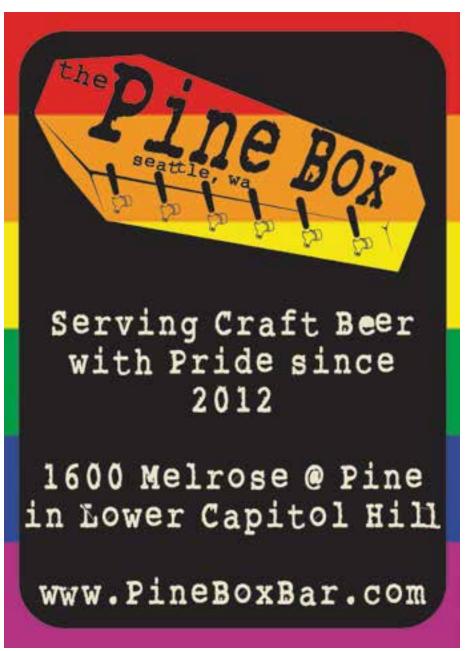
Don't throw no shade, as RuPaul's Drag Race stars Jujubee, Kennedy Davenport, and Wendy Ho drop by R Place to help you get your Pride on. R Place, 619 E Pine St, 726-1824, rplaceseattle.com, June 25-27, \$25/\$45 VIP, 9:30 pm.

THURS 6/25

★ Bearracuda Seattle

Sounding like some sort of cheapo SyFy Channel monster movie, Bearracuda is in fact a big ol' Pride party at Re-Bar, featuring Vancouver's DJ G-Luve







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Bianca Del Rio's **Rolodex of Hate**

The Queen of Mean returns for Seattle Pride with her trademark mix of camp, cabaret, and stand-up comedy. SIFF Cinema Egyptian, 801 E Pine St, siff.net, \$20-\$100, 9:30 pm.

Gender*Fierce Youthopolis Edition: Queer Youth Variety **Show & Awards** Ceremony

The Young Pride kickoff party features a queer youth variety show and C89.5 DJs. 12th Avenue Arts, 1620 12th Ave, 12avearts. org, 8 pm.

★ The Juan Maclean [DFA]:: Stiffed Gav Disco

As Dave Segal puts it so eloquently in this week's Data Breaker column: "One assumes [Maclean will] bring this [poporiented] aesthetic to his DJ set for Pride Weekend at Kremwerk's Stiffed night, while adding überhedonistic disco flavor-and then cranking everything into overdrive. Plus DJs Riz Rollins, Derek Pavone, perfomance by Adé, with GoGos Keegan & Timmy. 4-9 pm patio pre-funk. Kremwerk, 1809 Minor Ave #10, \$10-\$20, 9 pm.

Lights Out

Kick off the long, long weekend of Pride with Steamworks' Lights Out, a night of cruising that kicks off at 4 p.m. and goes all the way to 4 the next morning. Steamworks, 1520 Summit Ave, steamworksonline.com/Seattle,

Rock Lobster

It's Pride '80s style, with hostess Roxy Doll and DJ Trent Von spinning those synth-saturated hits and storied synth-pop group Book of Love playing live! Neighbours, 1509 Broadway, neighboursnightclub.com, \$10, Thurs June 25 at 9 pm.

Seattle Storm Pride Party

Seattle Storm versus Minnesota Lynx, featuring Tacoma native and former The Voice contestant Vicci Martinez, who will perform the national anthem. Plus \$3 beer during 5:30 p.m. happy hour and music by DJ Ricki Leigh. KeyArena, 305 Harrison St, keyarena.com, \$10-\$85, 5:30-9 pm.

Sissy: The **Fempowerment Party**

Celebrating fem guys as "desirable and powerful beings," Sissy seeks to empower "gay men who have felt marginalized or turned away from the gay community" due to their effeminacy. A noble goal, and a fun one, with DJs Kobalt Severa and Spaceotter spinning the hits. Re-bar, 1114 Howell St, rebarseattle.com, \$10, 9 pm.

Suburban Relapse!

A night of punk, riot grrrl, no wave, and industirla, with Mr. Sister and K-Kost on the decks and Cucci Banacca hostessing. There will be go go studs in attendance as well, never fear. Pony, 1221 E Madison St, ponyseattle. com, \$5 after 8 pm

★ Totally Gay Sing Along

Created in observation of PrideFest, this compilation of material was sourced from diverse locations, but rest assured: It is all extremely gay. Club Tropicana is just the tip of the gay iceberg. Central Cinema, 1411 21st Ave, central-cinema. com, \$12/\$14, 8 pm.

FRI 6/26

1960S Tiki Bar

Tiki lounge grooves spun all night, with proceeds going to Lambert House. Changes Tavern, 2103 N 45th St, changesinwallingford. com, 9 pm.

Books on Bikes at **Trans Pride Seattle**

Members of the Seattle Public Library's Books on Bikes team will be at Trans Pride Seattle as a full-service library. Cal Anderson Park, 1635 11th Ave, 6-9 pm.

Bootie Seattle: Madonna Mashup Night

Mixing and matching every musical genre, era, and style into one big dance party where everyone feels welcome, Bootie "provides the soundtrack for the A.D.D. generation." Tonight, it's 'mo favorite Madonna getting the mashup treatment. Neumos, 925 E Pike St, neumos.com, \$10,

Dickslap!

There's no way to top the description of this event as provided by the organizers, which characterizes this as an evening of "free beard rubs, slick hands and magical dancing gogo men, where the iello shots seem to just shoot themselves down your throat, and the sounds of the discotheque parade around and intoxicate you until you finally wake up from the dream, potentially next to someone you don't remember. Got it?" Got it. The Eagle, 314 E Pike St, seattleeagle.com, 9 pm-3 am.

DJ Night

Cuff hosts rotating DJs every Friday and Saturday night, y'all, and you're guaranteed to hear a little something special for Pride. Cuff, 1533 13th Ave, 323-1525, cuffcomplex.com, free, June 26-27, 10 pm.

The totally gay Pride edition with DJ Res! Vermillion, 1508 11th Ave, free, 9 pm.

Follow You Everywhere

Comedian Georgia Ragsdale explores her Texas roots in a quirky, poignant childhood to coming-of-age theatrical memoir. Set in suburban Houston in the 1960s and 1970s. 12th Avenue Arts, 1620 12th Ave, 12avearts. org, \$30, June 26-28.

Gay as Fuck

The inaugural Gay as Fuck party takes over the Unicorn and Narwhal, with proceeds going toward the #KILLMETH founda tion. Unicorn, 1118 E Pike St, unicornseattle.com, \$8.50, 9 pm.

Glsen's Fifth Annual

Youth Pride DanceFor LGBTQ youth, friends, and allies age 21 and younger. Hosted by DonnaTella Howe. Beach theme, creative dress encouraged. Pre-registration is required! Belltown Community Centre, 415 Bell St, free, 7-11

Le Faux Show

A Las Vegas-style production of Britney, Cher, Ke\$ha, Celine Dion, Rihanna, Nicki Minaj, J-Lo, Madonna, and, of course, Lady Gaga, plus many more concertlike performances from the queens in residence. Every Friday and Saturday at 10 p.m. Julia's Restaurant, 300 Broadway E, 860-1818, juliasrestaurantse-

Outwest's Pride Underwear Party

West Seattle's premier gay bar, OutWest, is throwing itself a bumping and grinding underwear party in honor of Pride, with video DJ Andy handling lights, videos, and tunes. OutWest, 5401 California Ave SW, free, 8:30 pm.

Rock for Pride

A battle of the bands benefiting Social Outreach Seattle, Rock for Pride judges contestants on the following criteria, so pay attention: musicality, ability to promote, crowd response, and social justice message. Winners are awarded a cool grand. Studio Seven, 110 S Horton, studioseven.us, 6 pm.

★ Seattle Women's Armwrestling Tournament

Watch S.W.A.T. women go armto-arm in a special Pride edition of the arm wrestling extravaganza! Mobius Cycle, 207 South Horton, mobiuscycle.com, \$15, 7-10 pm.

Shade, Ill Camino, Gossip Cat, and Riff-Raff

Three words: "Opulent Queer Empire." I have no idea who or what Shade is, but that is what's promised tonight at the Highline. Highline, 210 Broadway E. highlineseattle.com, \$10, 9 pm.

Suburban Relapse!

A night of punk, riot grrrl, no wave, and industrial, with Mr. Sister and K-Kost on the decks and Cucci Banacca hostessing. There will be go go studs in attendance as well, never fear. Pony, 1221 E Madison St, ponyseattle. com, \$5 after 8 pm.

Super Square

You can expect "expressive melodies and pop savvy hooks" from this EDM trio, who've been blowing up clubs all over the map. Neighbours, 1509 Broadway, neighboursnightclub.com, \$10,

Too Many Creeps! Pride Edition

Too Many Creeps gets its pride on, with go-go dancers in tow, plus drink specials and "a special guest DJ." Chop Suey, 1325 E Madison St, chopsuey.com, \$5,

Trans* Pride Seattle

Trans* Pride March assembles at 5 p.m. and steps off at 6 p.m. from the north end of Seattle Central College. It's immediately followed by a celebration in Cal Anderson Park, featuring speakers and performers from 7 p.m. to 10 p.m. Seattle Central College, 1701 Broadway, transprideseattle.org. free, 5-10 pm.

Trans* Pride After-Party: Big Dipper and Tony Burns

Big Dipper and Tony Burns keep the Trans Pride going at Kremwerk's after-party. Benefit

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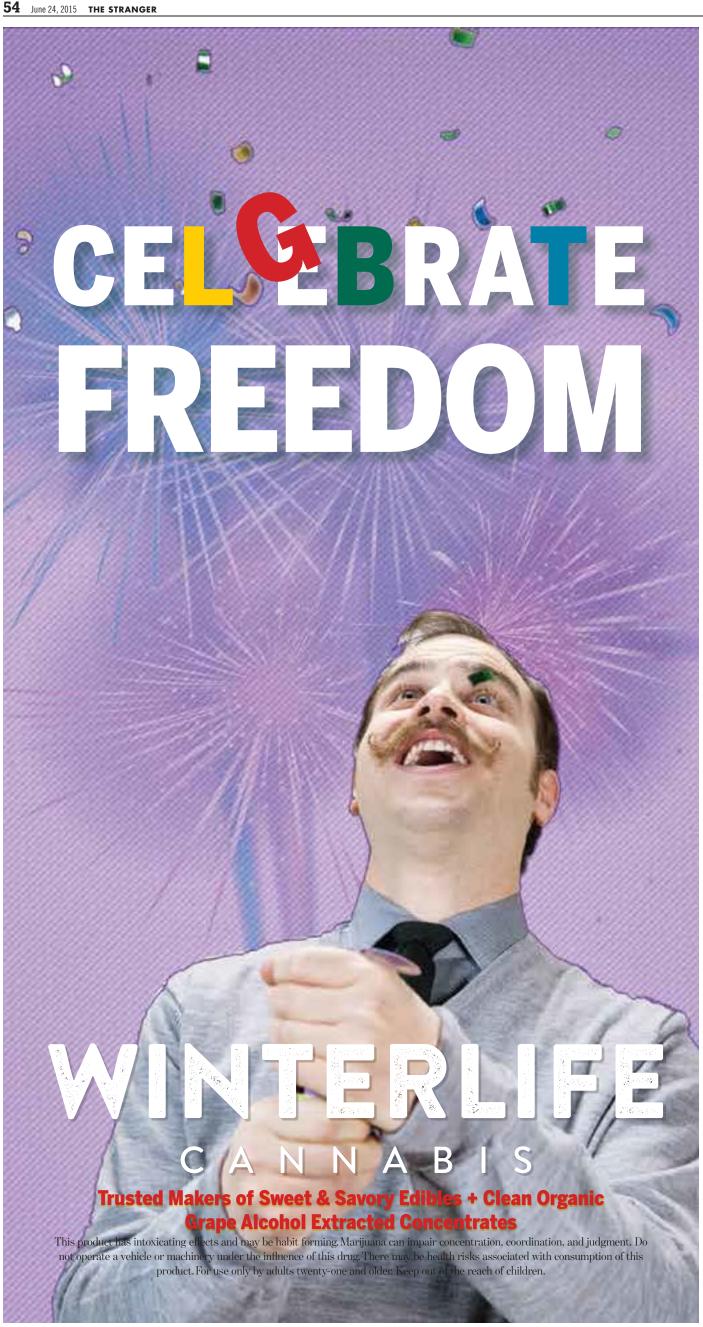
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EVENT SCHEDULE



pridefest film festival june 23-27

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trans* pride fri june 26



pridefest capitol hill cal anderson/11th ave sat june 27

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pride parade sun june 28



<u>june 28</u>

MAIN STAGE (SOUTH FOUNTAIN LAWN) hosted by: Aleksa Manila noon-1:30 DJ Tony Burns 1:45-1:55 Fir4Pride (Gold's) 2:05-2:20 Carla Rossi & Alexis Campbell 2:20-2:40 AMANDA LEPORE 2:40-2:50 Cheer Seattle 3:00-3:35 FIY MOON ROYALTY 3:40-4:00 SHANGELA 4:00-4:10 Keynote and National Anthem 4:10-5:00 MIMOSAS WITH MAMA 5:00-5:10 "We are 100" World Record 5:15-5:35 Seattle Ladies Choir 5:45-6:20 Lovecitylove 6:30-7:00 Team Heartbreak

FOUNTAIN/DJ STAGE (NORTH FOUNTAIN LAWN)
Hosted by: Boulet Brothers (2-6:30pm)
noon-1:00 Kid Amiga
1:00-2:00 Dana Dub
2:00-3:00 MENS CLUB SS
3:00-4:00 Almond Brown
4:00-5:00 KIM ANH/KISS OFF TAKEOVER
5:00-6:00 Julie Herrera
6:00-7:00 BLOW PONY
7:00-8:00 Richard J Dalton & Guest

MURAL STAGE (at Mural Amphitheatre)
12:20 Jeremiah Clark
1:00 Sliver's Bap Mathachine Social
1:35 Chelsea Uniqorn
2:00 Velo & Kitty Kitty Bang Bang
2:35 Neka & Khalo
3:00 Edna Vasquez
3:35 Ehel Merman Experience
4:00 BIG DIPPER
5:00 KATEY RED
DJs in between sets: Mary Charming & K

DJs in between sets: Mary Charming & Kasio Smashio Hosts: Carla Rossi & Alexis Campbell Starr Intermission Host: Madame Dumoor

pridefest.org



for Gender Justice League; 21 and up only! Kremwerk, 1809 Minor Ave #10, strangertickets. com, \$10-\$15, 9 pm.

★ Turn Back the Dial

Diverse Harmony finishes their 13th season with a throwback to "our high school days in the 1970s and '80s. From field trips, to holidays, to school dances, Diverse Harmony will rekindle your love for decades lost." Broadway Performance Hall, 1625 Broadway, \$20, 7:30 pm.

Twink Pride

Neighbours celebrates all things skinny and lithe. Neighbours Underground, 1509 Broadway, neighboursnightclub.com, June 26-28.

★ White Party

Live performances by *The L Word*'s God-des & She starting at 9:30 p.m. Local DJ Almond Brown takes the booth at 11 p.m. followed by national White Party circuit DJ Tristan Jaxx. Additional performances throughout the night by local drag queens and artists: Atasha Manila, Jessica Paradisco, Skylar Sweetheart, and Brook Lynn Bradshaw. Baltic Room, 1207 Pine St, thebalticroom.net, \$25/\$125 VIP, 9 pm.

★ Wildrose Pride 2015

The venerable Wildrose hosts a three-day Pride extravaganza, with burlesque, bands, a photo booth, burlesque, five bars, and did we mention burlesque, all in the double-entendrific "Bush Gardens" patio. Also a Shake Your Booty contest on Friday night, between the very specific times of 10:20 and 10:50 p.m. Wildrose, 1021 E Pike St, thewildrosebar.com, June 26-28.

SAT 6/27

17th Annual Rainbow **Health Fair**

The Rainbow Health Fair, which is part of the YWCA of Seattle, offers traditional and holistic health services and education from culturally competent providers to lesbian, bisexual, and queer women and genderqueer and transgender people, especially those with limited access to care. All Pilgrims Church, 500 Broadway E, allpilgrims.org, free,

2nd Annual Pride **Patio Party**

noon-4 pm.

A flamingo patio party with all-day drink specials, including rainbow Jell-O shots and frozen boozy Arnold Palmers, plus snacks like street corn, tacos, and fried goodies. "Margaritas will flow like a glitter river." Bait Shop, 606 Broadway E, baitshopseattle. com, no cover, 11-2 am.

★ Annual Pride Cruise

Presented by Nark Magazine, "it's the annual dudes cruise out on the water, a full bar and two dance floors, sunshine and jockstraps ahoy!" Islander Boat Cruise, 1611 Fairview Ave E, \$25, 2-6 pm.

Beach Party

The beach party continues at Changes, with go-go dancers and tiki-lounge tunes all night. Changes Tavern, 2103 N 45th St, changesinwallingford.com,

Bounce-A-Holiks Brunch

Billing itself as "the ORIGINAL house music brunch," June brings the Pride edition of Bounce-A-Holiks, featuring DJs Joey Webb, Julie Herrera, Mz ArTiz, Robby Clark, Spaceotter, and Trinitron. The Blu Grouse, 412 S Orcas St, theblugrouse.com, free, noon.

★ Capitol Hill Pride Fest

A whole day of Pride-related fun in Cal Anderson, with dance workshops, prom dress rugby (sure, why not), food, and more. with "adult fun time" between 11th and Pine featuring music and booze, too! Cal Anderson Park, 1635 11th Ave, free, 1 pm.

Capitol Hill Pride Festival March & Rally

"Never Forget" 1969 Stonewall civic march begins at 10 a.m. from the Seattle Central Community College campus to Harrison Street. The festival follows, from 11 a.m. to 11 p.m., and includes live entertainment such as Revisit Steppenwolf, a

Doggie Drag Costume Contest, Rainbow Light Art Walk, and Broadway's Got Talent contest. Main stage is at Broadway and East Harrison Street. Various locations, across Capitol Hill, capitolhillpridefestival.info, 10 am-11 pm.

Dance Yourself Clean—Pride Edition

Long-running dance night Dance Yourself Clean throws itself a very special Pride edition. The more you know. Chop Suey, 1325 E Madison St, chopsuey.com, free before 10 pm/\$5 after, 9 pm.

Dickslap Afterparty

Hit up Steamworks after Dickslap for a steamy after-party with DJ Rob Winter spinning from 10 p.m. till 2 a.m. Steamworks, 1520 Summit Ave, steamworksonline. com/Seattle.

Dignity/Seattle's 27th Annual Pride Weekend Breakfast

Complementing the menu for this annual pancake breakfast are scrambled eggs, sausage, watermelon, coffee, tea, and orange juice. Proceeds from the event will benefit many charitable organizations, which in past years have included Bailey-Boushay House, Rosehedge/Multi-Faith Works, Lifelong AIDS Alliance, Pride ASIA, and others. Breakfast is "free for the homeless and those unable to afford." Central Lutheran Church, 1710 11th Ave, \$7, 8 am-noon.

★ Gayzer Laser **Light Show**

Three Dollar Bill Cinema presents a Seattle Pride-themed visual explosion featuring songs from LGBT films, queer icons, and artists from past and present. Laser Dome @ Pacific Science Center, 200 Second Ave E, seattlelaserdome.com, \$7-\$10, June 27-28 at 6:30 pm.

Julia's Pride Street Party

A street party along all of Broadway! Julia's will feature a huge patio with food and drink specials and a stage presenting local drag talent along with Le Faux celebrity impersonators. Julia's Restaurant, 300 Broadway E, juliasrestaurantseattle.com, free, noon-10 pm.

KEXP Pride Party

Celebrate Pride "where the music matters." KEXP DJs Riz, El Toro, Larry Rose, and Alex will spin. And yes, the 5 Point Cafe will host a pig roast again! Tilikum Place, 2701 Fifth Ave, no cover, 5-8 pm.

Kiss Off

It's ladies' night at Kremwerk, with a Pride edition of Kiss Off featuring internationally renowned DJ Kim Anh on the decks. Kremwerk, 1809 Minor Ave #10.

Luciana

Luciana, "the queen of electro," is here to cure what ails you with her nu-wave ways. Neighbours Underground, 1509 Broadway, neighboursnightclub.com, at 9

Mandate, Aeon Fux. and Sassyblack

A Pride show at Seattle's hippest auto repair shop, with performances by Mandate, the excellently named Aeon Fux, and SassyBlack. Repair Revolution, 2437 Sixth Ave S, autorepairrevolution.com, \$5, 7 pm.

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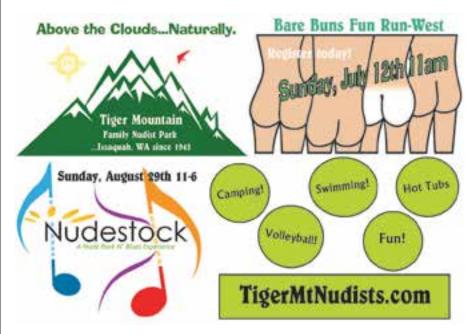
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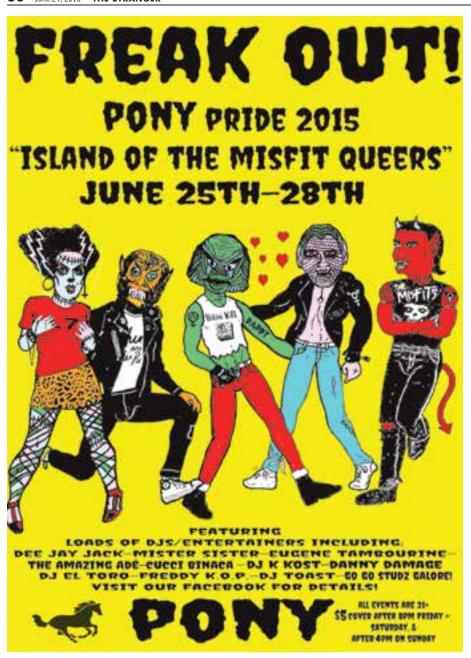


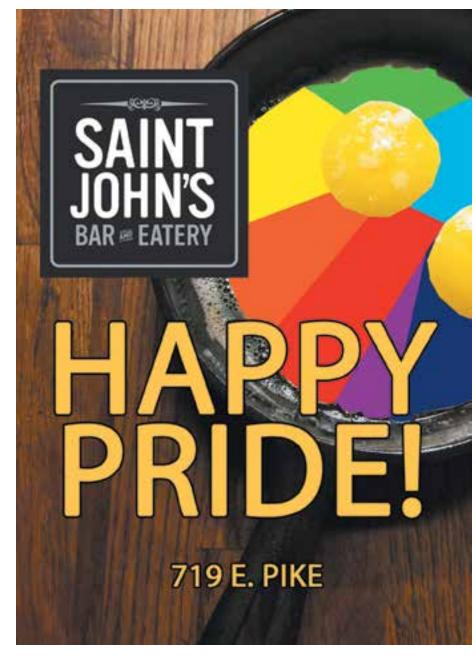




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Nice & Sleazy

Eugene Tambourine, Toast, and Mr. Sister will be spinning disco, electro, and cock rock for a night of unadulterated sleaze. Pony, 1221 E Madison St, ponyseattle. com, \$5 after 8 pm.

Rainbow Party!

Borracho celebrates Pride the Borracho way: with drink specials that'll get you fucked up. Plus: a photo booth, music, and everything rainbow. Nacho Borracho, 209 Broadway E, nachoborrachoseattle.com, free.

RUFFpride Seattle

RUFFpride claims to be "Seattle's largest dance party created for gay men on the Saturday of Pride weekend," and frankly, I see no point in arguing with that. Plus, you've got your MenOfRuff, who "will entertain the crowd with sexually-charged choreographed performances and dancing." Sometimes you just have to let the press release do the heavy lifting for you. Fred Wildlife Refuge, 127 Boylston Ave E, fredwildliferefuge.com, \$15/\$20.

Saturday Night Pride

DJ Mar\$ell spins on Steamworks' Saturday-night Pride shindig. Hotness pretty much guaranteed. Steamworks, 1520 Summit Ave, steamworksonline.com/Seattle, 10 pm.

Seattle Dyke March

Rally from 5-7 pm at the Seattle Central Community College Plaza followed by the march proper, which steps off at 7pm to go around Capitol Hill and back to the Plaza, Seattle Central College, 1701 Broadway, seattlecentral.edu, free, 2-6 pm.

Seattle Queer Rock Camp Showcase

Seattle Queer Rock Camp kids get the chance to show off their new songs at the Vera Project in a matinee performance. Vera Project, Republican St and Warren Ave N, theveraproject. org, \$10-\$25, 3:30 pm.

SUN 6/28

After Pride Party

Hosted by Sparkle Leigh, new Ballard spot Substation throws a post-Pride shindig with comedy by Jefferey Robert, boylesque with Tony Tapatio, and performances by WRTCH and Feel Good Band of the Year.

Substation, 645 NW 45th St, free, 8 pm.

Cuff Street Party

Crazy old Cuff is throwing an allday street party to wrap up Pride, with host Mizz Honey Bucket and performances by Martika, Vernessa Mitchell, Veronica, Debby Holiday, and the unstoppable DJ Disco Vinnie. Cuff, 1533 13th Ave, cuffcomplex.

Lambert House Pride Brunch

You best believe there will be a brunch before the big parade happens. Gotta carbo load before all that marching. Lambert House, 1818 15th Ave, free, 9

Pleasure Boys

Pony closes down Pride weekend with a night of synth pop, electroclash, and mutant disco, with Dee Jay Jack and Danny Damage! on the decks. Pony, 1221 E Madison St, ponyseattle. com. \$5.

Pride Brunch

What's on the menu? Parlor Live's "famous Belgian waffles," Mary's Chicken & Pea Salad, and fluffy scrambled eggs with Tillamook cheddar, served with hickory smoked bacon, sausage, herb-roasted potatoes, mojito fresh fruit salad, Nanaimo bars, and assorted pastries. A complimentary mimosa or fresh orange iuice, plus coffee and tea round out the meal. Parlor Live Comedy Club Seattle, 1522 Sixth Ave, parlorlive.com, \$45 GA/\$65 VIP. 9 am.

Pride Day Karaoke

Celebrate Pride the Hula Hula way, with karaoke and \$5 Sailor Jerry's daiquiris. Hula Hula, 106 First Ave N, hulahula.org, free, noon and 9 pm.

Pride Karaoke

We're willing to bet the Wallingford gay institution Changes throws itself a hell of a karaoke party, especially on Pride weekend. Changes Tavern, 2103 N 45th St, changesinwallingford. com, free, 9 pm.

★ Pride Parade: A Lifetime of Pride

The 2015 theme is A Lifetime of Pride, and "it serves to honor all those who serve the community-regardless of age, class, sex, ability, or status. Pride

exists in us all-for a lifetime." Grand Marshals the Sisters of Perpetual Indulgence, Abbey of St. Joan, and Wildrose owners Martha Manning and Shelley Brothers will join local and regional LGBTQIA advocates for the parade, which will last about two and a half hours, ending at Second Avenue and Denny Way near Seattle Center. Pride Parade departure point, Fourth Ave and Union St, 11 am.

★ PrideFest 2015

PrideFest is the largest free Pride festival in North America, now in its ninth year. Featuring performances from Shangela, Fly Moon Royalty, and DJs Julie Herrera and Kim Anh. And it's really just the closing-night party of an entire month's worth of parties for Pride month. Seattle Center, 305 Harrison St, seattlecenter. com, free, noon-8 pm.

Space Jam: A '90S **Throwback Party**

"Back when Drake was on Degrassi. Back when Madonna was still good." Ouch! It's a gueer 90s night. Kremwerk, 1809 Minor Ave #10, \$5.

Sunday Service: Pride Edition

The poster for Steamworks' Sunday Service event says "fall to your knees," which seems appropriately saucy/sacrilegious for this venue. Like a prayer, baby. Steamworks, 1520 Summit Ave, steamworksonline.com/Seattle,

World's Tiniest TeaDance

Adé hosts the a celebration of the best and worst disco of all time, with two bars, a beer garden, those go go studs we know and love, plus a wet undies contest! Pony, 1221 E Madison St, ponyseattle.com, \$5, 4 pm.

TUES 6/30

Bearaoke

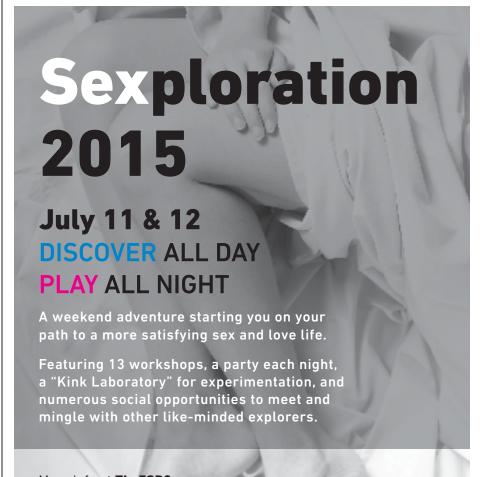
In case the title was too subtle for you, this is a karaoke party for the bears among us and the people who love them. Cuff. 1533 13th Ave, cuffcomplex.com, free, 8

I Hate Karaoke

Despite the title, there's a good chance you will love the karaoke at Hill standby Pony. Pony, 1221 E Madison St, ponyseattle.com,





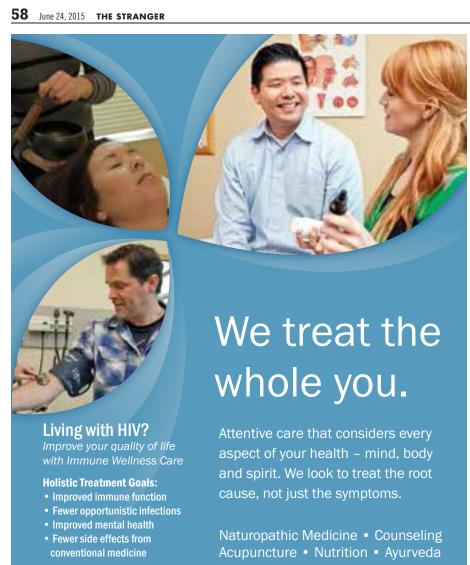


More info at TheFSPC.org Tickets available at StrangerTickets.com

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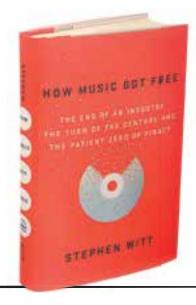


STRANGERSUGGESTS



Stephen Witt

One day, Stephen Witt was scrolling READING through his vast library of pirated MP3s when he started to wonder where they'd originated. This simple curiosity led him to write How Music Got Free, which begins with the invention of the MP3 and traces its story to Dell Glover, a factory worker in a North Carolina CD manufacturing plant who leaked thousands of albums over the course of a decade effectively becoming the "Patient Zero" of internet piracy. In conversation with Stranger arts editor Sean Nelson, Witt will explain how music piracy overtook, and forever changed, an entire industry. (Town Hall, 1119 Eighth Ave, townhallseattle.org, 7:30 pm, \$5, all ages) LINDSAY HOOD



Pundamonium

Puns are the highest and lowest form of humor: They somehow refresh the materiality of language, reminding you that a word is a figure, a thing that can be looked at from several different angles. So whoever wins the pun competition Pundamonium. hosted by Erika Ellefson, will likely be one of Seattle's great crafters of language, both in a Renaissance fair kind of way but also in a literary genius kind of way. The contestants will be chosen from the audience on a firstcome, first-served basis, so the title could go to anyone. (Skylark, 3803 Delridge Way SW, skylarkcafe.com, 7:30 pm, \$6, 21+) RICH SMITH

'Tenet': Daisy Heroin VHS Release



Colin Dawson is evolving into one of Seattle's FILM/MUSIC most interesting double-threat artists. While many know him as the guitarist for wiry neo-no-wave group Stickers, Dawson also has been creating bizarre animated films under the Daisy Heroin handle, including Tenet and Art Show, which screen tonight. His visual MO is surrealism run amok: pop-culture détournement, hilariously illogical nightmare scenarios, frequent defacements and decapitations, and weird shit streaming from eye sockets. Daisy Heroin's imagery is geared to freak you out and make you laugh yourself comatose, and his accompanying electronic

soundtracks under the name T equal the visuals' hallucinogenic preposterousness. (Northwest Film Forum, 1515 12th Ave, nwfilmforum.org, 9 pm, \$8, all ages) DAVE SEGAL

'Threesome' - THEATER



Threesome is the best play I've seen in years. It's so smart and sexy and funny and fast, I don't know how to describe it—I don't want to give anything away. There is nudity. The dialogue is brilliant. The acting is phenomenal. It was written by Stranger Genius Award nominee Yussef El Guindi. The premise: An Arab American couple invites a white guy into their bedroom, and everything goes horribly wrong. Threesome is on its way to New York City after this production at ACT Theatre, so if you go now, you will be able to say you saw it first when New York City starts freaking out about it. (ACT Theatre, 700 Union St, acttheatre.org, 8 pm, \$20-\$44, through June 28) CHRISTOPHER FRIZZELLE



John Adams's 'Shaker Loops' - MUSIC

When I was a young man who wanted to write a novel that would change the world, I walked around Portland listening to John Adams's gorgeous, melancholic, and sometimes-frantic masterpiece of classical minimalism, Shaker Loops. This incredible music drew from classical forms of Europe, India, and America—which is to say jazz, and specifically the jazz in the late and closing part of John Coltrane's career. Also, in the Italian movie I Am Love, Shaker Loops is used in a brilliant sex scene that involves kissing the nipples of a woman played by Tilda Swinton. Anyway, I never wrote that novel, but I still love that work deeply. (Town Hall, 1119 Eighth Ave, townhallseattle.org, 7:30 pm, \$20 adv/\$25 DOS, all ages) CHARLES MUDEDE

Pride - LGBTQITSLFA

Okay, all who are queer of heart—hopefully over this week you hit up some of this year's Pride-related parties, like Bearracuda, Transfabulous, Sissy: Fempowerment, Gender Blender, Shade, Dickslap, Totally Gay Sing-Along, or "Bush Gardens." Now it's Sunday, and you are verrrry tired. But it's not over! Get down to Fourth Avenue by 11 a.m. and watch the Pride **Parade.** Then after the parade ends at Seattle Center. go finally quell your hangover with \$5 drafts and local queer art-punk bands Sashay and Ononos at Chop Suey. Merry Gay Christmas! (Bazillions more Pride events at thestranger.com/events/queer) KELLY O

Bodegón Pop-Up





up, Bodegón, in Georgetown, showcasing seasonal, local ingredients in simple preparations that hold the **bold flavors of Spain**. If Georgetown feels far away to you, you're in luck: Tonight, Bodegón will be popping up in Belltown with a menu that includes corn cakes with chorizo and duck egg. Catalan-style fish stew with Puget Sound clams, and flan with saffron sauce. (Bellini Italian Bistro, 2302 First Ave, bodegonseattle.com, seatings at 5:45 and 7:45 pm, \$50) ANGELA GARBES



Get Freaky with Nature - OUTDOORS

The last time I walked through West Seattle's Lincoln Park, I encountered a woman in a dress trying to split a log. When I asked her what she was doing, exactly, she said she was a homesteader from Montana and was trying to feel a little bit of home. I told her I was having my own moment trying to commune with home (i.e., Northern California) by finding the park's random redwood grove. Whether you've got a homesickness issue to work out or just want to lie down on the grass and stare up at the trees, Lincoln Park is undoubtedly the best place to do it. Leave work early. (Lincoln Park, 8011 Fauntleroy Way, seattle.gov/parks, free) KATHLEEN RICHARDS





MATTHEW SMUCKER

· · · PERFORMANCE

"While many designers simply decorate their stages, Smucker conjures physical environments that seem to perform alongside their actors—they have a sense of movement, even when they're not moving."

- Brendan Kiley

WHOSE LUCKY YEAR IS IT GONNA BE? Read all about the 2015 Genius Award nominees in the summer '15 issue of Seattle Art and Performance. THIS GENIUS AWARDS CATEGORY IS PROUDLY SPONSORED BY Maska (100 Troja) Michael Hendin amazon Genius Juice







THURSDAYS 6-8 pm

Music / Art Activities / Tours / **Food & Drink**

SATURDAYS 10 am-3 pm

Yoga / Art Activities / Tours / Zumba

KICK OFF July 9 at 6 pm

Help us kick off summer season at the Olympic Sculpture Park July 9 at 6 pm! Take in the lively, West African-inspired performance of Gansango Music & Dance Company and the soulful sounds of D'Vonne Lewis' Limited Edition. Watch the tandem balancing acts of ARTYoga, create your own 3D sculptural narrative, tour the park with summer installation artist Dan Webb, and savor local wines and food truck fare with Taste, Raney Brothers BBQ, Bread & Circuses, and Picnic.

seattleartmuseum.org/summer



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Park Partners Mikal and Lynn Thomsen TASTE Photos by Robert Wade

Programming at the Olympic Sculpture Park is generously supported by Maggie and Doug Walker, and Martha Wyckoff and Jerry Tone.



NEWS FEATURE SUGGESTS ARTS CHOW MUSIC FILM

THE STRANGER June 24, 2015 61

ART & PERFORMANCE

Art...below Theater...63



COURTESY OF SEATTLE ART MUSEUM

ZINA SARO-WIWA Proving them wrong when they say masks are too heavy for women's heads.

Disguise: Masks and

Global African Art

Seattle Art Museum

Through Sept 7

SAM Invokes New Spirits in the Ambitious Disguise: Masks and Global African Art

BY JEN GRAVES

The rippling hide of a cow splashed across the wall at Seattle Art Museum looks like just that. But keep looking, and a previously unseen form appears in its surface. The form is a backside—is it part of the living cow still visible? Maybe? Whoa, no.

That's a curvaceous human backside.

A woman's behind and thighs are at eye level. The tail of the cow rises up where her spine would be. No one is just one thing.

Standing before this work of art, and smelling its faint odor, is an unforgettable

part of *Disguise: Masks and Global African Art*, an exhibition featuring more than 20 artists with African heritage living all over the world. Using SAM's collection of traditional African masks as a starting point,

Disguise highlights and critiques colonial assumptions about Africa, and also ignores them entirely to forge new New Worlds.

SAM is touring Disguise to the Brooklyn Museum and UCLA's Fowler Museum, high-profile institutions with colonially collected stores of their own.

Nandipha Mntambo made the cowhide. It's a self-portrait. She buys hides from a slaughterhouse and cleans, tans, and molds them into female forms in her Johannesburg studio.

Her work is a good example of the unconventional mediums in *Disguise*, which seems to contain everything *except* traditional canvas painting. *Disguise* opens with a sparkling

tunnel playing hypnotic videos of two dancers losing their ever-loving minds. It ends with a shrine of bandannas strung on clotheslines, each one a decorated portrait memorializing one of the 72 people killed in unclear circumstances in a 2010 Kingston, Jamaica, battle between a local drug kingpin and the Jamaican government working with US forces.

The Jamaican artist is Ebony G. Patterson, and she masks the photographs of faces of the dead so they're in half-obscurity. (Government officials did not release names of the

dead, or death certificates, for many of the victims after the battle.)

The video of the dancers is by Sondra Perry, a young New Yorker. She whited-out their faces and bodies so that only

their whipping dreadlocks are clearly visible, then she accelerated them beyond human speed. They could be ecstatic, or on the verge of collapse.

The opening party for *Disguise*, last week, was a spectacle. A barefooted man wearing bells on his ankles stepped onto the crowded escalator at one point and rode up into the African permanent collections galleries.

He wore a flowing, cream-colored robe, and started to lean in and ogle the masks on their tall white plinths. Then, he began to dance. He jabbed a finger at the masks, and beat his arms like wings. The robe was designed so he could pull it over his head, and when he did, it looked as though he were offering his body to

the bodiless masks. The masks stayed masks. After a sweaty time, he pushed his own head back out, and walked off.

Watching felt like witnessing a ritualized misunderstanding.

The artist who created this piece, In Touch, is named Brendan Fernandes. SAM commissioned Fernandes, and seven other artists, to make new works for Disguise. For In Touch, Fernandes hired Etienne Cakpo, a native of Benin living in Seattle who teaches traditional West African dance, and to design

To cast off the burdens of your flesh and try a new mix of identities, Saya Woolfalk has staged a dark, pulsing, glowing chamber.

the robe, British-born, Seattle-based Anna Telcs. A previously recorded video of the performance plays continuously in the galleries, displayed with the ritual garment.

For his other, related videos supported by SAM, Fernandes commissioned Pacific Northwest Ballet dancers to interact with SAM's masks in the courtly style of their traditional dance. Both these videos are quiet and contemplative, even a little sad.

The rest of Fernandes's works are flashy,

funny, and secretly smart: blown-up balloons printed with faux-African mask patterns trapped in a glass vitrine (*Authentic Pop!*), blinking neon faux masks (*From Hiz Hands*), and *Voo Doo You Doo Speak*, four videos of animated masks mounted on totemic poles and "speaking" (over headphones) in nonsense poetry. A printed poem on the wall asks, "WHO IS THE MASTER OF BULI?"

"Buli Master" is the name given to one of the unnamed artists in Nelson Rockefeller's celebrated bequest of African objects to the Metropolitan Museum of Art in the 20th century. Art history was satisfied to call him "Buli Master" rather than seeking his name, is Fernandes's point—which would be convenient if anyone proposed repatriation to his descendants.

Fernandes also set loose a herd of life-size decoy deer. Each wears a white plastic mask, and the walls are lined with vinyl Masai spear stickers. Fernandes is of Kenyan and Indian heritage. He grew up on the edge of a Kenyan safari park where his father worked, before the family in the 1990s moved to Canada. He calls this installation *Neo Primitivism 2*.

Another artist with a local lens is Gerald Machona. A pair of photographs documents a performance he did in 2010. Wearing a business suit and mask he made out of money rendered worthless by the Zimbabwean regime, the Zimbabwean artist did an improvised version of a ritual dance on the edge of a roof overlooking Harare. He flung the bills from the mask into the wind (he called the piece *Make It Rain*), a crowd formed, and the authorities detained and beat him. In the photographs, he embodies a smooth-criminal trickster.

"I transcend flesh," Jacolby Satterwhite once pronounced. He's a queer native of South Carolina now based in New York and making video phantasmagorias that have taken a little corner of the art world by storm in the last five years.

The videos are digital, and digital-looking, but they're powered by his emotional life and the history of his body, which has needed to transcend to survive. SAM purchased his tour de force *Country Ball*. It's a combination of him doing analog tasks like fashioning costumes and dancing for the camera, and him doing complex 3-D modeling to create armies of clones of himself, and elaborately weird virtual worlds in which he can do anything, and does. It's a little like Matthew Barney, if Barney had more of a soul and an interesting lived experience (and respect for the value of your time).

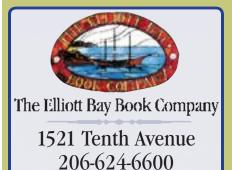
Floating through Satterwhite's videos are loose drawings with scribbled text, for instance, "Blowers for in the house and in the yard" or "Magnetic bands for the pain in the body." These are from notebooks Satterwhite's mother kept. She would sit by the TV and sketch ideas for products that would make them rich. They never did; his mother was diagnosed with schizophrenia.

To cast off the burdens of your flesh and try a new mix of identities, an artist named Saya Woolfalk has staged a dark, pulsing, glowing chamber at SAM. The artist, born in Japan to a Japanese mother and a white African American father, invented an alternate society of people she calls The Empathics. Their "patented" system makes "interspecies and intersubjective hybridization available to all" thanks to a corporation called ChimaTEK, which is "launching" its Seattle branch with this "showroom" at SAM.

The chamber is an electro-utopia where a glow-in-the-dark mural (video projection) \blacktriangleright

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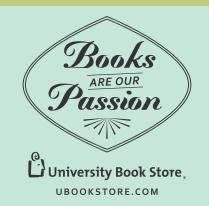
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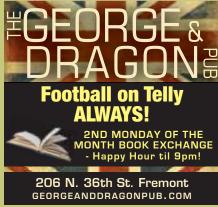
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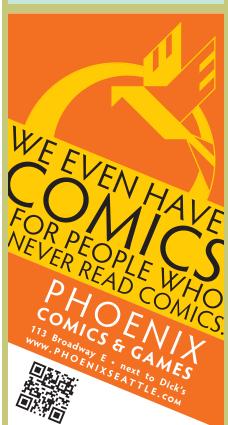
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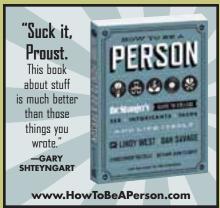








ECTION OF METAPHYSICAL BOOK IN DOWNTOWN SEATTLE



THENEW. FRONTIER



DESIGNER-MAKERS IN THE **PACIFIC NORTHWEST**



BELLEVUE ARTS MUSEUM

bellevuearts.org

THRU AUG 17

The New Frontier: Young Designer-Makers in the Pacific Northwest is organized by Bellevue Arts Museum and co-curated by Charlie Schuck and Jennifer Navva Milliken.



◀ depicts a huge, chugging machine. It pumps a swirling rainbow potion through its pipes while mannequins on pedestals preside over the room. They wear ornate, beautifully crafted global-politan-spiritualist fashions.

Wall labels and an "instructional video" explain that the company is "still testing the effects of psychic cleansing and remixing." But "we are confident" it will be "right for all your future self's needs."

It's funny, yes, but not a joke. How far can empathy go? What would it take to be able to "download" someone else's lived experiences? Why was a white woman in Spokane, Washington, pretending to be black to the point where she became head of the local NAACP? The artists in *Disguise* make undistillable and highly relevant work.

Two curators stand behind *Disguise*. One is Erika Dalya Massaquoi, an African American native of the South and a specialist in electronic and digital art by artists of color. For 20 years, she has dreamed of making a museum show capable of embodying Frantz Fanon's "lived experience of the black," and yet also of being a "sensorium," or a vivacious address to as many senses as possible, to as many people as possible.

Pamela McClusky is the white woman who founded the African art department at SAM 36 years ago, after growing up partly in Liberia, where she saw masquerades that inform *Disguise*. While Massaquoi planned and dreamed her own vision, McClusky performed years of curatorial calisthenics in Seattle trying to bring across the dignity and life in SAM's African collection—in a context (the museum) that has often thwarted her by its very nature.

Disguise is a wish by both women that new masks can invoke new spirits. ■

THEATER

Poo-tee-weet?

Book-It's Slaughterhouse-Five Spares the Pyrotechnics and Lets Vonnegut's Words Do Their Unsettling Work

BY BRENDAN KILEY

t first glance, Slaughterhouse-Five seems like a maddeningly difficult novel to translate for the stage. It's a morality play (about how carelessly people violate the Golden Rule) embedded in a memoir (about surviving WWII and the firebombing of Dresden) embedded in a science-fiction story (about being kidnapped by aliens, stripped naked, and put on display with a porn star in an intergalactic zoo). To compound the com-

plications, its narrator, Billy Pilgrim, is "unstuck in time," and its author, Kurt Vonnegut Jr., wrote his novel as metafiction a book aware of itself—and reserved the right to machete his way through all its conceits and

drop by to tell us what he was thinking about when he wrote any given passage.

REVIEW

Slaughterhouse-Five

Book-It Repertory Theatre

at Center Theatre

Through July 3

Adapting it sounds like a job for a wartrauma therapist with a PhD in critical theory and a working knowledge of CGI.

But adapter and director Josh Aaseng found the skeleton key to Vonnegut's brilliantly tangled bowl of literary spaghetti. Despite its formal complications, *Slaughterhouse-Five* is, above all, plainspoken and unpretentious: Step back, let the language do its work, and we'll all be fine. (This adaptation is also a lesson in why the 1972 film version

was such a disappointment. Director George Roy Hill tried to show us images that are impossible to re-create, while Aaseng allows the words to do the heavy lifting.)

One of the most visceral scenes in the play, for example, relies on simple recitation. Erik Gratton, playing the doughy, middle-aged Billy Pilgrim—there are three Billys in this production—is waiting for aliens to abduct him. He becomes "slightly unstuck in time" and watches a war movie in reverse. Instead

Step back, let the language do its work, and we'll all be fine.

of Aaseng trying to depict what Billy sees, he places Gratton on an almost entirely darkened stage, describing the plot with the eager and earnest tone of a kid trying to synopsize a movie for his best friend. Bombers full of holes and wounded soldiers take off backward from an airfield in England, he tells us, and fly over France in reverse as bullets are sucked back into their guns:

The formation flew backwards over a German city that was in flames. The bombers opened their bomb bay doors, exerted a miraculous magnetism which shrunk the fires, gathered them into cylindrical steel containers, and lifted the containers into the bellies of their planes... the steel cylinders were taken from their racks and shipped back to the United States of America, where factories were operating night and day, dismantling the cylinders. separating the dangerous contents into minerals. Touchingly, it was mainly the women who did this work. The minerals were then shipped to specialists in remote areas. It was their business to put them into the ground, to hide them cleverly, so they would never hurt anybody ever again.

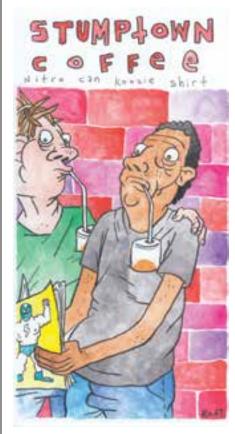
The 14-member cast performs with the same plainspoken, almost naive grace. Cobey Mandarino plays the high-school-teacherturned-soldier Edgar Derby with a sense of gravitas and responsibility for his fellow soldiers that makes his execution all the more tragic after the frivolous theft of a teapot in the smoking ruins of Dresden. Though women are ostensibly marginal to the plotits bit parts include a daughter, some wives, and the porn star-actors Jocelyn Maher. Sydney Tucker, and Eleanor Moseley fill out the ensemble with a bewildered honesty that gives Slaughterhouse-Five its real ballast. The story is about Euro American men stumbling their way through the 20th century, a moment when they ruled (and perhaps ruined) the world. But the tragedy-withinthe-tragedy of $Slaughterhouse ext{-}Five$ is that not even they, the ostensible lords of that

era, had the slightest idea what they were doing. When the wife of Vonnegut's old war buddy, played with stately indignation by Moseley, sees the writer come to visit, she's quietly outraged. "You were just babies

in the war," Moseley says with restrained anger. Vonnegut, played by Jim Gall with a little more bombast than is strictly necessary, promises to dedicate the book to her and call it *The Children's Crusade*.

The play, like the novel, doesn't try to decide whether the violence it describes was ultimately virtuous or cannibalistic or both. But its characters, and the rest of us by extension, are still stunted and limping as a result. Admitting and describing our collective bafflement—our unstuckness—might be the most humane response.











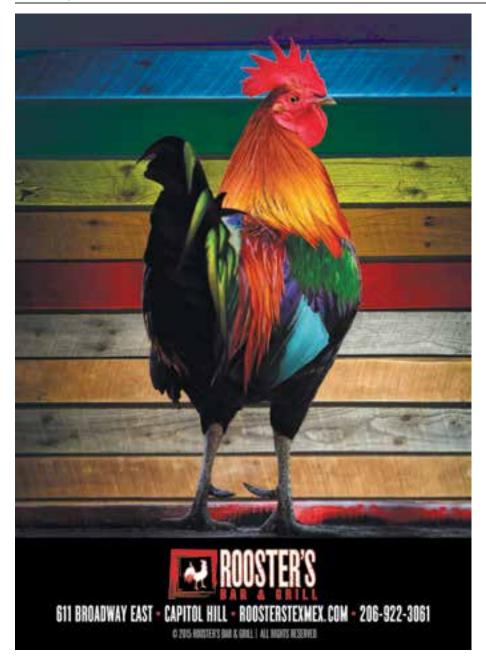


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IN THEATERS JULY 10











NEWS FEATURE SUGGESTS ARTS CHOW MUSIC FILM

THE STRANGER June 24, 2015 65







HOTEL ALBATROSS It's all about escapism.

At Hotel Albatross, the Tiki Drinks and Street Food Are All Over the Map

And That's Part of the Problem

BY ANGELA GARBES

f you haven't already noticed, Seattle is deep in the midst of a tiki thing. Looking for a drink with rum and fruit juice that's maybe on fire and served in a kitschy vessel?

Hotel Albatross

2319 NW Market St

You can have one on nearly any night of the week: on "Tiki Sunday" at downtown's Pennyroyal, on "Tiki Monday" at Belltown's Rob Roy, on "Taco and Tiki Tuesdays" at Essex in Ballard, and on "Tiki Wednesdays" at Rumba

on Capitol Hill. Now you can have one seven days a week at Ballard's Hotel Albatross, which opened in January and whose menu boasts "exotic cocktails" and, in the words

of owner Zach Harjo, "exotic street food."

Seattle's latest interest in tiki is all about craft cocktails—high-quality rum, fresh fruit juices, and house-made syrups and bitters, all carefully mixed into balance. "Tiki cocktails are delicious," says Harjo, "and one of the highest expressions of the craft."

The drinks, often served in ceramic mugs meant to emulate Polynesian woodcarvings depicting gods and spirits, supposedly transport you to sandy beaches where the weather is warm and life is simple. It's about escapism. Exactly which tropical locale you're escaping to, though, has never seemed to matter much.

When Ernest Raymond Beaumont Gantt (who later legally changed his name to Donn Beach) opened his bar Don the Beachcomber in Los Angeles in 1933, he wrote a menu of Caribbean rum-based drinks with Southeast

Asian names like the Sumatra Kula and, according to the Don the Beachcomber website, "decorated the place with his South Pacific gewgaws, along with old nets and parts of wrecked boats he scavenged from the ocean-

front." His bar was an immediate success. A genre was born.

Harjo, who also owns Ballard's Ocho, says he and co-owners Keith Bartoloni and Drew Church

(who also co-own nearby bar Hazlewood) created Hotel Albatross "because Seattle, more than anywhere, needs a room that you can enter and feel like you are somewhere else, drink from a flaming coconut, and recall skinny-dipping with manta rays in warm waters, making out with someone who doesn't speak your language, or being attacked by a monkey."

I love a good daiquiri and especially one that comes, as the Death's Hammer (\$9)—a classic combination of rum, lime, and sugar, with fresh nutmeg—does, in a ceramic skull-shaped mug. Tiki drinks are awash in sugar, so there's real skill involved in making them pleasantly—but not cloyingly—sweet, as Albatross does with its Puka Punch (\$23), a combination of rums, pineapple juice, and falernum (a rum-based syrup with spices such as cloves and allspice), served in a hollowed-out pineapple with two

straws. It's a drink meant for sharing, placed in the center of the table so you have to lean in close to your drinking partner to enjoy.

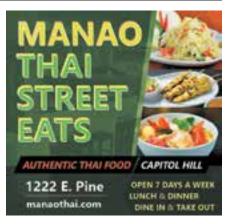
But tiki drinks are authentically inauthentic. created to evoke a time and place that never really existed, or even romanticize a history that is troubling. Planter's Punch (\$10), a more aggressively boozy and spicy mix of dark rum, Angostura bitters, falernum, and lime juice, goes down quickly enough to almost make you forget that rum, first distilled by slaves in Barbados from molasses, was a byproduct of refining the sugarcane on slave plantations throughout the Caribbean. Then there's the Missionary's Downfall (\$9)—on behalf of indigenous people around the world, good riddance!—a delicious frozen treat of rum blended with peach brandy, pineapple, and fresh mint that counters the sweetness of the fruits.

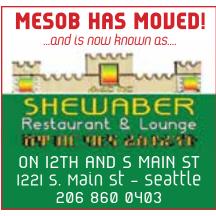
Even before the rum sets in, a quick glimpse of Hotel Albatross's menu can be disorienting: Mexican elote, puffy tacos (deep-fried dough stuffed with refried beans that are also available from a walk-up window called, absurdly, Sexy Alley Puffy Taco), Burmese laphet thoke (fermented tea leaf salad), wok-fried frog legs, Vietnamese banh xeo, Thai khao soi, Korean beef bulgogi skewers.

It's intentionally all over the map. According to Harjo, chef Chris Howell and team are "taking the flavors from distinct traditions, noting the overlap—for instance, that many cuisines combine chili, salt, and fruit or pineapple and pork—and then reassembling the dish in original and yet familiar-feeling ways."

Harjo is talking about Albatross's carnitas pinch bun (\$6.50), made with braised pork, grilled pineapple, and mole-hoisin sauce in a steamed rice flour bun dusted with black sesame seeds. It's the best thing I had over my three visits—a playful dish that's part carnitas taco, part al pastor taco, part Taiwanese bao.

Unfortunately, most everything else I tried was far less successful. With Korean deviled eggs (\$6), I struggled to identify what actually made them Korean. Or deviled. They were simply hard-boiled eggs sliced in half, then dressed with a spicy mayo that perhaps had gochujang but tasted predominantly of rice wine, sprinkled with furikake (a Japanese ▶





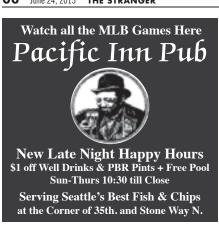






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◀ topping of dried seaweed, sugar, and salt) and crisp slices of jalapeño. It was more like eggs with a bunch of stuff thrown on top.

Howell's version of elote (\$4) also suffers under the weight of its accompaniments: Four pieces of corn on the cob are coated in an incredibly salty chili powder, then covered in sriracha mayo and cotija cheese. The spices were overpowering—the thick layer of chili powder buries the corn's natural color and sweetness.

Green onion pancake was not the chewy, flaky, pan-fried Chinese bread you'd expect, but more like a very thin crepe. It was topped with another confusing mishmash

If Howell cut his menu in half and focused on doing a few things really well, I suspect the food would greatly improve.

of condiments: sweet, Japanese Kewpie mayonnaise, bonito flakes, and a fermented black bean chili mixture. (The pancake was on the menu the first time I visited, but the second time it only appeared in quesadilla form, stuffed with kimchi and queso blanco.)

Some of Albatross's other creations are highly craveable, however. The puffy tacos (\$4) are a terrific mess: crunchy, oily tortilla shells overflowing with creamy refried beans, sharp cheddar, tangy crema, and a piquant green salsa. (I have no idea how anyone ordering them from the to-go window late at night is able to eat them while walking, though.) And like the carnitas pinch bun, the roasted pork belly pinch bun (\$6.50)—with Kewpie mayonnaise, pickled jalapeños, and pickled daikon-was a wellexecuted and creative take on banh mi.

But even after a couple of drinks, I could barely make my way through a plate of kimchi fried rice (\$9). The house-made kimchi, while pungent, is too sweet. And the rice, which was mixed with far too much chili paste, wasn't fried for long enough: The chili paste tasted gritty and raw and there was no crispy bottom layer—none of the crucial flavorful bits scraped from the bottom of the wok.

"We are making food that... complements an exotic drinking experience," Harjo tells me. But when that exotic drinking experience is not grounded in any culture or specific flavor profile, perhaps it's inevitable that the food ends up scattered as well.

As chef, Howell also oversees the kitchen next door at Ocho, and he may be spread a bit thin. On my second visit, on a moderately busy Friday night, the kitchen was out of both pinch buns and the green onion pancake quesadillas. (If there is any night of service when you should have enough of every menu item prepared, it's Friday night.)

Harjo says they want the food to "mirror the simultaneous intention, craftsmanship, and playfulness of the drinks and the atmosphere." At this point, the playfulness is there, but the craftsmanship has some catching up to do. If Howell cut his menu in half and focused on doing a few things really well—a larger selection of pinch buns, for example—I suspect the food at Hotel Albatross would greatly improve.

For now, drunken, escapist fun prevails. Last Friday night, a loud, high-pitched chorus of "woooooooooo" caught my attention and I turned around to see a group of 13 women quickly slurping up two Volcano Bowls (\$36 each)—large bowls of rum with a flame burning in the center, served with very long straws—and taking dozens of selfies before leaving to resume their bachelorette bar crawl. I took a long draw from my Puka Punch. Where exactly had I escaped to? ■

NEWS FEATURE SUGGESTS ARTS CHOW MUSIC FILM

THE STRANGER June 24, 2015 67



Rachel's Ginger Beer Opens Second Location on Capitol Hill

The second location of Rachel Marshall's **Rachel's Ginger Beer** (1610 12th Ave) is open on Capitol Hill, in the 12th Avenue Arts Building. Like the RGB in Pike Place Market, the Capitol Hill location features multiple flavors of ginger beer



The new RGB space is beautiful: It's bright, open, and airy.

and ginger-beer-based cocktails on tap, frozen cocktails churned out via slushy machines, and soft-serve to make boozy and non-boozy ice cream floats. The menu, overseen by Monica Dimas (who runs Neon Taco inside of one of Marshall's other businesses, Nacho Borracho), is firmly rooted in the deep fryer: thick-cut, twice-fried french fries, something called a Belgian fry roll (a sandwich roll stuffed with fries and mayo), and fried green tomatoes. Dimas has created about 20 dipping sauces—many of them vegan—in flavors such as ranch, dill lemon, pho, malt mayo, and Thai chili.

I'm not one to dwell much on the decor of restaurants, but I have to say the new RGB space is beautiful: It's bright, open, and airy, and, like the downtown location, has a huge, boldly colored mural by artist Stacey Rozich. But what makes it feel truly vibrant is the abundance of plants, including several enormous philodendrons in hanging baskets. (Is this a new thing? I hope so. I've noticed restaurants like Capitol Hill's **Stateside** and Wallingford's **Manolin** also use plants, not as mere decoration, but as integral parts of the whole atmosphere. More plants, please!)

Ethan Stowell Opens Goldfinch Tavern

Ethan Stowell, who only announced that he was taking over the restaurant space in downtown's Four Seasons Hotel at the end of March, has opened the restaurant, called **Goldfinch Tavern** (99 Union St, 749-7070), named after the state bird of Washington. Chef Joe Ritchie, previously of Stowell's Mkt. in Tangletown, is running the kitchen. The opening menu lists a shellfish and raw bar, seasonal vegetable dishes, and lots of grilled meat.



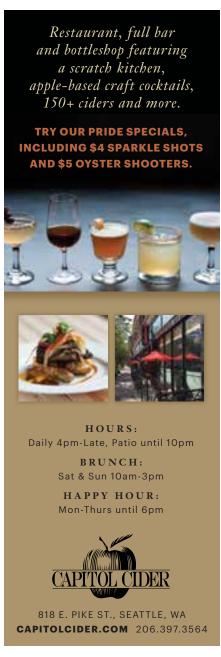


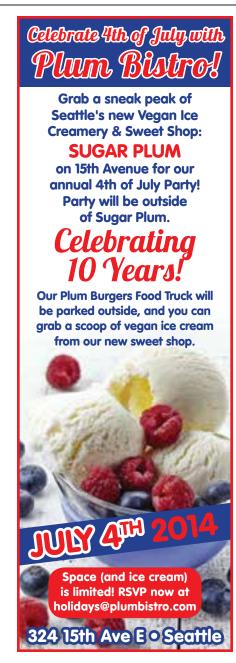






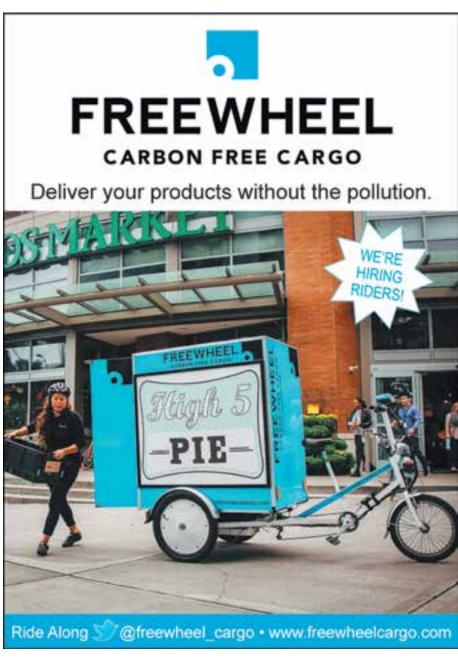


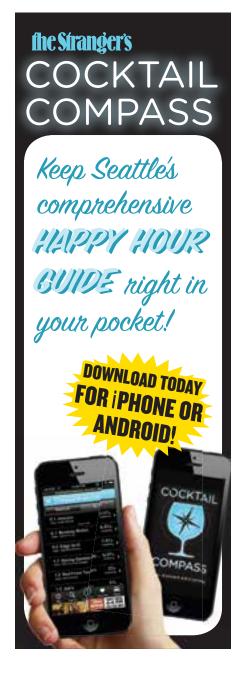












Kick-Ass Biscuits, Wood-Fired Pizzas, and Quick-Service Banh Mi

After several successful years selling his biscuits at farmers markets around town, Art Stone has opened a brick-and-mortar location of Honest Biscuits in Pike Place Market, serving, in his words, "honest-togoodness, kick-ass biscuits." Breakfast and lunch offerings include biscuits with egg, cheese, bacon, sausage, and vegan gravy, and oven-"fried" chicken.

In other restaurant news, Seattle Greenlaker reports that the Woodlands Pizza and Public House (8310 Aurora Ave N, 588-0096) is open in Green Lake, specializing in wood-fired pizzas and salads. You can get beer and wine right now, and a full bar is in the works. Also in the works: delivery. Shelter Lounge (7110 E Green Lake Dr N, 829-8568), which already has a place in Ballard, has opened a familyfriendly second location in the Green Lake neighborhood. And over in Wallingford, Tigerly Ox (4405 Wallingford Ave N, 673-1099), a quick-service Vietnamese restaurant, is up and running, serving banh mi and rice and noodle bowls.

Charlie's Is Closing

Capitol Hill institution Charlie's Bar and Grill (217 Broadway E, 323-2535) is closing after almost 40 years. According to owner



It's hard not to join the collective sigh of nostalgia for the vanished Capitol Hill dive bars.

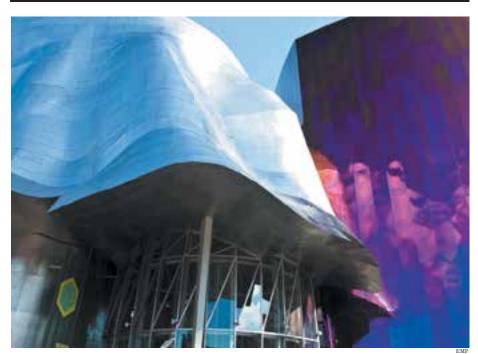
Ken Bauer, who opened the restaurant and bar with Charles Quinn in 1976, Charlie's will permanently close its doors by Sunday, June 28, over Pride weekend.

I don't think anyone will really mourn Charlie's from a culinary standpoint (fans of the Philadelphia Pepper Pot soup, though, I see you), but it's hard not to join the collective sigh of nostalgia for the vanished Capitol Hill dive bars—Ileen's (née Ernie Steele's), the Jade Pagoda, Kincora, the "old" Canterbury, and Comet Tavern, and now Charlie's—that's surely taking place across the city.

Beacon Hill Is Getting Its First Brewery

According to Seattle Beer News, Beacon Hill is about to get its first brewery: Perihelion (2800 16th Ave S). Owner and longtime home brewer Les McAuliffe has landed a great, high-traffic location on North Beacon Hill, right across from the light-rail station and the Red Apple supermarket. McAuliffe hopes to open Perihelion, whose name refers to the point in a planet's orbit when it is closest to the sun, by the end of October.





EMP After 15 years, maybe you should just take a little peek inside?

Dear Seattle, Why Do You Hate EMP?

A Newcomer Explores the City's Bias Against the Rock 'n' Roll Museum

f you don't like EMP, then you'll really hate my introduction to it. In March, my little brother helped me move out to Seattle, and I figured the least I could do was take him to the top of the

Space Needle like a good tourist. After staring at Mount Rainier for a while, he looked down and said, "What is that?" He was, of course, referring to the 140,000-square-foot, multicolored, Frank Gehry-designed structure that houses the EMP Museum. The next day, we swung by to nerd out over *Star Wars* costumes. So that wacky building and I got off to a good start.

It wasn't until I was discussing the museum's June 23 15th anniversary with some of my colleagues that I realized my warm opinion was not shared by the majority of Seattleites. This surprised me, so I began to conduct some informal research.

One coworker said, "It is a late-in-life hair band of a piece of architecture, and its programs are monuments based on concepts of anti-monumentality." Another claimed, "My main feeling is that building looks like a space-ship threw up," before I was led to Herbert Muschamp's positive *New York Times* review of the Seattle Central Library, in which he wrote that EMP "looks like something that crawled out of the sea, rolled over, and died." Others were slightly more forgiving: "The exterior looks like a crumpled up '90s cyberpunk outfit in Pottery Barn colors," one friend said. "But the Sky Church is pretty dazzling."

The real surprise was the percentage of people who hate EMP without having been there. Architectural aesthetics aside, the big criticism seems to be conceptual, resting on the premise that music, and specifically rock music, is not meant to be confined or contained within museum exhibits. It's the old, tired principle that the form should be all about expression and emotion, as opposed to objects and factoids. To which I say, does that same

logic extend to your private stash of vinyl? To say nothing of T-shirts, ticket stubs, and other memorabilia—I mean, $come\ on$. We've all seen $High\ Fidelity$. I'm all for a passionate relationship with popular music, but let's not pretend objects have nothing to do with it.

I'd argue that the issue is less about the objects themselves and more about who they belong to. One term I heard on multiple occasions when I asked people about EMP was "Paul Allen's playground." Former *Stranger*

music editor Kathleen Wilson went so far as to call it his "giant toy box." Allen paid \$240 million to build the controversial building, and for the first five years, his company provided a substantial share of

the museum's roughly \$20 million annual operating budget (63 percent in 2001, down to 52 percent in 2003, back up to 54 percent in 2004, according to the *Puget Sound Business Journal*). Since 2005, Allen's annual contribution has been roughly half of what it was in the first five years; the majority of EMP's budget comes from a combination of visitor revenues and charitable donations. Allen is obviously a very visible part of the organization, and his enthusiasm for music is a major part of why it exists to begin with—which seems to be the single biggest obstacle for a lot of people—but the pervasive idea that EMP is a giant warehouse for his guitar collection is inaccurate.

There's no denying that EMP has struggled to establish a consistent identity. The museum has been plagued from the outset by high staff turnover and lower-than-anticipated

attendance. (A reported 800,000 attendees visited during its inaugural year, but in the 2013 annual report, only 661,164 were noted, and that was with a 15 percent increase in ticket sales from the previous year. Any way you slice the numbers, there's been a steady decrease in visitors since EMP opened.) And to be sure, the inside can feel like an unwieldy. cavernous mess. Last time I was there, my friend and I walked around in circles, confused about the location of various exhibits. A third of the equipment in the Sound Lab didn't work. The entrance to the science-fiction exhibit is basically an unmarked basement. Criticism of EMP is not unwarranted, but there's a lot of good stuff to be seen within those magenta and teal walls, too. While I wasn't blown away by the heavily advertised Infinite Worlds of Science Fiction, I spent a good 45 minutes watching the videos of directors' commentary in Can't Look Away: The Lure of Horror Film. Like any good child of the '80s, I got a special little thrill when I saw David Bowie's costume from Labyrinth and Princess Leia's golden bikini from Return of the Jedi. I appreciate the museum's effort to include some form of digital interaction in each of its exhibits.

I also stumbled upon the EMP Pop Conference in April, which had the theme "Get Ur Freak On: Music, Weirdness, and Transgression." (Slap Queen Missy Elliott on anything, and I'm in.) Several acquaintances from New York were speaking, so I walked over with the intention to attend one lecture. I wound up staying the entire weekend to hear talks on Poly Styrene, Prince, Big Mama Thornton, Joni Mitchell, and Gangsta Boo.

Please note, none of what I enjoy about the museum has much to do with Paul Allen.

I realize the city has complicated issues with Microsoft's cofounder. And I'd agree it was an ill-advised move to smash a glass guitar that Dale Chihuly designed at the museum's opening. (Kid Rock also played at the kickoff celebration, and no one needed to see that.) But I haven't heard many complaints about Allen's 10-year, \$1.6 million contribution to the transformation of KCMU into the much-loved KEXP. And Seattle clearly loves the Seahawks and the Sounders. I don't mean to put myself in the position of defending a billionaire, but I can't help wondering why the indignation I detect in Seattle's rejection of EMP feels so moralistic.

People say it's about the mission, when they haven't been inside. People say it's about the building, but they don't seem to have a problem with Gehry's other projects. (Honestly, it's not so far from Gehry's usual aesthetic, aside from the inclusion of color.) My sense is that

The real surprise was the

percentage of people

who hate EMP without

having been there.

these criticisms reflect an unwillingness to look beyond surfaces, a defensive entitlement that presents itself as healthy skepticism. Now, I could be a bit defensive in light of the suspicion that has

greeted my own appreciation of pop music—as though acknowledging the existence of Taylor Swift in *The Stranger* means I'm incapable of appreciating La Luz—but I refuse to believe that there's something fishy about a person's intentions just because he is wealthy. There are worse things Allen could do with his fortune than build a museum dedicated to his teenage obsessions while donating \$100 million to Ebola research.

Either way, I find I have a soft spot for EMP, in spite of its flaws. I like its lofty aspirations. I like how it never seems quite sure of what exactly it wants to be. I like how the building feels unattached to the surrounding landscape and completely out of place (probably because that's often how I feel these days). It doesn't bother me that it was founded by a billionaire, and I'm not convinced it should.



FREE OUT TO LUNCH CONCERT SERIES

The 37th annual Out to Lunch concert series features **2014 Stranger Genius Award winners Industrial Revelation**, Seattle's own dream-pop group Craft Spells, ex-War harmonica king Lee Oskar, laid-back folk band the Maldives, Kenyaborn folk-soul singer-songwriter Naomi Wachira, along with 24 other artists.

All concerts take place on various dates starting July 9 and ending September 4. There are seven different downtown locations, including Westlake Park, Occidental Square, Lake Union Park, Harbor Steps, Two Union Square, and Union Bank, but all the events run from noon to 1:30 p.m. (You can download the schedule at downtownseattle.com/summer.)

Out to Lunch kicks off with **Seattle Women's Jazz Orchestra** at City Hall Plaza. Let's hope they do something from Eric Dolphy's 1964 masterpiece. After all, it is the series namesake.

WEEED TO RELEASE OUR GURU BRINGS US TO THE BLACK MASTER SABBATH

On July 7, Oakland-based Illuminasty Records will be releasing *Our Guru Brings Us to the Black Master Sabbath* (on two slabs of



white vinyl, limited to 300 copies), the new album by Bainbridge Island's WEEED. As you may surmise from the band's name and that

album title, WEEED play heavy stoner rock, but their songs lack the lethargy that can befall some groups of this ilk. Rather, their music possesses a kinetic, psychedelic thrust that's more in line with Kyuss than with Sleep, to compare them to a couple paragons of heaviness.

The album "is a climax in the synchronicity that brought each of our lives to this moment, together," said drummer John Goodhue in a press release. "We see it as a logical progression and zenith of our communal and individual growth, as well as the convergence of our aged and recent musical influences." WEEED embark on their national tour July 8 at the Sunset Tavern, with later local dates happening on August 20 at the Blue Moon Tavern and August 21 at Bainbridge Island's Mushroomson Airplane.

TINY VIPERS DITCHES FOLK FOR AMBIENT ON HER NEW FULL-LENGTH

Seattle's Tiny Vipers (aka Jesy Fortino) is best known for her stark, poignant folk-rock songs on Sub Pop albums Hands Across the Void (2007) and Life on Earth (2009). But with Ambience3, which the Manchester, England, label Box Bedroom Rebels just issued, she opts for a **more** atmospheric, less song-oriented approach. Ambience3 comes packaged in a 7-inch single, as well as a 76-minute CD that includes a microhouse remix by Alexander Johnson, Shaun Blezard's 19-minute live mix of four Tiny Vipers tracks, and a download that features two extended remixes by Brittle Stars. You can order Ambience3—whose cover design pays homage to Brian Eno's Ambient series artwork—at boxbedroomrebels.bigcartel.com.

Get Your Tickets Now - Must Close July 31st!



NEWS FEATURE SUGGESTS ARTS CHOW MUSIC FILM THE STRANGER June 24, 2015 **71**

Can Substation Make Frelard Safe for Underground Music?

BY DAVE SEGAL

he Canal Substation on Northwest 45th Street buzzes ominously. The building-which supplies electricity to Seattle—is festooned with signs warning DANGER HIGH VOLTAGE KEEP OUT. Across the street sits the similarly named Substation, an unostentatious new music venue attempting to capture the same magnetic force as its utilitarian neighbor. Owners Dave West, Ken Wallace, and Jeremy Rudo-in addition to talent buyer Tim Basaraba—have their work cut out for them.

In this industrial and residential hood at the nexus of Fremont and Ballard, Substation hopes to become, in Basaraba's words,

"A mecca for all things underground." Lacking the bustling foot traffic of nearby clubs like Nectar Lounge and High Dive, Substation needs to attract strong bills. This is where Basaraba—who also records as TBASA and plays bass in the band Valleycomes in. He has nine years of experience booking clubs like the Mix, White Rabbit, and Benbow Room. At peak productivity, he was scheduling 60 acts a week for these establishments. Burnout ensued, but Substation, which had a soft opening in April and a grand opening in June, lured Basaraba back into the biz. Also a comic-book artist, Basaraba designs about 60 percent of Substation's posters. Said artwork hangs on the walls of the venue's L-

shaped hallway, where coin-op arcade games and rehearsal rooms also dwell.

Substation holds 150 people and includes a well-stocked bar. Alternate revenue streams? Substation's got 'em. Co-owner West runs Birdhouse, a fully equipped studio, out of the building. The sound in the main performance space is very good. At the show I caught in mid-June, Meridian Arc's grinding and blooping Moog synth emissions came through in high definition and Noise-A-Tron's gargantuan space-rock possessed an engulfing power.

On June 14, when local noise-rock unit

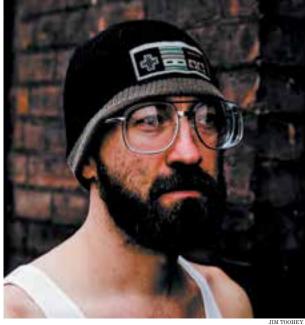
Hemingway performed, the band received scant payment due to sparse turnout, but bassist Demian Johnston still thinks Substation has great potential. He told me, "I was treated really well, and the sound en-

gineer that night was great. There is a little reservation in the back of my mind because I was told it was the new [defunct DIY space] Josephine, and that is not even close to true." But he said he'd definitely play Substation again and hopes to book a gig with his other band, Great Falls, before coming to a definitive conclusion on the sound.

Johnston's observation seems inarguable. Right now, Substation's performance area is a frill-free rectangle with its stage bathed in royal-blue and sea-green lights.

It has that new-club smell. But if it can't be the new Josephine-which accrued several years of freaky art and cigarette stench, as well as a rep for embracing the most extreme forms of music—it certainly can be an incubator for emerging and established musicians to grow and thrive in a low-pressure, great-sounding room.

Basaraba said, "I don't want my shows to be genre-specific." Toward that end, Substation holds an open mic night on Mondays. hosted by the Zim, and DJ events on Tuesdays called Vinyl Only. Myriad styles of rock, hiphop, and electronic music fill out the rest of the week, with after-hours techno and



TIM BASARABA Polvo changed this man's life.

"Just because

something's under-

ground doesn't mean

it sucks."

house parties occupying the crucial Friday and Saturday slots. Basaraba claimed those weekend dates, organized by local crews like Uniting Souls and KRAKT, have been going exceptionally well.

He also asserted: "Just because something's underground doesn't mean it sucks. A lot of people cast off what isn't instantly accessible, not knowing that in three years, they could be listening to something that's a copy of that sound. I want to be able to champion the inaccessible. I want people to come here and choose what they're buying into on this feeling level, instead of someone

telling them what to like. There have been so many cool bands that I never would've seen if I didn't show up to watch the opening band or the second band. Remember Polvo? Back in Moscow, Idaho, they opened for

some local band. If I hadn't shown up for that Polvo show, my life would be 100 percent different. I want people to come here not just for the headliner."

Substation's open-minded curatorial approach, combined with its emphasis on vivid sound, gives it the potential to become a key nurturer of Seattle's subterranean scene. And you can find ample parking nearby, too. ■

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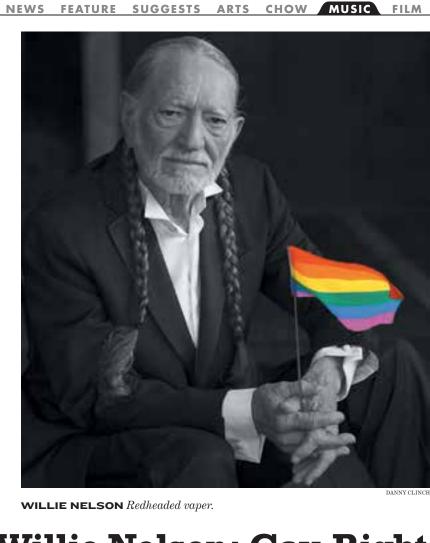








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Willie Nelson: Gay-Rights Advocate, Fifth-Degree **Black Belt, Wizard**

BY TRENT MOORMAN

Willie Nelson & Family

w/Alison Krauss, Union Station

Sat June 27, Marymoor Park,

7 pm, \$54.95-\$129.95, all ages

he 82-year-old outlaw-country-music king and gay-rights advocate Willie Nelson isn't just alive and kicking, he's kicking through boards. For his 81st birthday. Willie earned a fifth-degree black belt in the

Korean martial art called GongKwon Yusul, where feet smash boards like they're matchsticks. (Willie says it's more about mental strength, though.) His mu-

sical footprint is substantial, with more than 60 studio albums released and more than 40 million albums sold in the United States. This month, Willie released his latest album, Django and Jimmie, with his longtime gunslinging homey Merle Haggard.

To date, Willie has 11 Grammy Awards. He was inducted into the Country Music Hall of Fame in 1993. Rolling Stone has him in the top 100 singers and the 100 greatest guitarists of all time. They also have "Crazy" (made famous by Patsy Cline, penned by one Willie Nelson) at number 85 among the 500 greatest songs of all time. To me, though, the most impressive Willie Nelson number is \$37,000. That's how much someone paid for his snipped-off braids when they went to auction last year.

Willie spoke from his bus, driving toward Kalamazoo. When he got on the phone, I broke into the chorus of his song "On the

Did vou smoke weed today? Yes I did. I do the vaporizer now. Better for the voice. You don't get any of the smoke or heat with the vaporizer.

Would you consider yourself a wizard? I'm not sure. I'd consider myself an entertainer, a songwriter, and a guitar player. I try to stand up for what's right and fair. You mean like a wizard that casts spells with a

wand? I only have my guitar, Trigger. Do vou consider me a wizard?

I think you're getting toward wizard status, yes. Especially with your fifth-

degree black belt. Who's the better wizard. Gandalf or Dumbledore? Let me think, That's tough, You're hitting me with the difficult questions. Are those guys

from Star Wars? I would have studied up on wizards if I'd known this is how it was going to go. Usually, someone will have a question about me being a radio disc jockey

You smoked marijuana on top of the White House when Jimmy Carter was president. Were you scared the Secret Service would shoot you up there? I probably should have been. I was too busy looking at the way the roads all come together. Was that a wizard question?

"Maybe I should start telling mamas their kids should grow up to be wizards."

That was very much a wizard question. I see. Well, the city planning in Washington, DC, really is something.

You wrote "On the Road Again" on a barf bag on a plane. Do you still have the barf baq? No. I have no idea where that barf bag is. One of those wizards probably has it.

Seriously, you should get into wizardry.

Gandalf doesn't have shit on you. I $think\ I'll$ stick with GongKwon Yusul. I've got all the

You're a supporter of gay rights. Yes, I am. I'm a supporter of common sense. I've known straight and gay people all my life. I can't tell the difference. People are people. We'll look back and say it was silly anyone ever argued about it. I never thought about marriage as something only for men and women. Gay people should be just as miserable as the rest of us [laughs]. Love doesn't discriminate, and it shouldn't be discriminated against.

How did Patsy Cline find your song "Crazv"? What do you remember about writing it? I wrote "Crazy" while I was living in Houston. It was one of three songs I wrote in the span of a week driving at night back and forth from a club where I was working. When I got to Nashville, I had these songs, and I ran into Charlie Dick, Patsy Cline's husband, at a bar called Tootsies. I had a demo copy of "Crazy" that I'd recorded and played it for him on the jukebox there. He said, "Let's let Patsy hear it." So we went over to their house. He went in and woke her up. She came out and made me come in, and we played it for her. She loved it, and recorded it the next week.

What are your thoughts on the music industry? There's a business side, which I've always tried not to get mixed up in. I never want someone telling me how to write music or play songs. The music industry does that. The people programming music at big radio stations don't know a thing about music or the musicians; all they know about is money.

You toured with Johnny Cash, Kris Kristofferson, and Waylon Jennings as the Highwaymen. What do remember? All the luggage we had. We had 300 pieces of luggage. We had all our families and kids and everybody traveling with us.

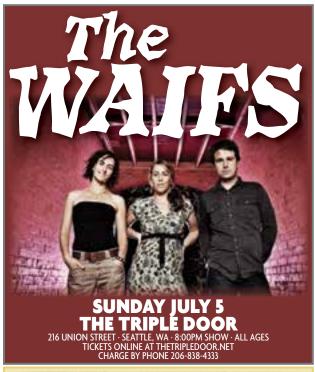
You and your wife started a biodiesel company, BioWillie, Why do we need biodiesel fuel? Because there's no need to go around the world fighting for oil when we can grow this stuff in our backyard. Truckers are the ones who have really sold the biodiesel program. I'd like to see more states building biodiesel plants up and down the highway. We're marketing to truck stops. The fuel is made from vegetable oil, mostly soybean oil, and can be used without modification to a diesel engine.

You started Farm Aid in 1985 as a yearly concert to help smaller family farmers. What's something we need to change today about farming? When I first got involved, there were eight million small family farms, and now there's less than two million. We need to figure out a way to get the farmer back on the land making a living. We're still losing hundreds of farms a week. For every five farms that fold, one business in that town goes under. Right now, all the money goes to big corporations. We should put a cap on subsidies according to income. If you make more than \$200,000, you don't get any subsidies. That money should go to the small family farmer. That's a bill we need in place.

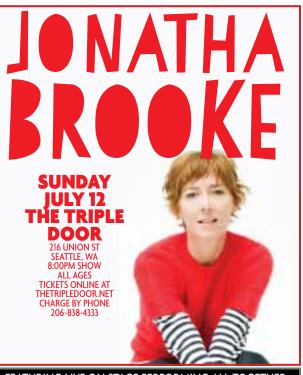
Willie, I know in your song you say mamas should have babies that grow up not to be cowbovs, but cowbovs are the good guys. Doctors and lawyers suck. Maybe I should start telling mamas their kids should grow up to be wizards. How much do wizards make? [Laughs] I bet casting a good spell could get real money. They could put a spell on the politicians, to make 'em not so shifty. \blacksquare

> Study up on wizards at THESTRANGER.COM/MUSIC

THE STRANGER June 24, 2015 **73** dinner & show eliane elias the local strangers w/ the native sibling zach fleury w/ nick foster band meklit hadero active child w/ low roar MON/JUNE 29 • anna and elizabeth w/ eli west and margaret glaspy DELOURUE PRESENTS freedom fantasia next • 7/5 the waifs • 7/6 movie mondays - mad max 2: the road warrior • 7/8 seattle for nepal • 7/9 carrie akre & emmett montgomery • 7/10 ben lee w/ the falls & ryan dilmore • 7/11 the von trapps w/ anna tivel • 7/12 jonatha brooke • 7/13 movie mondays - spaceballs • 7/14 steeleye span maracujá • 6 brass • 6/26 birch pereira and the gin joints / freudian slurp • 6/27 the hot mcgandhis • 6 • 6/29 crossrhythm sessions • 6/30 laney jones and the spirits w/ pierce & thompson • 7/1 rippin chicken thetripledoor.net



























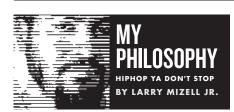
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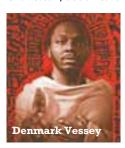




A GLORIOUS CAUSE (AND ITS EFFECT)

As I write this, I turn to the only thing that ever makes me feel better—well, besides food, sex, and human connection—music. Thundercat's new song, "Them Changes," speaks to me: "Nobody move, there's blood on the floor/And I can't find my heart... somebody tell me how I'm supposed to feel." I find welcome solace in **Quelle** Chris's soon-to-come album Innocent Country. He's quietly become one of my favorite rappers out. (From "I Asked God": "I done heard a lotta speak/But ain't seen a lotta growth/I'm sensing a whole lotta grief/ But hearin' a lotta hope/What's really goin' on?") Also, I spin the rough version of Dr. Martin Lucid Dream, the great upcoming release from a frequent Quelle collaborator, Detroit MC **Denmark Vessey**, who sent it my way some moons back.

Vessey named himself for Denmark Vesey (one "s"), a black man who'd bought his own freedom and was a prominent member of **Emanuel African Methodist Episcopal Church**—the same church in Charleston, South Carolina, where a racist



white terrorist murdered nine black people the day before I wrote this. Love and prayers go to everybody affected, to us.

Almost 200 years ago, Vesey

was organizing what would've been the largest slave revolt in US history—the plan was to kill the city's slave masters, **free the slaves**, and then escape to Haiti. Of course, he got snitched on, rounded up with other conspirators, and sentenced to death. Mother Emanuel, one of the oldest pieces of black-owned real estate in the country, was burned to the ground and had to be rebuilt.

White America, the seat of white supremacy, is having a nervous breakdown. Black America is having the same thing it's always had—a massacre. The United States made the man who killed those nine people in Emanuel AME. So what do we make to combat this unrelenting onslaught on blackness? What bodies—official and unofficial, bound by laws and secret covenants—do we convene in our self-defense?

It's not just us in these United States, either, of course—anti-blackness is everywhere in some form or another. The Dominican Republic, for a recent example, is trying to "socially clean" more than 250,000 residents of Haitian descent. Their citizenship is about to be revoked. Haiti, for those playing at home, is the only nation in the world birthed of a successful slave revolt—and they've been paying for their transgression against the white superpowers literally ever since. It seems that **the crime of freeing yourself**—or rather, attempting to free yourself—from white supremacy is one that is never, ever forgiven.

I affirm that this is all the truth. Now, does this truth truly shame this devil? Or does he really just love the attention? Who cares about shaming the devil at this point—how and when can we buck that motherfucker like the **Da Lench Mob** said? If you see me out, please, for the love of God, let me know.







UP&COMING

Lose your disturbingly slapstick vignettes every night this week!

For the full music calendar, see page 81 or visit **thestranger.com/music** For ticket on-sale announcements, follow **twitter.com/seashows** (4) = All Ages.

Wednesday 6/24

Jacco Gardner, Calvin Love, Tomo Nakayama

(Sunset) Dutch multi-instrumentalist Jacco Gardner is hardly the only modern-day musician to build a career around vintage instruments. Arp (Alexis Georgopoulos) and Chrome Canyon (Morgan Z) have a marked facility with analog synthesizers, but Gardner hews closer to baroque pop than art rock, i.e., more Left Banke than Brian Eno. On this year's Hypnophobia, the follow-up to his enchanting debut, Cabinet of Curiosities, Gardner sings delicately yet precisely over swirls of harpsichord, Mellotron, Optigan, and Wurlitzer. The evocative song cycle conjures images of fantastical fairy tales and symbolist stories about innocent children and mysterious forests. It's bright and pretty with hints of something darker lurking in the shadows, an enticing match for Edmonton opener Calvin Love and his David Lynchinspired synthscapes. KATHY FENNESSY

Aesthetic Mess: DI Goo Goo, DJ Jermaine

(Chop Suey) A play on the phrase Messthetics, a compilation series focusing on DIY UK post punk, Aesthetic Mess is a new DJ night hosted by DJ Goo Goo (Stranger contributor Travis Ritter) and DJ Jermaine. The mission statement, as outlined on the pair's Facebook event page, is to connect "the disparate dots of primordial punk experimentation, exotic misanthropy, and fierce carnal pleasures." Ergo, you can expect these serious record collectors to dig deeply into their stashes and spin cuts from the post-punk/minimal-synth diaspora, spanning the late 1970s to the present. If artists like the Fall. Contortions, Chrome, Swell Maps, Fad Gadget, Pop Group, Grauzone, the Intelligence, Total Control, and Dreamsalon get you twitching, you'll want to make this scene. DAVE SEGAL

Technicolor Hearts. Red Martian, Dosenöffner, Liiight

(Lo-Fi) Loculd write a 50,000-word essay solely on Technicolor Hearts' expertly kitschy album covers (dream catchers and the color purple are big themes), but they don't pay me by the word, so let's discuss the music. Taking stylistic cues from the holy 1990s trinity of triphop, down-tempo, and Air, the Hearts are a band whose ambitions outstrip their capabilities, but only just. New album Now

The seasonally inappropriate goth wave of Seattle's Dead Spells will make you wish you BYOOB (brought your own Ouija board).

We're Here is a big step up from their debut, Under the Big Blue Umbrella Sky, with some genuinely lovely moments of swirling analog bliss ("Return to Eden") and a pretty mean Portishead rip-off homage ("I Dreamed You Brought Me Flowers"). Throw in some modern-day moments of synthetic opulence à la M83 and a dash of Beach House bummer and you've got yourself quite the purple-hued, dreamy party. KYLE FLECK



 $\textbf{JACCO GARDNER} \ Bright \ and \ pretty \ songs \ with \ hints \ of something \ darker \ lurking \ in \ the$ shadows. Wed June 24 at Sunset.

Thursday 6/25

Noise Yoga: FHTAGN

(Frye Art Museum) The name of experimental ensemble FHTAGN is most likely a reference to H.P. Lovecraft's fabled space-octopus god Cthulhu, and the din this improvisatory crew kicks out certainly skirts cosmic terror at every turn. Utilizing strings, tape loops, horns, and the physical space of their performance environment, FHTAGN's music is a multipronged and overstimulated assault on the senses. Peep the demonic sound collages found on recent release Accide and try not to get sucked in as the sample of cultish babbling melts into free-jazz horns and fraught drones. They can play nice if they want, but given that the event's called Noise Yoga, the smart money's on their specialty: atonal and antisocial strains of unmelody and threnody. **KYLE FLECK**

VHS, Health Problems, Bad Future, Private Room

(Black Lodge) My brain is beach fried. I don't know if it's some lethargy toxin that's seeping into my ears through the lake water or just the new surprise of the sun baking my mind into oblivion, but whatever it is, I've been floating around in a blissful, slightly stupid daze. Until I put on VHS. The frenetic punk band (whose initialism stands for Violent Human System) feels like a shot of cold brew straight to my brain—it thrashes and teems with nervous energy and some seriously manic Jay Reatard vibes. And like downing a little too much coffee, the killer guitar hooks and wild reverbed howls have got me feeling slightly anxious in the best possible way and ready to rage at the Renoto-Seattle transplants' West Coast tour kickoff tonight. Who wants to go night swimming after the show? ROBIN EDWARDS







Friday 6/26

Marion Walker, Strange Wilds, Red Liquid, Dead Spells

(Black Lodge) "Serious Picnic," psych trio Marion Walker's new single, wastes no time hitting you with the hook: The first 30 seconds are just the right ratio of pop harmony, humidity-fried guitars, and cymbalriding backbeat. The rest of their oeuvre follows suit, a pleasing though familiar trip through classicrock moves and glam flirtations. That these sunkissed stoners hail from Reno begins to make perfect sense the longer you listen: It's grungy, cheapo garage that will put the world's biggest little smile on your face. Olympia's Strange Wilds make skatevideo-ready hardcore punk, and the seasonally inappropriate goth wave of Seattle's Dead Spells will make you wish you BYOOB (brought your own Ouija board), so you're getting three distinct flavors of the rock buffet for the price of one here. KYLE FLECK

Shana Cleveland & the Sandcastles, Michael Hurley, Case Studies

(Columbia City Theater) Chops and taste are two things that intersect far less often than you might hope. I don't presume to know why this is (actually I do, but I only have a paragraph), though I recognize that when you come across an exception to that rule, the proper response is to cherish it. Shana Cleveland, whose singing and guitar playing are on glorious display in the justly loved La Luz, recently released Oh Man, Cover the Ground, a solo songwriter album that burrows into the guiet shadows cast by her band. Her songs are ingeniously crafted, and her voice is as clear and bracing as ice water. The recordings are loaded with melodic and harmonic ideas born of the kind of musical sophistication that isn't afraid of simplicity or empty space. Should be interesting to see how such a perfectly intimate album comes across live. SEAN NELSON

Tenet: Daisy Heroin

(Northwest Film Forum) It's not every day we celebrate the release of a new VHS, this one titled Art Show. But tonight is special for reasons beyond the archaic format: Daisy Heroin (Stickers guitarist Colin



MITSKI Seamlessly blends elements of folk into her fuzzed-out rock 'n' roll. Sat June 27

Dawson), whose audio and visual handiwork writhes within said tape, has proved himself to be a perverse surrealist of both disciplines. His videos vandalize the "dignity" of pop-culture and political figures and others through a hallucinogenic stream of disturbingly slapstick vignettes. Taking visual cues from hyperkinetic equilibrium-wreckers Paper Rad and Monty Python's Flying Circus animator Terry Gilliam, Daisy Heroin creates vistas that make your craziest acid trips seem like Norman Rockwell scenarios. Dawson scores his visuals under the name T, deploying unnerving electronic tones à la Mort Garson. Tenet is a new 27-minute film that includes solarizing, vibrating, and dissolving figures and motifs of wacky defacements and weird stuff gushing out of eyes. It'll take at least three viewings to construct a semi-coherent summary of it. The soundtrack is provided by T, Ovvn, Tracers, Smiling, and Violent Human System; the transitions from splenetic art punk to eerie, abstract electronic music sometimes iar, but expecting sensible flow from Daisy Heroin is foolish. Dawson's alternate nightmare reality annihilates logic. DAVE SEGAL

Saturday 6/27

Psalm Transport: Dull Knife. Laura Aschoff & the Grief Girls, Jeffery McNulty, Loose Noose

(Youngstown Cultural Center) This odd event called Psalm Transport—"will showcase a group of artists using sound, light, and form to celebrate transition, the vehicle between decay and death." Besides Jeffery McNulty's poetry, Laura Aschoff & the Grief Girls' dancing, and an interactive installation by Loose Noose, there will be music by quitarist Adam Svenson and keyboardist Garek Druss, the sharp dudes in Dull Knife, who are concluding a nine-year run of prodigious drone manufacturing tonight. In that subterranean realm of Seattle drone music, Dull Knife ranked among the highest practitioners, as exemplified by their self-titled LP on Debacle and Deep Gratitude. Their ability to generate dread, doom, and horror in a handful of well-chosen, toxic tones without descending into rote Hollywood-movie signifiers is damn near unparalleled. They will be missed. DAVE SEGAL

Mitski, Elvis Depressedly, Eskimeaux. Dude York

(El Corazon) From the opening notes of Bury Me at Makeout Creek, you might assume that you're in store for a folk record. You also might think that it is an LP's worth of love songs. And you'd be wrong on both counts. (Just wait until you hear the screams of "Drunk Walk Home.") Artist Mitski Miyawaki seamlessly blends elements of folk into her fuzzed-out rock 'n' roll. It took three albums for her to break into the current indie consciousness. so don't keep her waiting any longer. Familiarize yourself with a voice that can sound like a hushed lullaby and a wailing banshee in equal force. LIND-

Eyelids, Phantom Ships, Wimps

(Barboza) The membership of Portland's Eyelids is a roster of that city's glorious indie-rock past, including members of Sprinkler, the Maroons, Sunset Valley, Elliott Smith, the Decemberists, Stephen Malkmus and the Jicks, etc. Still, the present is what matters, and Eyelids offer proof that even though life is misery for those of us whose fundamental musical attunement is guitar-bass-drums, the form remains vital. Proof arrives in this show (they're fantastic on stage) and their new eponymous four-song EP, produced by PDX émigré-grise Peter Buck (speaking of eponymous). Just when you thought it was safe to never go to another rock show, along comes a band you'd be stupid to miss. SEAN NELSON

Sunday 6/28

The B-52's, Fabulous Downey Brothers

(Woodland Park Zoo) Sometimes lumped in with weirdo new-wave contemporaries like Talking Heads and Devo, the B-52's bridged sing-along pop melodies with a retro quirkiness that belonged in a campy 1950s sci-fi film. Vocalist Fred Schneider has described the band as "a combination of rock 'n' roll, funk, and Fellini, and game-show host, and corn, and mysticism." With their bright, instantly identifiable sound—the female/male call-andresponse vocals, '50s-rock-'n'-roll-meets-wonkyfuturism style, and driving dance beats—the B-52's









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Sannhet, King Woman, Planning for Burial

(Barboza) It took time, but second-wave black metal's nearly impenetrable walls of treble-bleached distortion and ludicrous speed drumming somehow found a crossover audience. Perhaps it was Thurston

His over-the-top powerpop party anthems are timeless in that unadulterated fun-having never goes out of favor.

Moore's stamp of approval with Twilight, or Liturgy's art-school analyses, or Wolves in the Throne Room's meditative ambience, or Deafheaven's chillwave aesthetics. Whatever the tipping point, this isn't some diatribe about black metal's wider acceptance—it's actually encouraging to see some of its sonic attributes appropriated from its occasionally one-dimensional and socially questionable roots. Which is why Brooklyn's instrumental trio Sannhet are more compelling than your average Darkthrone knockoff. Yes, there are blast beats and static washes of guitar, but Sannhet's post-rock foothold makes their blackened elements more compelling than the creatively stunted hero worship of so many blackmetal devotees. **BRIAN COOK**

Paal Nilssen-Love Large Unit

(Poncho Concert Hall) An integral figure in European avant-garde jazz over the last 20 years, Norwegian drummer Paal Nilssen-Love has played with adventurous musicians such as Mats Gustafsson, Jim O'Rourke, Peter Brötzmann, Joe McPhee, the Thing,



KING WOMAN Performs with Sannhet on Sun June 28 at Barboza.

Arto Lindsay, Lasse Marhaug, and the Scorch Trio. (He also runs the Oslo-based All Ears festival of improvised music.) Now leading his own sprawling group, Nilssen-Love guides his massive horn section, two drummers, two bassists, guitarist, and electronics person through compositions that skitter with feral energy and simulate natural-disaster tumult. Recent collaborator James Plotkin (on 2013's Death Rattle album) said, "Paal's precision and constant invention/reinvention is mind-blowing, only matched by its intensity." It seems safe to say that Nilssen-Love's ensemble's unpredictable power surges will confuse and overwhelm in equal measure. DAVE SEGAL

Black Milk, Nat Turner

(Nectar) Of the countless acolytes of late hiphop producer J Dilla, Black Milk (né Curtis Cross) seems likeliest to inherit the throne. Not because he also hails from Detroit, though that city's bleak bounce similarly fuels his beats. It's something tough to pin down, an ethereal and phantasmal soulfulness, echoing divas and ghostly R&B trapped in the clockwork machinery of Milk's perfect drum lines, a talent for bittersweet bap that seems more ingested than taught. His finest release to date is 2013's No Poison No Paradise,

a downtrodden quasi-concept album that seemed to sprout a mutant genre as it went, a synth-riddled rap-as-blues lament for innocence lost. As a producer, his wide-screen ambition has yet to produce something as indelible as Dilla's swan song *Donuts*, but that's a mighty high bar to clear. As a rapper, he acquits himself, and that's all that needs to be said. **KYLE FLECK**

Monday 6/29

Andrew W.K., the Fabulous Downey Brothers

(Barboza) These days, party god Andrew W.K.'s positivity empire is humming—you might catch him fronting Marky Ramone's Blitzkrieg (what is basically an excellent Ramones cover band), tune in to his *America W.K.* radio show, read his advice column in the *Village Voice*, follow his fervent Twitter account (he is the author of one of my all-time favorite tweets: "PARTY TIP: Tenderly squeeze a cat's paw"), or get totally pumped at one of his motivational speaking gigs. It's *almost* easy to forget that in real life he is one hell of a musician (who can f'real play that piano), and his over-the-top power-pop party

anthems are timeless in that unadulterated fun-having never goes out of favor. Wear head-to-toe white because IT'S TIME TO PARTY! **EMILY NOKES**

Tuesday 6/30

M.O.P., Def Dee, Fleeta Partee, DJ Seabefore

(Nectar) Do you fear that Waka Flocka Flame has gone a bit soft, now that he's teaming up with Good Charlotte and EDM producers? Maybe vintage DMX is a little subtle for you. Friend, what you're looking for is Brooklyn's Mash Out Posse, the cold-as-ice duo of Lil Fame and Billy Danze, who've been banging heads for more than two decades and whose median number of fucks given is zero. M.O.P.'s best-known (and honestly, best) song is 2000's breakout hit "Ante Up," which spells out their entire MO in the span of four minutes. Sample lyric: "Hand over the ring, kick over the chain/Gimme the fucking watch before I pop one in your brain." It's a song whose chorus centers on the line "Kidnap that fool!" Sure, they've got deep cuts, but there's no reason for you to know that they once did a song with Posh Spice, so just ante up already and yap that fool. KYLE FLECK

Head Wound City, Grave Babies, Vice Device

(Chop Suey) In 2005, Seattle's Blood Brothers were continuing their upward trajectory with the nihilistic glam of Crimes. The Locust were depending less on punk tonalities and leaning heavily on analogsynth experimentalism. And Yeah Yeah Yeahs' pop ballad "Maps" was still so ubiquitous that you might hear it playing in the background at your pharmacy. The short-lived (but recently reunited) supergroup Head Wound City could've easily been a potpourri of the aforementioned bands' nonpunk musical interests of the time. Such a combination would have been interesting, though probably unlistenable. Instead, Head Wound City was a wild, petulant return to form, as if the members wanted another chance to beat their instruments bloody in a hardcore band. It wasn't the most adventurous side project, but they raged just as hard as the early classics in their main gigs. **BRIAN COOK**







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DRUNK OF THE WEEK...BELOW THE HOMOSEXUAL AGENDA...83 DATA BREAKER...84 POSTER OF THE WEEK...85

6/24

88 KEYS Musicians' Jam ★ BARBOZA Beneath the Block: 8 pm, \$10

 BLACK LODGE Mild High Club, Scott Yoder, guests CAPITOL CIDER Bradford is Ana Sievert

COLUMBIA CITY THEATER Michael Feuerstack, Brenda Xu. Tobias the Owl

O CROCODILE Porter Ray, Radio in Tunnels. Nu Era. J'Von, Astro King Phoenix, Filthy Fingers United

O EL CORAZON Maudlin Strangers, LANY, guests HIGHWAY 99 Steve Bailey & the Blue Flames, 8 pm, \$7 JAZZBONES Jugo Chavez **KELLS** Liam Gallagher

★ LO-FI Technicolor Hearts, RED MARTIAN. Dosenöffner, Liiight

NECTAR Imagine Festival Showcase: Manoj, Yaima, Seastars, Rafe Pearlman **NEUMOS** Mono, Holly Hunt, Wind Burial, 8 pm, \$16 PARAGON Two Buck Chuck,

★ SUNSET TAVERN Jacco Gardner, Calvin Love TRACTOR TAVERN Tom Russell, 8 pm, \$25

TRIPLE DOOR MUSICQUARIUM LOUNGE Maracuja, 8:30 pm, free

O VERA PROTECT Bleachbear, Abstract Friends, Henry Mansfield **O VERMILLION** Reptilian Elbaradie, 8 pm, free

JAZZ O JAZZ ALLEY Tuck and

O THE ROYAL ROOM Coltrane, Shorter, Byas: Triple Tribute Night: 8 pm

THE TRIPLE DOOR THEATER Eliane Elias O TULA'S Greta Matas

Jazz Showcase: 7 pm, \$10 VITO'S RESTAURANT & LOUNGE Wally Shoup

BALTIC ROOM Bollocks ★ CHOP SUEY Aesthetic

CONTOUR NuDisco FOUNDATION The Official Paradiso Pre-Party HAVANA Wicked & Wild **NEIGHBOURS** Pulse

★ PONY Bloodlust O NIGHTCLUB Bromance Night: Louisahh!!!!, Gener8ion, Myd, 9 pm, \$12

CLASSICAL

MARYMOOR PARK Williams: Seattle Symphony

THURS

O ALL RISE SITE Quiet * BARBOZA Beneath the

Block: 8 pm, \$10 **O BASTYR UNIVERSITY** Ray Harris, Dave Durfee, Brian

Bohman, 7 pm * O BLACK LODGE VHS, Health Problems, Bad Future, Private Ro

BLUE MOON TAVERN Year of the Cobra, Teacher CHOP SUEY Soft Sleep, Bigfoot Wallace & His Wicked Sons, the Duke Evers Band, 7 pm, \$3 with

COLUMBIA CITY THEATER Zubatto Syndicate, Combinator, 8:30 pm

CONOR BYRNE Shakey Blankets, Caleb and Walter Red Heart Alarm, 9 pm, \$8 O CROCODILE Grieves.

Grayskul, 8 pm, \$17 O CROSSROADS SHOPPING **CENTER** The Celtic Knot Players, 6:30 pm, free DARRELL'S TAVERN the

Lucky Boys, the Blue Ribbon Boys, Suburban Vermin **© EL CORAZON** Dolly Shock & the Death Kats the Decoys, Jake Simmons and the Little Ghost, 8 pm, \$8/\$10; Jantsen & Dirt Monkey, Stephan Jacobs

★ ② FRYE ART MUSEUM HIGH DIVE Marmalade **HIGHLINE** The Red Paintings, 9 pm, \$10/\$12 HIGHWAY 99 Patti Allen

LITTLE RED HEN 8 Second LO-FI Babraham Lincoln, Bad Tats, Audrey Horne, \$7 **LUCID** Marieke and the Go Get 'Em Boys, Zoe Wick, Megan Krantz, 8:30 pm, free THE MIX Yada Yada Blues Band, 9 pm, free NECTAR Fayuca, Valley Green, True Press, guests

NEIGHBOURS Rock Lobster:

Book of Love, DJ Trent Von

RENDEZVOUS The

O THE ROYAL ROOM Sydney Ranee, 8 pm SLIM'S LAST CHANCE Shivering Denizens, Load Levelers, Mercy Seats, 9 pm SNOQUALMIE CASINO

SUBSTATION The Janitors of Chaos, Sunken Rocketship, Fell From Earth, 8 pm, \$6 TRACTOR TAVERN Griffin

TRIPLE DOOR MUSICQUARIUM LOUNGE Rat City Brass. 9 pm. free O THE TRIPLE DOOR

THEATER The Local Strangers, the Native Sibling, 7:30 pm, \$15 VICTORY LOUNGE Fred Thomas, Skin Lies, Brain Drain, Koda Sequoia

JAZZ

★ BARCA Jazz at Barca O JAZZ ALLEY Acoustic Alchemy: \$28.50

PINK DOOR Bric-a-Brac SAINT MARTIN'S

UNIVERSITY Dixieland Jazz Festival:

6 SHUGA JAZZ BISTRO Chris James Quartet, 7 pm, free

O TULA'S Bill Doerffeld Trio

DJ

BALLROOM Throwback BALTIC ROOM Sugar Beat

★ HAVANA Sophisticated

★ KREMWERK Juan Maclean, 8 pm MERCURY Isolation OHANA Get Right

CONTOUR Jaded

★ Q NIGHTCLUB Ke Saunderson: 9 pm, \$14 R PLACE Thirsty Thursdays TRINITY Space Thursdays

6/26 LIVE

88 KEYS Dueling Piano Show: 8 pm. free

 ALKI ARTS Christopher Reyne, 6 pm, free

★ O BLACK LODGE Marion Walker, Strange Wilds, Dead Spells, 8 pm BLUE MOON TAVERN Klaw.

CAFE RACER Elmo's Knife Cold Comfort, the All Night Sunshine Band, 9 pm

CHINA HARBOR Orquesta la Solucion, 9:30 pm, \$15 **CHOP SUEY** Too Many Creeps! Pride Edition COLUMBIA CITY THEATER

Shana Cleveland and the Sand Castles, guests ★ CONOR BYRNE Hoecake\$, Breaks & Swells, My Brothers and I, 9 pm, \$8

laomi Wachira, Valley laker, the Dip, Coho O CROSSROADS SHOPPING CENTER Po'okela Stre Band, 7 pm, free

CROCODILE Jason Dodson

DARRELL'S TAVERN Po' Brothers, No Crown, Kingswood Estate, 9 pm, \$7 EL CORAZON Neutralbov.

FADO IRISH PUB Connor

Paradiso: Skrillex, Classixx, Vanilla Ace, quests, \$185 HIGH DIVE The No Good Hearts, Swords for Arrows, Marmot vs Mammoth, guests HIGHLINE Shade, III HIGHWAY 99 Dikki Du & the Zydeco Krewe, 8 pm, \$20 TAZZBONES Doctorfunk KELLS Stout Pounders

LO-FI Spinning Whips Cambrian Explosion, guests

Camino, Gossip Cat, Riff-Raff, 9 pm, \$10 **LITTLE RED HEN** Robbie Walden, \$5

DRUNK OF THE WEEK



THE WINNER OF THE **DRUNK-COCK POETRY CONTEST!**

/ And now he must talk to the cops!"

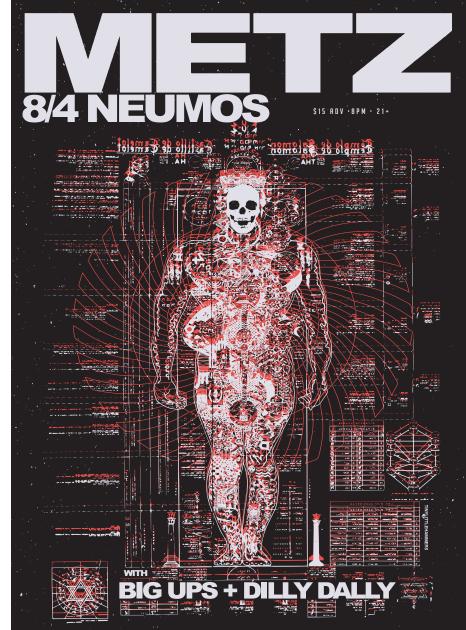
ere is the winning poem: "Hickory dickory dock / I looked up and saw a beer drinking cock / He was drunk as a skunk / He pulled out his junk

Congrats "lydcat 98101"—you win a very special custom pair of Drunk of the Week underwear! E-mail drunk@thestranger.com to claim your prize. Everyone else, happy Pride! (And try to keep it in yer pants this weekend—if only around the cops.) KELLY 0

★ = Recommended 🙆 = All Ages

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6/24 WEDNESDAY



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6/25 **THURSDAY**



The Crocodile & ReignCity Present:

Grieves "Out of The Rain Tour" Grayskul, Romaro Franceswa All Ages

6/26 FRIDAY



INSP & Real Change Present:.

INSPired Together: A Gig for Global Street Papers

Jason Dodson (of The Maldives), Naomi Wachira, Valley Maker, The Dip, Coho 21+

6/27 **SATURDAY**



Son Lux Olga Bell All Ages

6/28

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6/30**TUESDAY**

SUNDAY



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O ROLLING BAY HALL Fabulous Downey Brothers, Nightspace, 8 pm, \$10/\$12

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The Brødcast, Stations, shine. Sam Marshall Trio, 8 pm, \$10 SLIM'S LAST CHANCE

Honey Bear, Dapper Jones, 9 pm, \$7 SNOOUALMIE CASINO

STUDIO SEVEN Rock for

substation Soft Blov Mind Vice, the Valley, Mirror Ferrari. 8 pm

SUNSET TAVERN Country Lips, Norman Baker & the Backroads, Mike Coykendall O SWEDISH CULTURAL

CENTER Prom Queen TRACTOR TAVERN
The Swearengens, the
Souvenirs, Jackrabbit

TRIPLE DOOR MUSICQUARIUM LOUNGE Birch Pereira & the Gin Joints, 5 pm, free: Freudian

Slurp, 9 pm, free O THE TRIPLE DOOR **THEATER** Zach Fleury, Nick Foster Band, 8 pm, \$15/\$17 VERA PROJECT Skinny Boyz, Sky Division, guests ★ WILDROSE Wildrose
Pride 2015

JAZZ

O CHAPEL PERFORMANCE SPACE Julia Hülsmann Trio O JAZZ ALLEY Acoustic Alchemy: \$28.50

O THE ROYAL ROOM Caili O'Doherty, 6:30 pm, suggested donation \$5-\$15

Festival: O THIRD PLACE **COMMONS** Swingnuts,

7:30 pm, free

O TULA'S Stephanie Porter Quintet, 7:30 pm, \$16 VITO'S RESTAURANT & LOUNGE Lushy: 9 pm, free

DJ

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FOUNDATION Motes **★ ②** GORGE

AMPHITHEATRE This is Paradiso: Skrillex, Classixx Vanilla Ace, guests, \$185 HAVANA Viva Havana & Havana Social

KREMWERK Trans* Pride After-Party MERCURY Club Kink

NEIGHBOURS Twink Pride DJ Richard Dalton, DJ Trent Von, 9 pm **NEUMOS** Bootie Seattle Madonna Mashup Night

Mantaray, Lady Auds, Envymatic, 10 pm, \$12 THERAPY LOUNGE Under Pressure: 9:30 pm

Q NIGHTCLUB DJ Kutt,

TRINITY Playday **UNICORN** Gay as FUCK: ChiChi LaRue, guests ★ VERMILLION Flux!: 9

CLASSICAL

DEASTYR UNIVERSITYVariation for Strings: A
Strings Instrument Mini-

★ ② BENAROYA HALL Fantasia: The Music of Final Fantasy: Seattle Symphony

SAT 6/27 LIVE

418 PUBLIC HOUSE The Suffering Fuckheads 88 KEYS Dueling Piano Show: 8 pm, free THE ANGRY BEAVER The Daddz Band, 1 pm, free

BARBOZA Evelids. Wimps **3** BASTYR UNIVERSITY Ray Harris, Dave Durfee, Brian Bohman, 3 pm

BLEACHERS Good For You, 12:30 pm, free BLUE MOON TAVERN

Mendelssohn, Mts & Tunnels, guests, 9:30 pm CAFE RACER The Heels, ellbat, 9 pm

O CHAPEL PERFORMANCE SPACE Brad Anderson, Greg Weber, 8 pm CHOP SUEY Dance Yourself

Clean-Pride Edition CLUB HOLLYWOOD
CASINO Johnny and the Bad
Boys, DJ Becka Page COLUMBIA CITY THEATER Sick Kids XOXO, Lavoy,

Kingdom Pine, 9 pm CONOR BYRNE St. Paul de O CROSSROADS SHOPPING CENTER Microsoft Jumpir Jive Orchestra: 7 pm, free ★ O EL CORAZON Tysen.

From Aphony, guests, 7:30 pm, \$10/\$13; Mitski, Elvis Depressedly, Eskimeau Dude York, 8 pm, \$12 FADO IRISH PUB The

Undercover Outlaws, free

* O GORGE

AMPHITHEATRE This is Paradiso: Skrillex. Clas Vanilla Ace, quests, \$185 HARD ROCK CAFE Platinum

Spandex, 9 pm, \$10 HIGH DIVE In Cahoots, Stereo Embers, Exohxo HIGHWAY 99 CD Woodbury Band, 8 pm, \$15

O HISTORIC EVERETT THEATER Stacy Jones **JAZZBONES** Fayuca, the Approach, True Press, Ease Up, 8 pm, \$10

KELLS Stout Pounders THE KRAKEN BAR & LOUNGE A Province of Thay, Gladiators Eat Fire,

Signalman, Witch Ripper LITTLE RED HEN Robbie Walden, \$5 LO-FI Devilwood, Timbre

s Yonde MARYMOOR PARK Willie Nelson, Alison Krauss & Union Station, Jerry Douglas 7 pm. \$54.95-\$129.95

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NECTAR Sounds from Around the World NEIGHBOURS Luciana, 9 pm **NEUMOS** The Soul of Pride REPAIR REVOLUTION

Mandate, Aeon Fux

THE HOMOSEXUAL AGENDA

BY ADRIAN RYAN

ullomosexuals! Welcome to your LGBT Pride! Whether you are lesbian, gav. bacon, or tomato, you know good and well that there are infinity Pride events priding all over the damn place this week-enough to spin your pretty little head and do serious rainbow-colored damage to your liver. Splendid! Of course, we are here to steer you toward the very best, the reservoir tippity-top, the cream of wheat of the crop of gay happenings, the things you should under no circumstances miss, Miss. (But if you expect me to direct you to Bianca Del Rio's Rolodex of Hate at the Egyptian or the Totally Gay Sing-Along at Central Cinema, forget it! Those suckers are long since sold out.)

WEDNESDAY 6/24

ADORE AND A MINJ

We begin with Nark Magazine's signature Pride party, Gender Blender! A party for aficionados of RuPaul's Drag Race and high-octane dance-your-ass-offiness, featuring, well. Not this year's RPDR winner as was originally planned (Logo swept her away with the power of contractual obligations), but they still got Adore Delano, Miss Fame, and Ginger Minj to fill her ample stilettos. Hosted by our long-lost BenDeLaCreme! Neighbours, 9 pm, \$35/\$70 VIP, 21+.

THURSDAY 6/25

WOO-GIRLY BOYS

Next, we have a brand-new event that frankly is quite overdue—Sissy: A Fempowerment Movement! It's time for all us big fairies, sissyboys, and girlymen to rise and shine and reclaim our sexy power! This is our moment! There's no Masc4Masc BS allowed at this party, just superstar DJs Kobalt, Severa, and Spaceotter and a chance to celebrate the inner woo girl in us all. Re-bar, 9 pm, \$10, 21+.

FRIDAY 6/26

GAY AS FUCK

The thundering warrior princess of last year's parade, Mama Tits, gives us whatfer with this night of drag, disco, and go-go boys, featuring the world-famous ChiChi LaRue and our dear friend LA Kendall. It's a Pride extravaganza of glitter and drag that's going to leave a smoking hole of fabulousness where the Unicorn once stood. Unicorn, 9 pm, \$10, 21+.

SATURDAY 6/27

BRUNCH WITH BEARDED LADIES

BRACE YOURSELF! And soldier on, child! We begin with the ONLY Pride brunch. hosted by the glittering ladyman they call "Oil Money" (who is really the utterly amazing Zack Ibrahimi), joined by the talents of La Saveona Hunt, Spray Jay, and

the Seattle debut of Beardoncé from Vancouver! Grim's. 11 am-2 pm, no cover.

CRUISING AND CRUISING

After brunch, grab your jock and what's left of your sobrietv and meander down to the docks for the sluttiest Pride event, hands down: Nark's Pride Cruise! Champagne flows,

flesh is exposed, and delightful new sins are discovered. Islander Yacht, 1611 Fairview Ave E. 3-6 pm. \$25, 21+.

C'EST FINI, EN SOUS-VÊTEMENTS

It just wouldn't be a proper Pride without a visit to the dirty bird. After the Pride Cruise, let's not get dressed. Let's go dancing! DJ Matt Stands is presiding, nothing but underwear is encouraged, and you are invited. The Eagle, 9 pm-3 am, \$10, 21+.

SUNDAY 6/28

Go and have a parade, why don'tcha? HAPPY PRIDE, EVERYMO!





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THURS, JUNE 25TH - SAT, JUNE 27TH JAY MONTEPA

Jay Montepare is a Los Angeles based stand-up comedian best known for being the host of Ellen Degeneres', Ellen's **Design Challenge on HGTV. As** a stand-up comedian, Jay has been featured on such shows as: Uncontrolled Comedy with Nephew Tommy, NESN's



Comedy All-Stars, NUVOtv's Stand-Up and Deliver, The Comedy Time Network and The Rebels of Comedy Pay-Per-View Special.



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SassyBlack, 7 pm, \$5 **★ ②** ROOSEVELT HIGH school Seattle Ladies Choir, \$13/\$16

O SHOPECPEST PERFORMING ARTS **CENTER** Sleepless in

Seattle Barbershop Chorus
Musical Show O THE SHOWBOX

Motopony, Big Harp, the Owl Parliament, 9 pm. \$15

SKYLARK CAFE & CLUB Blind Lovejoy, Carlz Barkley, Sporting Goods

SLIM'S LAST CHANCE Girl Trouble, Tom Price Desert Classic, Burien, 9 pm, \$10 SNOOUALMIE CASINO

O STUDIO SAGE Studio Sage Opening: Ravages of Time, 6 pm, free

SUNSET TAVERN Hounds of the Wild Hunt, Sailor Mouth TRACTOR TAVERN Polecat, Wages of Sin. the Hill Dogs TRIPLE DOOR MUSICOUARIUM LOUNGE

The Hot McGandh O THE TRIPLE DOOR

THEATER Meklit Hadero O VERA PROJECT Seattle Showcase

VICTORY LOUNGE Gooch Palms, the Primate Five, Sir Coyler & his Asthmatic Band, the Dumps

VITO'S RESTAURANT & LOUNGE French Letters Groove Threshold, Jerry

Zimmerman, 6 pm, free **★ WILDROSE** Wildrose Pride 2015:

★ ② YOUNGSTOWN CULTURAL ARTS CENTER

Psalm Transport: Dull Knife, Laura Aschoff & the Grief Girls, Jeffery McNulty, Loose Noose, 9 pm

JAZZ

BRASS TACKS Triangular

Alchemy: \$28.50 O THE ROYAL ROOM

Brazil Novo, Brazillionaires Maracuja, 8 pm, suggested donation \$5-\$15

O SAINT MARTIN'S **UNIVERSITY** Dixieland Jazz

Quartet: 7:30 pm, \$16

DJ

BALLARD LOFT DJ

Saturdays: Guests, 9 pm BALMAR Top 40 Night BALTIC ROOM Crave

A-Holiks Brunch

CHOP SUEY Dance Yourself

Clean: Guests, 9 pm, \$5; free before 10:30 p.m. CORBIL LOUNGE Saturday

Night Live CUFF DJ Night

O FRED WILDLIFE REFUGE RUFFpride Seattle

AMPHITHEATRE This is HAVANA Viva Havana &

KREMWERK Kiss Off: DJ

MERCURY Machineries of Joy: DJ Hana Solo, \$5

Jazztet, 7 pm, free

JAZZ ALLEY Acoustic

Festival:

ASTON MANOR NRG

BALLROOM Sinful

BARBOZA Inferno THE BLU GROUSE Bounce

★ ② CAL ANDERSON PARK Capitol Hill PrideFest: 1 pm, free

FOUNDATION John O' Callaghan, 10 pm, \$15/\$20

★ Ø GORGE

Paradiso: Skrillex, Classix Vanilla Ace, guests, \$185 Havana Social

MONKEY LOFT Diggin'

Rainbow Party! NEIGHBOURS Twink Pride: Powermix: DJ Randv Schlager

NACHO BORRACHO

Deep: Guests

PONY Stiffed

R PLACE Therapy Saturday: DJ Flo'w

* REVOLVER BAR Jazz Brunch RUNWAY CAFE DJ David

substation Area 303: \$15 TRINITY Reload Saturdays THE WOODS Juicebox

CLASSICAL

N. free

O BASTYR UNIVERSITY Strings Instrument Mini-

★ ② BENAROYA HALL Fantasia: The Music of Final Fantasy: Seattle Symphony

★ Ø TOWN HALL Shaker

SUN 6/28 LIVE

★ BARBOZA Sannhet, King Woman, Planning for Burial BLUE MOON TAVERN Drop

* CAFE RACER The Racer Sessions, 7:30 pm, free COLUMBIA CITY THEATER

Hello Nowhere, Mason Reed, Dr. Steelgude O GAS WORKS PARK Movin'

Mountains, Emerald Fire, Whiskers & Honey, guests HIGH DIVE Blue Eyed Lucy, Wallburds, Zach Pohl, James Anaya, 8 pm, \$7

LO-FI Emby Alexander, Bigger Than Mountains ★ NECTAR Black Milk. Nat Turner, 8:30 pm

O THE ROYAL ROOM The Westerlies, 5 pm, \$12/\$15,;Shayne Steele

O SKYLARK CAFE & CLUB All Ages Open Mic THE SPAR Stacy Jones TIM'S TAVERN Kirsten Silva's Seattle Songwriter

Showcase: Guests

O THE TRIPLE DOOR THEATER Active Child, Low Roar, 7:30 pm, \$15 VICTORY LOUNGE Endo Glen, Katterwaul, Headlock, Wood Knot. 9 pm

★ WILDROSE Wildrose Pride 2015

★ ② WOODLAND PARK ZOO The B-52s, 6 pm

JAZZ

THE ANGRY BEAVER The Beaver Sessions DARRELL'S TAVERN Sunday

O JAZZ ALLEY Acoustic Alchemy: \$28.50

★ ② KERRY/PONCHO HALL Paal Nilssen-Love

Large Unit, 8 pm, \$18 O SAINT MARTIN'S UNIVERSITY Dixieland Jazz

★ O TULA'S Jim Cutler Jazz

Orchestra, 7:30 pm, \$8

★ VITO'S RESTAURANT & LOUNGE Ruby Bishop, 6 pm, free; the Ron Weinstein Trio, 9:30 pm, free

DJ

BALTIC ROOM Resurrection Sundays

CONTOUR Broken Grooves: Guests, free CORBU LOUNGE Salsa Sundays: DJ Nick, 9 pm

THE EAGLE Lance's House KREMWERK Space Jam MERCURY Mode: DJ Trent Von, 9 pm, \$5 NEIGHBOURS Twink Pride

DATA BREAKER

BY DAVE SEGAL

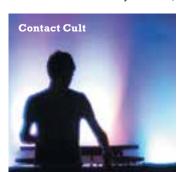
THURSDAY 6/25

JUAN MACLEAN TROTS OUT HIS HAPPY HOUSE AND CLASSY DISCO CUTS FOR STIFFED

Hard to believe now, but Juan MacLean once played guitar with '90s Sub Pop electro-rock badasses Six Finger Satellite. The group dissolved after numerous setbacks, and MacLean took a sabbatical from the music biz. But then he resurfaced in the mid '00s with DFA Records as a brilliant song-oriented house-music producer. He's recorded three albums with James Murphy's label over the last decade, including 2014's In a Dream, featuring LCD Soundsystem's Nancy Whang on understatedly sultry vocals. MacLean's recordings have become progressively more accessible, with an emphasis on shimmying melodies and pastel synth textures. One assumes

he'll bring this aesthetic to his DJ set for Pride weekend at Kremwerk's Stiffed night, while adding über-hedonistic disco flavor—and then cranking everything into overdrive. With Riz Rollins, Derek Pavone, and Adé. Kremwerk, 8 pm-3 am, \$15 adv/\$20

DOS. 21+.



MOTOR CITY TECHNO PIONEER KEVIN **SAUNDERSON CLASSES UP O**

Kevin Saunderson may be a **Detroit** techno legend™, but he's no Beach Boys of the 4/4 rhythm. He stays relevant with sets that connect the dots between techno's original phase and the genre's current permutations. Saunderson enjoyed commercial success in the '80s with his turbo-charged, R&B-tinged Inner City project, and then got underground cred

for his acid-techno-oriented E-Dancer releases in the '90s. While his production output's slowed since then, his DJ career has continued to rev along, keeping his name fresh in dance-music fans' minds. Thirty-plus years of experience on the decks mixing deep, soulful tracks for hundreds of thousands of dancers make a Saunderson appearance a crucial part of your nightlife agenda. With Nordic Soul, Anna Langley, and Mikey Mars. Q Nightclub, 9 pm, \$12 adv/\$14 DOS, 21+.

TUESDAY 6/30

CONTACT CULT HUMIDIFIES RARE AIR **AMBIENT/NEW AGE NIGHT**

Rare Air is Seattle's only quasi-regular event dedicated to new age and ambient music. (Disclosure: I help organize it with DJ Explorateur.) It's an unusual opportunity to hear (mostly) beatless music

on a massive sound system, in a dance club, while you're horizontal on the floor upon a yoga mat and pillows. For tonight's show. Contact Cult (aka Troy Micheau, guitarist for Portland avant-rock-disco band Swahili) performs live in support of his Hvlozoist cassette on local label Translinguistic Other. The

mini album's four long tracks radiate in the same benevolent galaxy as the '70s output of French cosmic composer Ariel Kalma. They also traverse the sort of heat-hazed. hand-percussion-intensive terrain that Jon Hassell pioneered on Fourth World, Vol. 1: Possible Musics and Vernal Equinox, which Rapoon later extrapolated to even greater hypnotic effect. With DJ Explorateur, DJ Veins, and Chris Blohm. O Nightclub, 9 pm, free, 21+,

\$8/9 PM

HIGH DIVE PRESENTS: ROCK IN CAHOOTS STEREO EMBERS, EXOHXO \$8/9:30 PM

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\$6/8 PM

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BLUE EYED LUCY

WALLBURDS, ZACH POHL, JAMES ANAYA

WITH KJ-NOMI! \$5 JAMESON DRINKS ALL NIGHT LONG! SINGING AT 9 PM! FREE/7 PM

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BELLYDANCE & BURLESQUE

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6/26

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6/27

SUN

6/28

MON

6/29

THE

6/30

WED

PONY TeaDance ★ RE-BAR Flammable

CLASSICAL

O BASTYR UNIVERSITY Kirkland Choral Society: 2

MON 6/29

88 KEYS Blues On Tap AMERICANA Open Mic ★ BARBOZA Andrew W.K., the Fabulous Downey Brothers, 8 pm, \$23

CAPITOL CIDER EntreMundos, 9:30 pm CONOR BYRNE Bluegrass Jam: 8:30 pm, free

O EL CORAZON Finding Common Ground, Postcards, Hold Fast NECTAR Orgone, the Nth Power, 8:30 pm, \$15 • NEUMOS Iceage, Low

O PARAMOUNT THEATRE Rob Thomas, Plain White T's, 7:30 pm, \$45-\$65 substation Open Mic TRACTOR TAVERN The

Family Crest, the Lonely Wild, 8 pm, \$10 TRIPLE DOOR MUSICOUARIUM LOUNGE Crossrhythm Session

O THE TRIPLE DOOR **THEATER** Anna & Elizabeth, Eli West, 7:30 pm

O VERA PROJECT Drew Chadwick, 7:30 pm

JAZZ

O THE ROYAL ROOM The Sicilian Jazz Project, Don Byron Quartet, Pilar, 8 pm O TULA'S Kyle Scherrer Quartet, 7:30 pm

DJ

BALTIC ROOM Jam Jam: Mista' Chatman, DJ Element, 9 pm

★ BAR SUE Motown on

★ ② FREMONT ABBEY No. Lights No Lycra

★ THE HIDEOUT Industry Standard: Guests, free MOE BAR Moe Bar nday: DJ S Jeff Hawk, DJ Henski, 10

TUES 6/30

CAFE RACER Jacobs Posse ★ CHOP SUEY Head Wound City, Grave Babies, Vice Device, 8 pm **CONOR BYRNE** Country Dancing Night: 9 pm O CROCODILE The

Slackers, Georgetown Orbits, 8 pm, \$15 O DUB NARCOTIC Birdstriking, Skrill Mea Skull and the Dullards

O EL CORAZON denhead. Sun Dummy We Speak in Colors

HIGH DIVE Liquor Jacket, Monster Creep, Megasapien, 8 pm. \$6 THE HOLLYWOOD TAVERN
David Flett, 7 pm, free LITTLE RED HEN Rolling Blackouts, 9 pm, fre

★ NECTAR M.O.P., Def Dee, guests, 8 pm, \$13 PARAGON You Play Tuesday: Guests, 8 pm, free ★ Q NIGHTCLUB Rare

Air: Contact Cult. DJ Explorateur, DJ Veins, Chris Blohm, free SEAMONSTER McTuff Trio

SKYLARK CAFE & CLUB **SUNSET TAVERN** Stucky & the Bovs, Breakaway Derringer, Billy Barros

★ TRACTOR TAVERN Sean Nelson, Wild Ones, Silver Torches, Cataldo, guests THE TRIPLE DOOR
THEATER Laney Jones
and the Spirits, Pierce and
Thompson, 8 pm, free

O JAZZ ALLEY Antonio Sanchez & Migration: O THE ROYAL ROOM Claire Piersol, 8:30 pm O TULA'S Critical Mass Big Band, 7:30 pm, \$10

BALTIC ROOM Drum & Bass Tuesdays

BLUE MOON TAVERN Blue Moon Vinyl Revival CORBU LOUNGE Club NYX

DARRELL'S TAVERN DJ

HAVANA Real Love '90s ★ LO-FI Stop Biting NEIGHBOURS Pump It Up ROB ROY Analog Tuesdays

POSTER OF THE WEEK



evin Kauer and illustrator Ian evin Kauer and Illustrator Idii O'Phelan (ianophelan.com) have made a couple of lovely posters for this year's Nark Pride events. (See if you can spot their Pride Cruise poster around town before it's covered over with inferior garbage.) And while you're at it, go to narkmagazine.com for more information. AARON HUFFMAN

Nark's Pride Weekend

June 24-27, various locations

NEUMOS IVE PRESENTS: FUNK/SOUL/GROOVE MARMALADE FT. ARTIST OF THE MONTH: COLE SUMMER \$6/8 PM HIGH DIVE PRESENTS: ROCK/INDIE THE NO GOOD HEARTS SWORDS FOR ARROWS, MARMOT VS MAMMOTH, STEFAN PAUL GEORGE 925 E. PIKE STREET, SEATTLE, WA **NEUMOS.COM THEBARBOZA.COM**

FRIDAY 6/26 **BOOTIE SEATTLE:** MADONNA MASHUP NIGHT SPECIAL GAY PRIDE EDITION!

SATURDAY 6/27 **QUEER CENTRAL:** THE SOUL OF PRIDE **DANCE NIGHT**

T. SASSYBLACK (OF THEESATISFAC-TION) + ACTION JACKSON (OF FLY MOON ROYALTY) + MORE

MONDAY 6/29 ICEAGE

WEDNESDAY 7/1 SUB POP COVER NIGHT FT. HOBOSEXUAL + CATALDO + BLACK WHALES + RAVENNA WOODS + MORE

TUESDAY 7/7 TOE

WEDNESDAY 7/8 TANLINES

SATURDAY 7/11 FOX AND THE LAW (LP RELEASE)

THE YOUNG EVILS + KINGDOM OF THE HOLY SUN + TERMINAL FUZZ TERROR

WEDNESDAY 7/15 CEREMONY

TONY MOLINA + CREATIVE ADULT + PRIVATE ROOM

THURSDAY 7/16 **SNOW THA PRODUCT**

AUDIO PUSH + DONTE PEACE + ANTHONY DANZA + HOSTED BY NEEMA

WEDNESDAY 6/24 BENEATH THE BLOCK - DAY 2
FT. DRÆMHOUSE (MEMBERS OF ROSE
WINDOWS) + BAD MOTIVATORS + ACID
TONGUE + SUN THIEVES

THURSDAY 6/25 BENEATH THE BLOCK - DAY 3
FT. GOLD WOLF GALAXY + GOODBYE
HEART + NAVVI + YOURYOUNGBODY +
CAARGO

> SATURDAY 6/27 **EYELIDS**

(FT. MEMBERS OF GUIDED BY VOICES/ DECEMBERISTS/MALKMUS-JICKS) PHANTOM LIMBS (FT. STEVE TURNER OF MUDHONEY) + WIMPS

SUNDAY 6/28 SANNHET KING WOMAN + PLANNING FOR BURIAL

WEEKLY FRIDAY & SATURDAY DANCE NIGHTS FROM 10:30PM TO CLOSE

COMING UP

6/24 MONO • 6/29 Andrew W.K. (SOLD OUT)
• 7/1 Christopher Owens • 7/5 OnCue • 7/6
Feathers + Eyes • 7/7 Porcelain Raft • 7/8 TR/ST Feathers + Eyes • 7/7 Porcelain Raft • 7/8 TR/ST
• 7/10 Nostalgist • 7/11 Villagers • 7/13 Eternal
Summers • 7/13 From Autumn To Ashes • 7/14
Marriages • 7/15 Dead Sara • 7/16 TimHeld •
7/17 Memory Tapes • 7/17 Ryn Weaver 7/18 Fu
Manchu • 7/19 Son Little • 7/19 Bomba Estéreo •
7/20 Boxed In • 7/21 Penguin Prison • 7/21 Alex
Wiley x Johnny Polygon • 7/22 Ruler • 7/30 Slim
Cessna's Auto Club • 7/29 Pop Evil • 7/29 Sister
Girlfriend • 7/31 Whitey Morgan & The 78's











3 FREEDOM FEST 7/16 SLAUGHTER AND THE DOGS 24 ADDICTED 7/26 AUTOGRAPH 8/9 WED 13 / HOLY RAIL 8/22 KING CONQUER / HERE COMES THE KRAKEN GIFT GIVER 9/10 ORIGIN / KRISIUN / AEON & MORE 10/3 DULFLY / SOILWORK / DECAPITATED 11/18 THE MISFITS @ HOWBOX SODO 11/17 BLIND GUARDIAN / GRAVE DIGGER

ALL EVENT TICKETS AVAILABLE THRU Www.etix.com and Studio 7 Box Office



(AND I FEEL FINE)"



ALL AGES - \$16 ADV / \$18 DOS - 8:00 PM

U&C: 8/23 FUCKED UP @ CHOP SUEY, 9/18 TREVOR HALL @ SHOWBOX MARKET







AGES 21+



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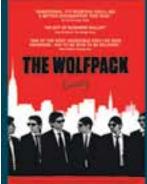
Mountlake 6009 244th St. SW Mountlake Terrace, WA 98043 (425) 672-7501

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cinema

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EGYPTIAN

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When Marnie Was There



UPTOWN

The Overnight

OPENS JUNE 26 ADVANCE SCREENING JUNE 25

Jason Schwertzman, Adam Scott, Teylor Schilling, and Judith Godreche are two couples whose evening becomes hilanously urgeodictable on the kids are put to bed.

Me and Earl and The Dying Girl

OPENS JUNE 26

Dope

NOW PLAYING



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Sunshine Superman

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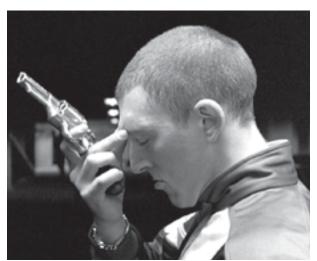
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LA HAINE, THE BROTHER FROM ANOTHER PLANET, WHITE DOG The sirens are getting louder and louder.

Scenes from the War **Against Black People**

10 Crucial Films About One Crucial Subject BY CHARLES MUDEDE AND SEAN NELSON

n light of recent events in Charleston and Ferguson, and the general sense that a war has been declared on black people, we offer this list of films about racial tension, racial violence, racial strife, and, in short, race. that have been saying so all along. This isn't intended as a definitive list or the last word. In fact, we're hoping it's just the beginning. If vou've seen these films, we encourage vou to see them again, because time does fascinating things to works of art, and vice versa. If you haven't seen them, it's about time you did.

White Dog (Samuel Fuller, 1982)

Those who like happy endings or believe in the power of human reason to effect positive change even in the most benighted among us will be very disappointed by White Dog, one of Samuel Fuller's last films. The racist in the movie is a German shepard. It was trained to attack black people by its white owner. One night, it gets into an accident with a white woman. She soon learns there is something strange about the animal. She has it examined by two dog trainers. The truth about the beast is soon discovered. One of the dog trainers, who is white. Carruthers (Burl Ives), thinks it's best to just kill the damn thing. The other, who is black, Keys (Paul Winfield), decides to deprogram it. Sadly, Keys's optimism and hard work is not rewarded. Racists cannot be changed. They go to the grave with all of that hate. CHARLES MUDEDE

White God (Kornel Mundruczo, 2014)

The big white dog in this film, Hagen, is a symbol of the immigrants in Europe who are oppressed by fascists, racist cops, and a xenophobic society. Hagen instigates and leads an uprising. Hundreds of mongrel dogs break from the pound and pour into the streets. They are not fucking around. They have had enough of this shit. If they see you, they will kill you. CHARLES MUDEDE

Do the Right Thing (Spike Lee, 1989)

Because this film is so vibrant and vital all

these years later, it's tempting to say it hasn't aged at all, but that's complete bullshit. From the graffiti ("Tawana told the truth!") to the Brooklyn gentrification that was still only warming up when Larry Bird guy stepped on Buggin' Out's brand-new Air Jordans, the world of 2015 is very different from that of 1989, the number, another summer. Until the cops put Radio Raheem in that choke hold, and of course instantly nothing has changed at all. SEAN NELSON

La Haine (Mathieu Kassovitz, 1995)

After watching Do the Right Thing, you must rent its French remix, La Haine, Directed by Mathieu Kassovitz (famous for his role in Amélie), the film follows three young men—a Jew, an Arab, and a black African—around the banlieues (housing projects) of Paris. Hiphop blasts from windows, helicopters patrol the skies, the people are struggling in the streets to make ends meet, and the oppression by the white police is relentless. The last two minutes of this film begin a countdown to an Armageddon of whites against the rest. CHARLES

The Brother from Another Planet (John Sayles, 1984)

As if slavery on Earth wasn't bad enough, we learn in this classic of Afrofuturist cinema that it is also happening in outer space. The economic exploitation of black people appears to be built into the structure of the universe. Being black here is as bad as being black on the planets that orbit the stars we see at night. This film, which is set in Harlem, made John Sayles, the director, and Joe Morton, the star, famous. CHARLES MUDEDE

The Intruder (Roger Corman, 1962)

Racism has never been seedier and more grotesque than in Roger Corman's masterpiece. A pre-Star Trek William Shatner plays Cramer, a man who comes from nowhere, walks off a bus in a southern town, gets a room in a hotel, and begins to set his evil mind to work.

He soon learns that the town is dealing with the desegregation of the local high school. The whites folks don't like it one bit, but there is nothing they can do about it. Cramer delivers racist speeches in the park, publishes racist editorials, and works the town into a racist mania. He also seduces young and old women. The southern heat, the violence against blacks, and Cramer's feverish philandering drive the whole town completely bonkers. Racism in this film is clearly seen as a primal and destructive force. CHARLES MUDEDE

48 Hrs. (Walter Hill, 1982)

The film that made Eddie Murphy a star might also be the last example of the convention of a black-white buddy movie in which the white buddy calls the black buddy names like "watermelon," "spear chucker," and "nigger" and is given a pass not only by the black buddy but the film itself. It's not just that the epithets are played for laughs, or to establish a racist character, it's that they're woven into the Nick Nolte character's toughness and heroism, which even Murphy's character is forced to admire. It's a complete bummer to see, SEAN NELSON

The Young One (Luis Buñuel, 1960)

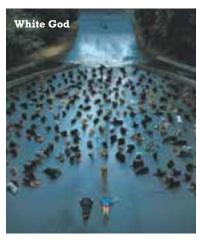
This unknown film by the great Luis Buñuel opens with a black man running for his life. He has been accused of raping a white woman. This is the South; he is going to be lynched if he is caught. The sirens are getting louder and louder. He sees a boat. He jumps on to it and escapes to a strange island. The rest of the film is less racially tense, as it involves a middle-aged white male who is trying to have sex with an underage girl, whose father recently died. While the black man is hiding from a phony charge of rape, a white man is busy trying to rape a white child on the island. Buñuel knew that racism is a cover for the sins of the racists. The suspect of the Charleston shooting, Dylann Roof, is said to have accused the people he killed of raping white women. CHARLES MUDEDE

Hi, Mom! (Brian De Palma, 1970)

This 1970 exploitation experiment contains the most audacious sequence De Palma ever directed. For nearly 20 riveting, excruciating minutes, Hi, Mom! gives way to Be Black, Baby, a hybrid of radical performance and cinema vérité in which a small, square white downtown audience volunteers to take a first-person tour of the black experience. This begins with them being invited to touch the actors' Afros ("We all know being black means being loose"), being fed soul food, surrendering their possessions, and having their skin smeared with shoe polish. It soon becomes terrifying as the black theater troupe (in white face) begins to harangue, then assault, and in one case rape the whiteas-black audience members. A white cop (a young Robert De Niro) intervenes, but takes the side of the black-as-white troupe, subjecting the patrons to further insult and harassment. Moments later, the bedraggled. blackface-smeared audience is delivered back onto the pavement and lovingly told to "Be black, baby," by the now-friendly, smiling actors. Order restored, the whites resume their right-on aesthete poses, telling the camera, "Magnificent experience. I'm tickled I came!" The sexual politics are impossible to defend (having the apparent rape victim join the chorus praising the show afterward is a loathsome joke), but the critique of cultural tourism and the illusions that attach to it stands. SEAN NELSON

Odds Against Tomorrow (Robert Wise, 1959)

The creepiest racist scene in all of cinema is found at the opening of Robert Wise's noir Odds Against Tomorrow. It happens like this: Earl (Robert Ryan), a white ex-con, is walking down a city street. Birds are in the air, and children are playing on the sidewalk. One of the kids, a black girl, accidentally bumps into Earl. He picks her up and says to her small and confused face: "Hey, you little pickaninny, you are going to kill yourself flying like that." The girl smiles weakly, he smiles wickedly, he puts her back down and walks into the seedy Hotel Juno. What makes the scene so creepy is not so much that he calls the girl a pickaninny but that he talks to her in the way one usually does to a dog or a cat. Earl can't see the human in the black girl, but only a lower and dim animal. This unsettling scene sets us up for the bad news Earl is to receive from the planner of a bank heist: He has to work with a black man, Johnny (Harry Belafonte). Earl hates black people. He wants nothing to do with them. But he needs the money, and the heist will not work without the decoy of a black man. The ending of this film is a full-blown race apocalypse. CHARLES MUDEDE









FILM SHORTS

See The Stranger's online **THINGS TO DO** calendar for complete movie times.

LIMITED RUN

★ 7 MINUTES

The most revealing fact about this crime thriller is that its director, Jay Martin, is a storyboard artist. This helps to explain why so many of its scenes and shots are so clean, so professional, and so precise, and also why the

plot has several holes, which, though often big, are surprisingly never fatal. 7 *Minutes* holds your attention to the very end. It's also the kind of film that's perfect for a young or student filmmaker because its failures are as instructive as its successes. Its failures are

almost all found in the casual links of its Tarantinoesque narrative structure (many are just improbable) and in the art direction, which fails to establish the period in which the film is set (1970s? '80s? '90s? Today?). Its successes are the score (post-grunge), several of its performances (particularly that of the sad-sack cop and the badass villain), and its mastery of its location, Everett. 7 Minutes is the movie that gets that city right. The ugliness of its downtown, the blandness of its raised freeways, and the abruptness of its transitions from rural to urban and urban to rural. The only thing pretty about this city is the light that falls on it-but, to be fair, that light also falls in the same wonderful way on the whole of the Pacific Northwest. Everett makes Tacoma look like Venice. (CHARLES MUDEDE) Grand Illusion, Fri-Sat 9 pm.

* THE BLUES BROTHERS

"Look at you, in those candy-ass Northwest Film Forum, Wed 7 pm. candy-assed monkey suits."

★ DARK STAR: H.R. GIGER'S WORLD

I haven't really thought much of H.R. Giger or his wickedly dark, weirdo art since I was a death-obsessed teenager obsessively reading Clive Barker novels at my afterschool babysitting jobs. Something about Giger always reminds me of my own dark-art appreciation years. Giger has forever felt dated, as it represents that place in time where I not only read sci-fi horror authors like Barker and coveted Giger's book *Necronomicon*, but I also listened to prototypal black metal like Switzerland's Celtic Frost. Tom Gabriel Fischer, former lead singer of Celtic Frost, is interviewed in the documentary *Dark Star*, serving as Giger's personal assistant and claiming H.R.–known to friends and family by full name Hansruedi–was a men-tor to his band in the 1980s. I recently remembered my teenage lust for Giger, and his sexy cyborg surrealism, when he popped up in a cameo in must-see documentary Jodorowsky's Dune. Alejandro Jodorowsky also appreci-ated Giger's unbelievably original aesthetic-his paintings and sculptures that married machines and human flesh into "biomechanics" and often combined ancient-seeming magic with human genitalia. *Dark Star*—which follows Giger (most commonly known for designing the original space monster in the film *Alien*) around in his Zurich home, until his 2014 death at age 74-tries to uncover why Giger contributed such dark offerings to the world of art. The quietly, respectful doc portrays Giger as a much-loved gentleman, and aside from a few moments where Giger reminisces, like the story of receiving a human skull as a gift from his father at age 6, *Dark Star* barely cracks the surface of the man's inner artistic process. It's worth watching, though, if you can survive Giger's speaking voice—a gurgling, croaking crackle, that just may be more horrifically tortuous than any singular work of art he ever created. (KELLY O) SIFF Film Center, Fri-Tues 9:15 pm.

* FRESH DRESSED

Before watching this informative documentary by the cofounder of the influential *Ego Trip* magazine, Sacha

Jenkins, I was on the side of those who argued that hiphop had four elements: DJing, rapping, dancing, and graffiti. There were some who maintained that fashion constituted a fifth element, but I thought this was a bit of a stretch because fashion did not present an innovation

a stretch because fashion did not present an innovation that, upon its formation, was outside of capitalism, outside of the market, outside of the mainstream. Then I learned in this documentary, which concerns the history of hiphop fashion, about Dapper Dan the hiphop tailor of Harlem, and had to admit that his manner of blending, mixing, and reappropriating high-end brands was and reappropriating high-end brands was

indeed consistent with my hiphop innova-tion criteria. In fact, a law action shut down his Harlem store-he was outside of capitalism. The documentary also describes the post-Dapper Dan fashion bubble of the 1990s. It grew and grew and finally burst around the time, 2001, the dot-com bubble crashed the stock market. We now dress fresh in the terrific ruins of that crash (CHARLES MUDEDE) Northwest Film Forum Fri 8 pm, Sat-Sun 4, 8 pm, Mon 3, 8 pm, Tues 8 pm.

★ GÜEROS

When crusty old activists talk about their klieg-lit close-ups-defending the barricades in Paris of '68, fighting off police during the occupation of Zuccotti Park in 2011-they talk about adrenaline. In the old braggarts' telling, they were nothing if not animated. They debated, fought, and fucked, a great mass of seething life pitting their bodies against the brutal coolness of business as usual and devoting themselves to the messy heat of democracy as it should be conducted. But *Güeros*, an understated but lush-looking film in black and white by Alonso Ruiz Palacio, depicts a student revolt in Mexico City as a moment of profound and unexpectedly beautiful ennui. Despite the characters' best efforts to achieve a goal (lead a student revolt, search for an obscure musician), they come most alive in moments of pause: joking while stuck in traffic, talking to a little neighbor girl on a cup-and-string telephone, catching their breath in a city garden after running from a potential mugger. It begins when rowdy little Tomás (Sebastián Aguirre) is sent away to stay with his older brother Sombra (Tenoch Huerta), a university student in the big city—but the students are on day 163 of a strike, and nobody has much to do besides talk, march, and not work on their thesis papers. The two brothers, plus Sombra's pal Santos (Leonardo Ortizgris). go on a circuitous road trip through Mexico City. The lost children pass through a series of situations and are at home in none of them: tough and poor quarters of town, the roiling and self-important students at the campus, a ritzy party full of pretentious movie people, and so on. ("Güero" means foreigner-the characters meet this epithet nearly everywhere they go.) Güeros, like Roberto Bolaño's novel The Savage Detectives, does not build toward a climax, but is an episodic tour through a series of Mexican scenes that manage to be dreamy and gritty at the same time. There is adrenaline and heat, fighting and fucking, but in this movie, that's not where life really is—it's in a glance, a murmur, and trying to catch your breath. (BRENDAN KILEY) **Grand** Illusion, Fri 7 pm, Sat-Sun 5, 7 pm, Mon-Tues 8 pm.

HAIRSPRAY

The original 1988 Hairspray is a stone-cold classic—a meticulously executed comic fantasia and the best work of art John Waters has ever produced. (DAVID SCHMADER) SIFF Cinema Egyptian, Sat 11:55 pm.

* PARIS IS BURNING

Jennie Livingston's enthralling and heartbreaking portrait of drag ball culture in late-'80s New York is one of the best documentaries ever made, and the opportunity to see it on the big screen should not be wasted. SIFF Cinema Egyptian, Fri 11:55 pm.





NOW PLAYING

* DOPE

A smarter, sweeter, and much better acted movie in the tradition of *Friday* and *House Party*, *Dope* follows three nerdy, 1990s-obsessed teenagers of color trying to survive a wild adventure after one of the teens, Malcolm, ends up with a backpack full of drugs that he's forced to get rid of before it ruins his Harvard dreams. Like *Friday*, this is a movie that people of all races will likely enjoy, but not everyone will be in on all the jokes. The humor is quick, with a Black Twitter feel, light-handed and pretty consistent throughout the entire movie. This is a decidedly black film, but in 2015, it's been expanded to a more modern definition of blackness. Mixed-race kids, queer brown kids, light-skinned kids—their blackness is never questioned. The one area where, sadly, *Dope* doesn't improve upon the black coming-of-age films

of the '90s is in its portrayal of women. With the exception of Diggy (Kiersey Clemons), whose queer character matches her friends in their objectification of women, the women in this movie are prizes and sex objects. So when I say that I loved this film, understand how good the rest of it must have been in order for me, as a proud feminist, to still recommend it. Even with the great big F this film would get on the Bechdel test, it is still a smart and funny representation of black male teens today. Great cameos by A\$AP Rocky, Allen Maldonado, and Quincy Brown add a lot of fun to the film. But the best asset of *Dope* is the fantastic acting of newcomer Shameik Moore as Malcolm. With a quick stutter, he can convincingly portray the awkward stumbling into adulthood that I see in my own teenage son. I would have loved to have seen that same honesty in the portrayals of young black women, too. (IJEOMA OLUO) **Various locations**.



ATTACK OF THE B-HOLE BITERS

Question: Do you despise "humanity"? Then boy-oh-boy-oh-boy, do I have a television show for you! It's called **Zoo**, and it's debuting Tuesday, June 30, at 9 p.m. on CBS. What's it about? Ohhhhh... nothing all that interesting... unless you think ANIMALS EATING THE BUTTHOLES OUT OF HUMANS IS INTERESTING!!!

(Take a deeeeep breath, Humpy. Don't get overcome by your **unbridled enthusiasm** for ANIMALS EATING THE BUTTHOLES OUT OF HUMANS OHBOYOHBOYOHBOY!!!!)

Ahem. Sorry. Sorry. According to the press release from CBS, Zoo is based on the 2012 James Patterson novel of the same name, starring Mad Men's James Wolk (Bob Benson!!!) as "renegade zoologist" (!!!) Jackson Oz, who, along with an "off-kilter veterinarian" (???) and a comely female "French investigator" (!!!), discovers a rash of strange animal attacks on human beings (read: butthole eatings) around the globe.

Now, at first it's just African animals eating the buttholes out of tourists—which is not alarming at all, and pretty much par for the course. BUT THEN! Then the animal attacks mysteriously spread to other parts of the world, where animals don't ordinarily eat buttholes and people don't regularly have their buttholes eaten. (Note that I said "regularly.") And renegade zoologist Jackson Oz is all like, "Oh, that's weird... I remember my dead father had some controversial theories about how the human race would eventually get their buttholes eaten out by

animals. I wonder if there's a connection?"

Anyway (at least according to the unintentionally HEEEELARIOUS trailer for the series), it's no longer just bored African lions eating buttholes... now it's a pack of American domesticated dogs cornering people and impolitely requesting buttholes for dinner! Then a tree full of cats are shown staring lustfully at a lady's butthole—which is protected only by a pair of thin slacks! After that, bears are shown thinking to themselves, "Finally! A legitimate excuse to eat human buttholes!" And a gorilla is all like, "Ugh. Humans are so like us. Do I really have to eat their buttholes?" YES, YOU DO!

Basically, if this 13-episode series is as insanely terrible as it looks? I'm giving it **my highest recommendation** and hereby proclaiming it "the guiltiest pleasure of the summer"! That is, if it also includes the following...

ADD MORE WEINER DOGS TO THE MIX. I've discussed this here before, but it's worth repeating: Weiner dogs are the most *terrifying animals on the planet*. They're insanely insecure—thanks to their **disgustingly long, weird bodies**—and use their low-slung stature to swoop in from behind and bite the shit out of ankles. (Yes, this has happened to me.) They're like the sharks of the dog world! "Okay..." I hear you say, "but if they're so small, how are they going to eat people's buttholes?" NOT MY PROBLEM. Rest assured, wiener dogs are evil and will find a way.

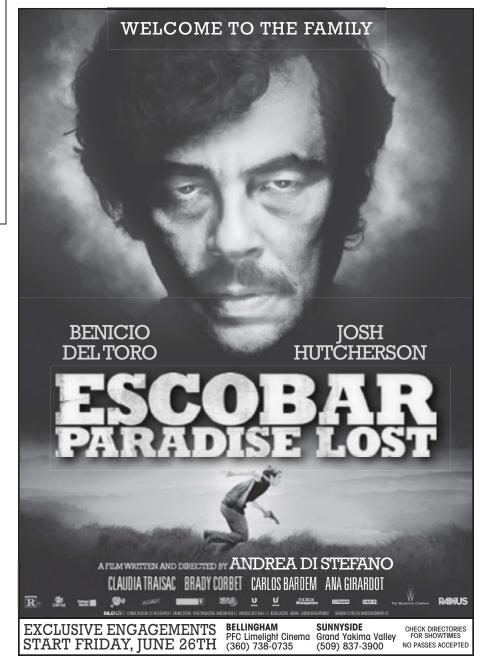
DEVELOP STATE-OF-THE-ART BUTTHOLE PROTECTION. To stop this rampaging horde of butthole-eaters, science should develop state-of-the-art **butthole protection**... like maybe a steel plate glued to a butt plug? It's just an idea... think of something better if you're so goddamn smart.

USE THE WORD "BUTTHOLE" IN THE SCRIPT AT LEAST 17 TIMES. Hey, if I can do











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of 3 Land Patents.

- Gilman Park, According to the plat thereof recorded in volume 3 of Plats, page 40 record of king County, Washington, less recorded easements, Parcel # 276780-0025. Under the original, certified LAND PATENT #293, Dated July 11th 1864. As recorded March 9th, 2015, DECLARATION OF ASSIGNEES UPDATE OF PATENT, King County
- 2. Described as: the West 64 feet of
- 3. Described as: Lot 43 and North

Notice of Certificate of Acceptance and Declaration

- 1. Described as Lot 5, Block 95, Recorder's # 201510309000840.
- Lots 1 and 2, Block 10, University Lake Shore Addition, Division 1,2 and 3, according to the Plat thereof recorded in Volume 18 of Plats, Page 81, records of King County Washington, Parcel # 882090-0993. Under the original Land Patent #3836 dated, August 10th 1872. As recorded March 9th, 2015, DECLARATION OF ASSIGNEES UPDATE OF PATENT, King County
- Half of Lot 42, Block 4, Wasson's Addition to Ravenna Park According to the Plat thereof, recorded in Volume 5 of Plats, Page 42, in King County, Washington, Parcel #919120-1260. Under the Original Land Patent #3900 dated, Sept. 2nd, 1872. As recorded March 9th, 2015, DECLARATION OF ASSIGNEES UPDATE OF PATENT, King County Recorder's # 20150309000839.

- Recorder's # 20150309000838.

SUPERIOR COURT OF WASHINGTON COUNTY OF KING

And Thomas Gregory Burcell, Respondent.
No. 15-3-03085-3KNT
Summons by Publication (SMPB)
TO THE RESPONDENT: Thomas Gregory Burcell

- 1. The petitioner has started an action in the above court requesting that your marriage or domestic partnership be dissolved
- 3. You must respond to this summons by serving a copy of your written response on the person signing this summons and by filing the original with the clerk of the court. If you do not serve your written response within 60 days after the date of the first publication of this summons (60 days after the 21st day of May, 2015), the court may enter an order of default against you, and the court may, without further notice to you, and the court may enter a decree and express a group or provide for other relief requested in this enter a decree and approve or provide for other relief requested in this summons. In the case of a dissolution, the court will not enter the fina lecree until at least 90 days after service and filing. If you serve a notice of appearance on the undersigned person, you are entitled to notice before an order of default or a decree may be entered.
- WPF DR 01.0300, Response to Petition (Marriage). Information about how to get this form may be obtained by contacting the clerk of the court, by contacting the Administrative Office of the Courts at (360) 705-5328, or from the Internet at the Washington State Courts homepage: http://www.courts.wa.gov/forms
- 5. If you wish to seek the advice of an attorney in this matter, you should do so promptly so that your written response, if any, may be served
- 6. One method of serving a copy of your response on the petitioner is to send it by certified mail with return receipt requested
- 7. Other: Order for Service of Summons by Publication

This summons is issued pursuant to RCW 4.28.100 and Superior Court Civil Rule 4.1 of the state of Washington.

Rhonda B. Burcell Signature of Petitioner or Lawyer/WSBA No.

File original of your response with the Clerk of the Court at: Maleng Regional Justice Center 401 - 4th Avenue N. Kent, Washington 98032

Serve a copy of your response on: Petitioner (you may list an address that is not your residential address where you agree to accept legal documents. Any time this address changes while this action is pending, you must notify the opposing parties in writing and file an updated Confidential Information Form (WPF DRPSCU 09.0200) with the court clerk.)

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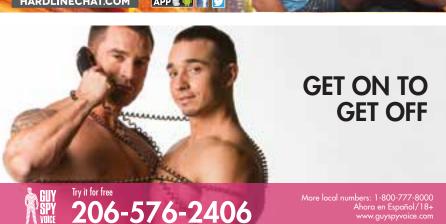
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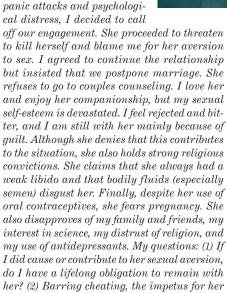


SAVAGE LOVE

Better Off Without BY DAN SAVAGE

I am a male grad student who is technically engaged to a female grad student. She has $numerous\ positive\ qualities,\ but\ she\ is\ repulsed$ by sex. She is very sensitive about her repulsion and becomes distraught when I broach the subject. She says that even the thought of

doing anything sexual with me elicits a panic attack. She also insists that she is "broken" because, in the hopes of preventing me from leaving her, she forced herself to go further than she felt comfortable. We are both virgins, and the furthest that we ever went $sexually\ was\ cunniling us.\ She$ has never seen me completely naked or expressed any inter $est\ in\ making\ love\ to\ me.\ When$ she revealed that any form of sexual affection prompted panic attacks and psychologi-



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what other options do I have? (3) Could her

sexual aversion ever dissipate? (4) Could her

 $sexual\ aversion\ stem\ from\ as exuality?$

- 2. Why bar cheating? If taking herself hostage is so intimidating that it prevents you from breaking up with her (threatening to kill her $self = taking\ herself\ hostage),\ then\ go\ ahead$ and cheat on her, or pretend to cheat on her, and let her break up with you.
- 3. Her sexual aversion may dissipate over time. Or it may not. But someone who doesn't want to fuck someone—and she clearly doesn't want to fuck you-rarely starts wanting to fuck that someone down the road. So she may get over her sexual aversion in time, but she'll probably be fucking someone else when she does... even if she's married to you.
- 4. Could be that, sure. But unless you're willing to live a sexless life with a manipulative spouse who disapproves of your family, friends, meds, etc., the root cause of her sexual aversion is irrelevant.

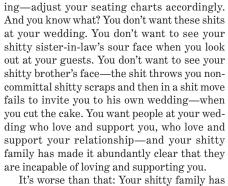
 $\textbf{\textit{I am getting married}}\ to\ my\ partner\ next\ month.$ I'm super pumped. Her family is awesome and supportive. I've had a long back and forth with $my \ family \ about \ the \ wedding-including \ invit$ $ing \, them \, and \, saying \, how \, much \, it \, would \, mean \, to$ me if they would come. I'm trying to be the bigger person, even though they have never been sup $portive\ of\ me\ as\ a\ queer\ person.\ I\ suspect\ some$ of them are not coming, as I got a pretty intense e-mail from my sister-in-law about how my family can't support my engagement because blah blah Catholic blah. Yesterday was the RSVP due date, and none of them have responded. So it is

now to the point where I'm going to have to call and outright ask if they're coming and poten $tially\ absorb\ all\ their\ rejection\ personally.\ Here \hbox{\rm 's}$ $the \ kicker: I found \ out \ through \ Facebook \ that \ my$ brother, who I used to think was my ally (he said that he and his GF were going to try to make it

to my wedding), is getting married seven days after we are! And he forgot to invite me?! So with this knowledge, what am I supposed to say when I call asking for RSVPs?

Please Please Please Help

You are not going to absorb your shitty family's rejection personally, PPPH, because you are not going to call each and every shitty member of your shitty family to personally ask each individual shit if they're coming to your wedding. The shits aren't com-



made it clear that they will seize any opportunity to wound you. So stop creating those opportunities. Don't send any more invitations, don't make any more phone calls, unfollow the fuckers on Facebook. Devote a week to grieving your loss—this kind of rejection is painful—and then resolve to focus on your wife-to-be, your education, your friends, and your career. Focus on the life you and your fiancée are embarking on together. She's your family now.

My boyfriend and I have been together almost two months. Lately, he doesn't seem that inter $ested\ in\ investing\ in\ our\ relationship,\ but\ when$ I talk to him, he says the opposite. We are a bit long-distance (he lives an hour away). Two weeks ago, he went home to visit his parents. I was going to see him when he got back, but he said he wasn't feeling well. Then last week, he went to his best friend's wedding. Now he tells me he's got to go back home this weekend to get his laptop. Through all this, his texting responses have gone down to where I am lucky to get a reply. If we are on the phone and the call drops, he doesn't try to call me back, and he never answers when I call him back. I'm just trying to keep the lines of communication open, especially since we don't see each other all the time, but he is making it difficult. What would be the best way to approach this?

> Boyfriend's Absences Worry Lonely & Invested New Girlfriend

Don't call or text your boyfriend for two weeks. If he doesn't call or text you in that time—and he won't—then you cancel your three-month anniversary party. My hunch is that this relationship has been over for a while, BAWLING, but your boyfriend lacks the decency to put you out of your misery. Looking on the bright side: You won't have to waste any of your money on a traditional three-month anniversary presenta bag of Cool Ranch Doritos—or any more of your time on this guy. ■

On the Lovecast, Dan and the infinitely delightful Jason Schwartzman chat and chat and chat: savagelovecast.com.

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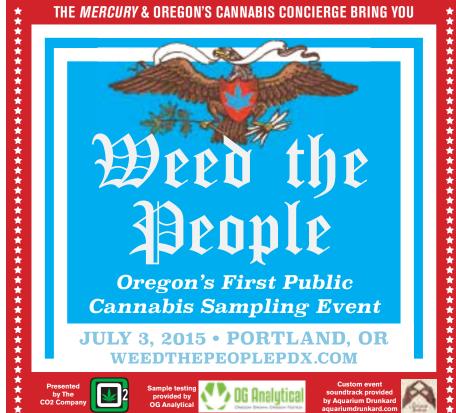


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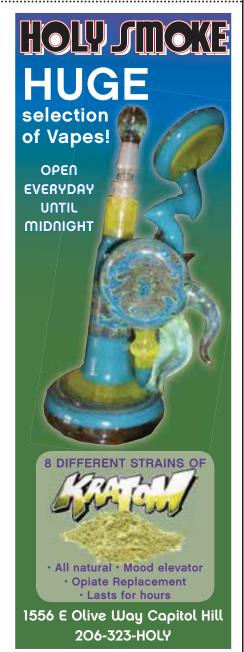
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Totally Gay Sing-Along

QUEER Thurs June 25, Central Cinema (1411 21st Ave)

I was just going to tell you that George Michael is a huge stoner, but when I looked online to confirm, several news articles popped up breaking the news that the "Club Tropicana" heartthrob has checked himself into WEED REHAB because, as International Business Times reports, "Michael was smoking nearly 25 joints a day before he decided to enter rehab." (I don't wanna miss it when you hit that high.) Um, so go sing along with Wham! songs (and all kinds of other rainbow-approved hits) tonight and spark a fatty for GM, who I hope gets well soon?

Nearby snack: I think we've talked about Central Cinema's popcorn options, but, to review: Get the curry popcorn WITH the butter. Then trick your date into ordering the brewer's yeast one (which is almost as good) so you can eat all of yours and most of theirs.

Ouiet Music Festival

MUSIC Thurs June 25, All Rise Site (1250 Denny Way)

Now in its fifth year, the Quiet Music Festival of Portland is tiptoeing into Seattle, bringing you tranquil sounds from Sun Foot, Amenta Abioto, Irma Vep, Sonny & the Sunsets, and HITS. "Tuning in and zonking out are equally encouraged as this year's lineup takes you through soft sets tailored to the festival's ethos." Can do!

Nearby snack: Lunchbox Laboratory's (1253 Thomas St) experimental menu adds over-the-top flair to burgers, mini corn dogs, jalapeño poppers, totchos, shakes, and other foods inspired by that one kid whose house you could never go to for dinner because his mom let him eat whatever.

'Fantasia'

CLASSICAL June 26-27. Benarova Hall (200 University St)

Get def high for the high-def presentation of *Fantasia* and *Fantasia 2000* footage that will be accompanied live by the Seattle Symphony! I'm partial to the original (Disney: I liked their early stuff better), but watching/listening to Fantasia via any other setting than a tiny, tinny laptop is tiiiiiight.

Nearby snack: My big summer goal is to get dressed up and take a bong ride down to Metropolitan Grill (820 Second Ave) for the bananas Foster. They flambé it next to your table!!! Talk about a hot date.

Gayzer Laser

FESTIVAL June 27–28, Pacific Science Center Laser Dome (200 Second Ave N)

Laser light shows: for weed, by weed. Celebrate Pride weekend with Gavzer Laser's colorful visuals with a queer soundtrack! I know we already talked about George Michael, but... just saying. Gayzer Laser is part of Seattle's first annual PFFF: PrideFest Film Fest (queer film showings at various locations, June 23-27, tickets and info at strangertickets.com).

Nearby snack: I have no idea why I know this, but McDonald's (222 Fifth Ave N) has a strawberries-and-cream pie now, in addition to the apple pie we all know and sort of love in a guilty-pleasure way. Guilt sucks. Go for it. ■

FREE WILL ASTROLOGY

BY ROB BREZSNY

For the Week of June 24

ARIES (March 21-April 19): During my reg-ARIES (MARCH 21-APPII 19): During my reg-ular hikes along my favorite trails, I've gotten to know the local boulders quite intimately. It might sound daft, but I've come to love them. I've even given some of them names. They symbolize stability and constancy to me. When I gaze at them or sit on them, I feel my own resolve grow stronger. They teach me about how to be steadfast and unflappable in all kinds of weather. I draw inspiration in all kinds of weather. I draw inspiration from the way they are so purely themselves, forever true to their own nature. Now would be an excellent time for you to hang out with your own stony allies, Aries. You could use a boost in your ability to express the qualities

TAURUS (April 20-May 20): "Everyone is a genius at least once a year," wrote German aphorist Georg Christoph Lichtenberg. "The real geniuses simply have their bright ideas closer together." According to my astrological analysis, Taurus, your once-a-year explosion of genius is imminent. It's even possible you will experience a series of eruptions that continue for weeks. The latter scenario is most likely if you unleash the dormant parts of inkely if you unleash the dormant parts of your intelligence through activities like these: having long, rambling conversations with big thinkers; taking long, rambling walks all over creation; enjoying long, rambling sex while listening to provocative music.

GEMINI (May 21-June 20): "I think if we GEMINI (May 21-June 20): "I think if we didn't contradict ourselves, it would be awfully boring," says author Paul Auster. "It would be tedious to be alive." But he goes even further in his defense of inconsistency, adding, "Changing your mind is probably one of the most beautiful things people can of." This hold assertion may not apply to even do." This bold assertion may not apply to everyone all the time, but it does for you in the coming weeks, Gemini. You should feel free to explore and experiment with the high art of changing your mind. I dare you to use it to generate extravagant amounts of beauty.

CANCER (June 21–July 22): In their early days, the band Depeche Mode had the infinitely boring name Composition of Sound. nitely boring name Composition of Sound. Humphrey Bogart's and Ingrid Bergman's classic 1942 film Casablanca was dangerously close to being called Everybody Come to Rick's. And before Charles Dickens published his novel Bleak House, a scathing critique of the 19th-century British judicial system, he considered 11 other possible titles including considered 11 other possible titles, including the unfortunate *Tom-All-Alone's*. *The Solitary*

House That Was Always Shut Up and Never House That Was Always Shut Up and Never Lighted. I bring this to your attention, Can-cerian, as the seeding phase of your personal cycle gets under way. The imprints you put on your budding creations will have a major impact on their future. Name them well. Give them a potent start.

LEO (July 23-Aug 22): One summer afternoon when I was 7 years old, my friend Billy and I grabbed an empty jar from my kitchen and went looking for ants. Near the creek we and went looking for ants. Near the creek we found an anthill swarming with black ants, and we scooped a bunch of them into the jar. A little later, we came upon a caravan of red ants, and we shoved many of them in with the black ants. Would they fight? Naturally. It was mayhem. Looking back now, I'm sorry I participated in that stunt. Why stir up a pointless war? In that spirit, Leo, I urge you to avoid unnecessary conflicts. Don't do anything remotely comparable to putting red ants and black ants in the same jar.

VIRGO (Aug 23-Sept 22): In order for everyone in your sphere to meet their appointed destinies, you must cultivate your skills as a party animal. I'm only slightly joking. At least for now, it's your destiny to be the catalyst of conviviality, the ringleader of the festivities, the engineer of fun and games. To fulfill your assignment, you may have to instigate events that encourage your allies to leave their com-fort zones and follow you into the frontiers of collaborative amusement.

LIBRA (Sept 23-Oct 22): Your symbolic object of the week is a magic wand. I recommend that you visualize yourself as the star mend that you visualize yourself as the star of a fairy tale in which you do indeed have a wand at your disposal. See yourself wielding it to carry out a series of fantastic tricks, like materializing a pile of gold coins or giving yourself an extraordinary power to concen-trate or creating an enchanted drink that al-lows you to heal your toughest wound. I think this playful imaginative exercise will subtly enhance your ability to perform actual magic enhance your ability to perform actual magic in the real world.

SCORPIO (Oct 23-Nov 21): The taskmaster SCORPIO (Oct 23-Nov 21): The taskmaster planet Saturn wove its way through the sign of Scorpio from October 2012 until the end of 2014. Now it has slipped back into your sign for a last hurrah, between now and mid-September. I urge you to milk its rigorous help in every way you can imagine. For example, cut away any last residues of trivial desires and frivolous ambitions. Hone your focus and streamline your self-discipline. Once and for all, withdraw your precious energy from activall, withdraw your precious energy from activities that waste your time and resist your full engagement. And if you're serious about capitalizing on Saturn's demanding gifts, try this ritual: Write either "I will never squander my riches" or "I will make full use of my riches" 20 times—whichever motivates you most.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov 22-Dec 21): The ad-

vanced lessons on tap in the coming days are not for the squeamish, the timid, the lazy, or the stubborn. But then you're not any of those things, right? So there shouldn't be a major problem. The purpose of these subterranean adventures and divine interventions s to teach you to make nerve-racking leaps of faith, whether or not you believe you're ready. Here's one piece of advice that I think will help: Don't resist and resent the tests as they appear. Rather, welcome them as bless ings you don't understand yet. Be alert for the liberations they will offer.

CAPRICORN (Dec 22-Jan 19): "Man's being is like a vast mansion," observed philosopher Colin Wilson, "yet he seems to prefer to live in a single room in the basement." Wilson wasn't just referring to Capricorns. He meant everybody. Most of us commit the sin of selflimitation on a regular basis. That's the bad news. The good news, Capricorn, is that you're entering a time when you're more likely to rebel against the unconscious restrictions you have placed on yourself. You will have extra motivation to question and overrule the ratio-nales that you used in the past to inhibit your primal energy. Won't it be fun to venture out of your basement nook and go explore the rest of your domain?

AQUARIUS (Jan 20-Feb 18): "An obscure moth from Latin America saved Australia's pasture land from the overgrowth of cactus." writes biologist Edward O. Wilson. "A Mada gascar 'weed,' the rosy periwinkle, provided the cure for Hodgkin's disease and childhood leukemia," he adds, while "a chemical from the saliva of leeches dissolves blood clots during surgery," and a "Norwegian fungus made possible the organ transplant industry." I think these are all great metaphors for the kind of healing that will be available for you in the coming weeks, Aquarius: humble, simple, seemingly insignificant things whose power to bring transformation has, up until now, been secret or unknown.

PISCES (Feb 19-March 20): "She is hard to tempt, as everything seems to please her equally," said artist Anne Raymo in describing a hedonistic acquaintance. A similar statement may soon apply to you, Pisces. You will have a talent for finding amusement in an unusu-ally wide variety of phenomena. But more than that: You could become a connoisseur of feeling really good. You may even go so far as to break into a higher octave of pleasure, communing with exotic phenomena that we might call silken thrills and spicy bliss and succulent revelry

Homework: You know what to do and you know when to do it. Provide the evidence that this is true at freewillastrology.com.

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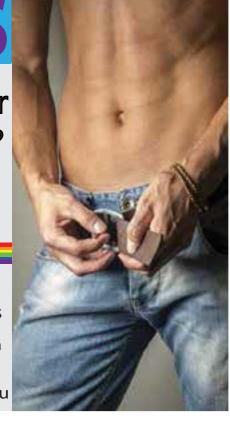
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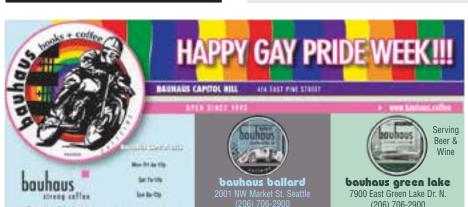
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